

Kam

"Bang Bang"

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(feat. Mystic)

[Kam]

Check

I represent the left, with a death toll high
But I ride with the side called the F.O.I.
Where do or die is the code, banged out is the mode
Now everyone throw up your guns and unload
I'm bound to have your whole town sewed,
niggaz drinkin and gettin blowed
to the sound layin tracks down like the underground
railroad
Can't no jail hold me, or no crackers control me
I shed tears for dead homies (and what) and fears
Allah only
So haters don't want me to hit, tryin to pitch ball four
Makin peace with the beast but with me, bitch it's all
war
I'm hardcore, hardline, hard edge on hard times
Here rap the records determined to get our shine
Turnin water to wine, healin the deaf dumb and blind
With a stone backbone, I join your own to your own kind
So pass the clip as I mash the whip, with the master
grip
Just waitin for your ass to slip and I bang bang

[Chorus: Mystic]

Bang bang.. bang, bang, bang
Bang bang bi-dang, bang bang
Bang, bang, bang
Bang bang bi-dang, bang bang
Bang, bang, bang
Bang bang bi-dang, bang bang
Bang, bang, bang
Bang bang bi-dang, bang..

[Kam]

Chitty chitty bang bang, a gritty city gang thang
We maintain, rap jack and slang 'caine
and brang pain, think you can hang you best be sure
Cause the West is where I'm from so come test me now

[Mystic]

Way-oyyyyyy, way-oy-oy-oy-oy

Way-oyyyyyy, way-oy-oy-oy-oy

[Kam]

Ring the alarm, code red, Arm Leg Leg Arm Head
Soldiers on the move, show and prove, go out and get
the dead

and spit the lead, let's quit this black and brown
bloodshed

And get this bread, lay these crackers down in a
mudbed

Like Spud Webb I go to war with the giants
Cause they just pawns in the game but I'm a lord of the
science

I gets nuff respect, while other niggaz is suspect
Ass-kickin cash get them pretty boys slash ruffnecks

[Chorus]

[Kam]

So cocks the hammer back and rack the pump
Since the police hate me unlock the safety just in case
we have to dump

I'm ready for shit to jump, my niggaz carryin mags
Like "Fuck these United Snakes and they American
fags"

Uncle Tom's askin Uncle Sam, "Why can't we bond?"
But nigga Kam don't give a damn about no Yankee
mon

Stars and stripes I earn 'em, blow a whole through they
sternum

See my arrangement with the Lord is I return 'em, he
burn 'em

But I don't claim to be no saint, solely because I ain't
holy

But you just got be-lieeeeve, foley

Everybody on the block knows, just how it go

I got flows, rock shows, clock dough and knock hoes
down like a pimp on the track, just mackin

Out for my dollars pop your collars holla back - what's
crackin?

Shit it's your world I'm just a squirrel tryin to find a nut
Catch me at the club, in the cut, watchin the girls, wind
it up

[Chorus]

