Dorrough "Trunk Bang"

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Mr. D O R R, yeah, might swang wide body Trunk goin' bang like a 12 gauge shottie Now er'body krunk Trunk goin' bang like a muizeburg pump

Throwin' upper cuts like I'm you Trunk goin' bank like I claim Piru Dirty south ridin', might swang, might dip Trunk goin' bang like a West Coast Crip

I wreck mics wit a passion Trunks goin' bang like headboards clashin' Album turned up whole street rockin' Trunk goin' bang like two cops knockin'

Like Pinky an' the Brain, I ponder Trunk go bang like flash flood thunder People hate me like Bill O'Reilly Trunk go bang like pops off Friday

Everything turned up, Kenwood turned Let the trunk bang while I got the block lock Down cut dog top down Let the trunk bag to the head rest drop down

Ice game caked up, draped out, draped up Let the trunk bang make the whole hood wake up My click stay live, yo, yo, click ain't live, trunk go Bang like ice cream paint job (Yeah, buddie)

Next stop truck stretched out
Trunk go bang like 6-12's decked out
(Whoo)
Check that insides jet black
Let the trunk bang with the sunroof let back

Two tone flip change, lean back grip grain
Trunk bang make the Cadillac switch lanes
(Say, girl)
Damn is he ballin' you don't heard, right?
Let the trunk bang make the whole car swerve right

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