

Bio Killaz "Bang Bang"

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This one goes out to all my thugs
Grabbin' they weapon, 'bout to be steppin'
My mutha fuckin' Killaz, gangstaz, crookz, criminalz
All of that type of shit muhfucka
Tha Klepto, bringin' it back, one more time

Every time Tha Klepto ridez
BANG BANG, BANG BANG, BANG
Every time a mutha fucka dies
BANG BANG, BANG BANG, BANG
All tha mutha fuckin' hustlaz that slang
BANG BANG, BANG BANG, BANG
For all the mutha fuckin' Killaz that do they thang like
BANG BANG, BANG BANG, BANG (Repeated)

So many muthafuckaz wanna test me
But what they don't know, is I gotta secret recipe
A half of cup of ammunition, a table spoon of A-K
I squeeze tha trigga and unload til' it's empty
I spray, close range, far away, never missin'
Killa ambition, the preminition of percision
My religion, a sacrafice twice a night
Target locked on, any muhfucka in sight
Excuse me, make way for my uzi
I'm just cruising, thinkin' to myself that you'll never lose
me
Never braggin', boastin', til' my barrel be smokin'
Hopin' that tha muhfuckaz hearts explodin'
Nice try Mr. Nice Guy, aimin' for ya left eye
Lopez, BANG BANG, BYE BYE
Second think it, before you choose who ya step to
'cause I could get you, before you ever even knew

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I step into a club, I love to see tha blood
I put thirteen slugs into a wanna be thug
Run muhfuckaz, I love a good pursuit
You turn tha corner, I hesitate to shoot
This individual, a nine-millemeter ritual
With tears in his eyes I scream Ima kill ya'll
Now da club is blazin' with my bullets wastin' and
chasin'

Blood splatters erasin', like a chainsaw and Jason
'cause what you are facin', is no ordinary marksman
From the shit you been startin', body parts are
departin'
I love moving targets just when they think they escape
I break the strands of fate with eight shots in the face
Murda was tha case, but I plead the fifth
As stiff bodies drift down the river, I'm free 'cause I'm
the shit
I don't do my thang, bang bang, 'cause I wanna see
you die
I just do it 'cause it's funny as fuck
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Semi-Automatic spazmatic, I've had it
I grab it, then I ratta-tat-tat-tat-it
Choice or habit, when I release a bullet
Trigga I pull it, 'cause I'm sick of the bullshit
One hit, leads to another and I don't quit
The sky gets lit, from each round I spit
From the chamber, I pop, anotha hater
Bitch boy'z face, is now a crater
Blast off, I blow ya mutha fuckin' ass off
Three, Two, One, like I work for NASA
Firin' fasta, body count is rapidly increasing
More deceasing, releasing, hysterical screaming
It's seeming that I'm being watched from the sky
National Guard, pigz, and the FBI
Looks like it's my turn to feel tha pain
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