

## **J Wess Project "Bang This"**

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J-W, E- DOUBLE S  
Dont 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 cant fade the joint)  
And yo, this is for tha wannabe riders with no cars  
I'd be just like you if i wasnt so LAARGE!

Verse 1 (MC Digga)  
Id bet you'd like to know what happens when the lights  
go off  
the mic go off, dont 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, thats 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 "??"  
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 its  
expansive  
at a club with drink bars, new kicks, new chicks to  
dance with  
thats 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 dont 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, its like that R&B classic, track shit  
rappers act spastic, when i flash hits  
So merge ya words with virgin herbs  
aint my function, dont 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

