Dr Dre "Bang Bang - Featuring Knoc-Turn'al And Hittman"

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Everyday it's the same thang, I ain't changed Niggaz still playa hatin', but Dre ain't changed I'm just a lot smarter now Cause these niggaz is bangin' ten times harder now

Niggaz ringin' they ass up in the wrong part of town Better turn they car around, rollin' the window down Hey, can we talk it out? Nah, get the fuck out

Johnny got a shotgun And he ain't even strong enough to cock one Fuck tryin' to job hunt, niggaz got AK's, niggaz Is way crazier than Dre was back in his N.W.A days

Niggaz spray strays and shoot without lookin' Niggaz walk by and blast without leavin' a footprint I think the attitudes are twice as worst

It takes half the time to get your whole life reversed Always tryin' to play Rambo with they ammo Make a nigga wanna stay in family mode

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Late nights is full of lead that whistles as it goes by Murder arrives, anytime bullets take flight when the fo'five ignites

Some hearts skip a beat, some get blew out and every light

Put you in the sight of youngsters with automatics

Bustin' on shit to lay everything down
Even tourists and non-affiliates
These days, gun play is official with green lights on
every block
Know the sign tells you too, it's not best to stop
On every corner

Cali niggaz are dumpin', you'll be shakin' your soul Loose from the box at the coroner's Makin' death not so foreign to ya Niggaz got Rugers and M-14's with enough Ammo to leave an armored truck, swiss cheese

I've learned to stay away from house parties I've seen too many go and end up absent without leavin'

Ain't no, warm welcomings, my eyes have witnessed the bend in on

Nights that don't sleep and fireworks until dawn

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Now tell me, what the fuck is this man? Niggaz doin' brothers in worse than the Klan Can't even stand, in front of your buildin' and chill Without yieldin', twelve-year-old children that kill

Blood spillin', thugs be illin', unnecessary slugs Fillin' the sky, usually drillin' the one That wasn't willin' to die, yes sir in the killin' field I got my life preserver and I'll do my time for murder

These niggaz got the nerve to question me

'Bout the colors that I got on Now see that red dot on your knot 'Bout to get your whole crew shot on

A soldier of fortune, I'm the wrong man to plot on Took him out on the spot before he even got on My hit list, peep this, I cock back, you bow down Bust round, bloody the ground, retaliation sounds like this

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