

J Wess "Bang This"

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J-W, E- DOUBLE S
Don't We Double Best
Tracks Tear Holes In Ya Bubble Vests
Trouble..Yes..when ya hear tha words
Bang this from the city til im near the 'burbs

[Hook (Kulaia & J Wess)]
Bang This In Da Club
(Imma spray the joint)
And If u wanna get loud
(you gotta play this joint)
No Dress Code, No Guest Lists, No Charge
(A small change, but i must stress this, im so LAARGE!)
Bang This In Da Club
(Imma spray the joint)
And If u wanna get loud
(you can't fade the joint)
And yo, this is for tha wannabe riders with no cars
I'd be just like you if i wasn't so LAARGE!

[Verse 1 (MC Digga)]
Id bet you'd like to know what happens when the lights
go off
The mic go off, don't even try to fight the force
Im tryin to lock it down globally like microsoft
Blaze tracks, but ive never been the type to floss
Wipe the floors with fake ass rappers, they aint moving
the crowd
I showed you before, plus im proving it now (and
smoothing it out)
I still bring the ruckus to this and while you home on the
couch (i stay up in the mix)
You got a bad attitude, that's something to fix
Im gettin love from ya crew, coz they be pumpin my
dick
Think nothing of this, i could do it my sleep YA FEEL
So while you non-talent muhfuckers keep shit real
I keep shit still to stay on point, till im paid the oint
Bangin the club, my lyrics spray the joint
Keep the dance floor wet so you can get ya slide on
So why track this hit, watch me get my glide on

[Hook]

[Verse 2 (MC Digga)]

Check my comand of the english language it's
expansive
At a club with drink bars, new kicks, new chicks to
dance with
That's not my most of operandi, understand, I
Redefine the role of the villian, respect the bad guy
Award winning sentences, acclaimed critical lyrical
Most of ya'll just spit generical references
Its very circuitous, 360 degrees in fact
Breeze through ya down and leave with my steeds in
tact
With ease i rap, you chopping mad takes for a verse
Bullshit punches, my hunches, you should wait and
rehearse
Stop i heard the hot shit and your not it
You need to cop this, steady drop this, heavy rock shit
Its over, HUH, ya'll aint heard, im the deacon of words
Freaking the verb, while you speaking absurd
Take some decent reserve, with foot soldiers with balls
big as boulders
To move obstacles so save your acting for the movie

[Hook]

[Verse 3 (MC Digga)]

Yo rapping is dead, i don't spit, i flow
Flip the script, nahh, stick to the shit you know
The clique you owe, and dick you blow belong to me
Got ya shit on to me, my word is Bond like Sean
Connery
Ladies still feel me when im 75
Point oh 9 with no license, still ready to drive
I study the vibe, it's like that R&B classic, track shit
Rappers act spastic, when i flash hits
So merge ya words with virgin herbs
Aint my function, don't wanna keep the peace, i'd
rather punch em
Straight hard hits of the target, im never sprayin
Came in here with my fist in ya mouth, so what u saying
I aint claimed the shit, you haters stay on the dick
All you do is talk about us, naysayin the clique, im
saying ya sick
Gastro interitis and all that flowing tight as the format

[Hook]

