

Prodigy "Bang On 'Em"

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Here we go, you know what it is, click-clack

Bang on 'em, pop them thangs on 'em
Drop a nigga frontin', get 'em if I want 'em
I'ma bang on 'em, pop them thangs on 'em
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Ayo, my hood broke my heart into pieces
Dunn the streets took my dreams and shattered them
And turn me into a preacher
Minds to money got me not givin' a fuck

All I care about is muzik and who I gotta cut
With the Mac, uzi, .47, pick a weapon
Six million ways to die, my .25 endin'
When I pop him in the gut, I drop him where they stunt

I try keepin' it peace but that shit's for chumps
Projects fucked me up, made me strong as ox
Made the nigga cold blooded, ain't no friends on the
block
This the comrades and coldies, the crooked ass police

Playin' cracks in the pocket send you up in creek
Look don't ask me why Queensbridge can't stick
together
If you don't know the answer then you don't know the
ghetto
Everybody don't get along and that's what it is
We either shootin' when we shoot them niggaz or we
gon' get hit

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Ayo, my own niggaz turned on me, B.I.G wasn't lyin'
When he said, the ones who smoke blunts with you be
conversant
They was plottin' on my demise, they wanted my seed
At the head of the table but I'm permanently chief

I don't care how many bodies you got on your gun
You either submit or go and start your own gang son
Everybody wants to be boss, it ain't enough soldiers
Everybody wants to call shots, it ain't enough shooter

And it really hurts my soul that we can't click
But whatever it'll never be the same again
And when I see you niggaz, you already know what it is
And if you don't, you gon' find out the hard way kid
Tried to make it work, but now I'm on some other shit
I'm greedy with that limelight now you ain't gettin' none
of it

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