

X-Executioners "Let It Bang"

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Pop, pop
Are you motherfuckers ready? Yeah, yeah
Executioners, M.O.P., yeah, Crack-O, nigga
First Family, nigga, yeah
What happened to the beat?
Bang your head against the wall, c'mon
Yeah, cheese nigga, one time, First Family, cyclops

Yo, I'm from a hellholee where male role models, live in
bottles
And a nigga first love is a drug
We all fascinated by thug activity, street life liberty
Whole ghetto remedy, toss 'em a slug

It's the untameable, nonflammable
Unrestrainable, nonchangeable M.O.P.
From the dark side my family provide knowledge
To determine if niggaz like you can live or die on the
street

This is recreational wreck to keep y'all illin'
Sound off, pump rounds off rock like Bob Dylan would
One-million and one guns, one-million and one sons
Cap pealin' put two in your lungs, blum blum

It's the world's most amazing
Blazing, First Fam, damn, damn, damn
Critically acclaimed criminals to blame
Put 'em in critical condition, fuckin' with Lil' Fame

Holdin' it down
If you wanna be hard rocks, c'mon, let it bang
Holdin' it down
If it's hits you want, hit 'em, yeah, let it bang

Holdin' it down
You see it, say what? Let it bang
Holdin' it down
Step in the ring and I'll break yo' ass off, let it bang

Hey yo this shit is real blown out, allow me to pull my
chrome out

And push pieces of your dome out, no doubt
So now you see, "Tomorrow Never Dies" cries
Yeah, but it's on back blocks, imbedded in some
blacktop

And now, they wonder why we move the way we move
Why wreckin' ever smooth and whadda we have to
prove?
Nothin', continue to survive, we're survivors
Show me a man that's live, I'll show you Danze is liver,
let it bang

You know I bring it to you live
You've heard of us, official DJ's Murderous
The X-Men, comes equipped
It ain't no shame in our game, we do our thing, let it
bang

Who wanna test me now?
Cops wanna arrest me now, killers wanna stretch me
now
Tear up and crush me now
I'll bring it to your door, UPS style dressed in brown

Walt skully hat, cover my eyelashes
Y-2-K what now? I'ma die blastin'
Open up your back like a wide out
Spitty spittin' the lead until it knock your insides right
out

Holdin' it down
If you wanna be hard rocks, c'mon, let it bang
Holdin' it down
If it's hits you want, hit 'em, yeah, let it bang

Holdin' it down
You see it, say what? Let it bang
Holdin' it down
Step in the ring and I'll break yo' ass off, let it bang

Roc-O, oh, Roc-O, nigga nigga, let it bang

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