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Mavis Staples "Bang Bang Boogie"

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Chorus:

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Now come here miss lady, can I date you baby? Make you coo-coo crazy for cocoa I can loot you mami, I can scoop you mami I can Coupe you mami with no dough Now up jumps the boogie, the Range grain is cookie We bang bang, we boogie to the beat My thang stain ya bitches, my blang blang, you bitches It's Gain Greene, you bitches, we the streets

Verse 1

You say fuck me? I feel the same way about you bitch Niggaz made you bitch and now you act like this Well get yo' head out yo' ass nigga Spent six cash, left the rest in the stash nigga I sport Coupes, let the thang rip I'm waterproof when the rain hit Hit ya main bitch, I'm Boss Gain The right side the Bent', the left side is the Porsche lane Fire with fire we fightin', time to retire to ya mic and She ridin' the pipe, mami she like it, she psychic And she like to play on the Sidekick A guarantee you gon' like this I ain't bitin' my tongue, yeah I said it, Max is the nicest G4 on and all types of devices Yellow-green studs, all types a premises Baby come here, come holla, I'm all about that dolla

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Verse 2: Chop up a nice, big 8th for this

Fiends be lickin' the plates to it And the bitches, they finger themselves up The lil' niggaz eat instead he bringin' them shells up I keep the jails up, get Biggavel' on your album I had spunk, I can get ya sales up Come and fuck wit' ya man I'll get you in loops, get you a extra couple of grand I let it splash from the mac milli Who got the most swag on the wax, really? Who got the most bags, better ask Nitti I'ma hit you with the jab if you act silly I ain't tryna put this game in a chokehold Tryna see how much caine can a boat hold You can get a reign if the coke slow You can get a Range from the dope flow You a slowpoke, catch up nigga I'ma dump it in ya chest, best vest up nigga I'm a beast big, Biggavel' streets big Fly nigga, got more sneaks than the Heats nig'

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Verse 3:

You ain't seen a nigga with my stature Playtime's over when the cops come and catch ya I ain't have a Jag nor a Rover We was stuck in the hood, had the cab all over Had the bags all over the floor, Pits ate 'em up High off the residue he, tried to wake him up Time to scrape 'em up I trick six on a off day, hit the block for a hour and I can make it up My bitches cook and clean cuz my hooks is mean Young Boss Don pimp, I'm a hooker's dream I took the Beam for a spin Pray to the lord, get on my knees if I see 'em Spray at ya fort, get off money, then I grin Who popped ya, you niggaz live life of imposters I'm on your roof wit' a chopper It's like taking candy from a baby, all the food in ya locker

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