

Cassidy

"Bang Bang"

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[Hook: Masspike Miles]

I put the "b" in "banger"
Used to getting money
Now you know I'm no stranger to the hustle
I'm strapped up like a raider from the tomb
Force with my platoon
I do shit you boys don't do
I'm known in the streets as a nigga that done did it
Put infrared beams on your fitted
Trust me, you can get it
Nigga, you can get it
Throw the handle back and watch the motherfucker
bang, bang, bang

[Verse 1: Cassidy]

Yes
If I'm not the best, nigga, then I got next
Cause I talk that shit like a nigga with hot breath
You niggas not threats, them things'll bang in
Things could change if you never got shot yet
I'm quick to bust, like a man that never got sex
But you don't get the message, like a blind man that
got text
I used to love to box, until I shot Tec9s
Now I never brawl, like a broad that ain't got breasts
I'm not press, I don't wanna talk
Man, my motherfucking gun'll spark and make a nigga
somersault
I'll shoot the damn thing and make a nigga handspring
Or I'll spark steel and make a nigga cartwheel
Matter of fact, clap the gat, turn him to an acrobat
Have the cat flip around before I put the pistol down
Your lame mouth which you better keep my name out
I ain't in a gang, I don't bang, I just banged out

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Styles P]

I'm back out riding
Gun at your head, bullet the center like Bonham
Shotgun with the shotgun seat reclining

I pop up on niggas
Let it off, close shop up on niggas
Infection, stay in the cut on niggas
I'm in a whole nother section
I could look in the mirror, my reflection
Moves like Inception
Extraordinary gentleman, what more could I say?
Got the picture in the cut, like Dorian Gray
I'm a shooter like Allan Quartermain, I give you more
than pain
First page in the hard nigga Hall of Fame
Duane Darock on the beat
SP the Ghost, I make it pop on the streets
Probably in the spot for a week
One eye open, with the Glock on a sleeve

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Chubby Jag]

I let the thing blam, they call me the Rain Man
I'm out of bullets, get 'em hung, nigga, Hang Man
You get me, hang it up; there's problems, I flame it up
Bang it up, snap back, long t, banger tucked
Yup, my block pitching, yeah I got pigeons
I'm into cooking, I fuck with bitches that got kitchens
If I can't find Jordan, then I'll rob Pippen
I leave 'em bloody and skin red, like Rob Griffin
Home real spit, the shotty blast, you gon' see the body
bags
Men in black, no Will Smith
Real shit, used to grind and we still grind
Beefing with the grill time, full metal, steel time
Niggas getting stole on trying to steal mine
Cock pack, peel mine
Tape 'em up, real time
Jump you, the mask on and Berettas bang
Sound clear, holmes? Out here, we gonna let it bang

[Hook]

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