

## Screwed Up Click f/ H.A.W.K., Chris Ward

### "Bang Bang"

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[Intro]

Bang-bang, I shot you down bang-bang  
You hit the ground bang-bang  
That awful sound, bang-bang  
I use to shoot you down

[H.A.W.K.]

Bang-bang, all that remains is a splattered brain  
Chizzle your frame, and blood gushing from you veins  
We bust them thangs, that rearrange your whole frame  
And inflict pain, like a venomous snakes fangs  
H.A.W.K. is the nickname, H.A.W.K. therefor is sick  
mayn  
And when I aim, just get low like Ying-Yang  
And if you're in my range, while I'm in my Range  
You better switch lanes, and dash like Dame  
I'm like John Wayne, without a saddle mayn  
I tear up thangs, the force of a hurricane  
You think it's a game, then go on let your nuts hang  
Call my bluff, and you gon see your cuts mayn  
Blood on your Chucks mayn, I don't give a fuck mayn  
I'm not young, but I do want the bucks mayn  
Fire up the dutch mayn, fired in the clutch mayn  
And just remember, anybody can be touched mayn  
I'm like Big Daddy Kane, ain't no half stepping  
Cause I keep a weapon, and it's a Smith-N-Wesson  
I keep my heat on me, like I.D.  
Bust a few shots, you hooked to an IV  
So don't try me, or you will die G  
And one thang bout me, is I don't lie G  
Don't jump fly G, or try to act crazy  
Cause that will only have you, lying under daisies  
Mama screaming out, what happened to my baby  
Our sympathies go out, to your T-Lady

[Chris Ward]

You see I grind full time, and I rhyme on my off days  
In a red patent leather colored Coupe, and the top is  
soft grey  
All you hating ass haters, best to back up off me  
If not I know where to do it, my glock faulty

And round here, man they call me C dot W  
If I ain't got no love for ya, ain't no sense in mugging ya  
I just pull out, and toss a couple slugs at ya  
With a warranty, that nine out of ten'll end up in ya  
I got a aim, so superb when I spit  
It's like my flow pattern, have you ever heard when I  
spit  
I'm so correct with it, I must connect with it  
Hit your chest back head, and then your neck with it  
See I'm the truth lil' dude, just ask these niggaz  
They could be driving in they ride, and I could be  
walking  
Ten miles behind, and I still pass these niggaz  
Like a bad accident, I'm bout to crash these niggaz  
At the lyrics cemetery, is where they gon have to stash  
these niggaz  
And yeah-yeah, it's C-Ward the B.Gizzle of the click  
That'll dump a clip at ya, till I hurt or burn a click  
Click-click-click, uh-huh  
And reload, and do it all over again my nigga  
Click-click-click (blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-  
blucka)  
Click-click-click (blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-  
blucka)  
Click-click-click (blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-  
blucka)

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