

## Stereophonics

### "Bang"

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{[Esham] and {priest} at Confession booth} {Who's there?}

[Forgive me father for I have sinned.]

{Yes my son, you have a confession to make?}

[They want me to do it again.]

{Those who repent shall receive salvation.}

[I gotta go back.]

[Esham]

I bang on everything, boy

[Chorus]

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Up jump the boogie

And you're just a rookie

So I take your cookies, boy

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

I'm getting money, I push the seven-sixty

Got green like Bill Bixby, baby

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

No, you shouldn'ta missed me

Cause I'm gonna toss 'em back at ya, like hot frisbees,  
fucker

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

It's all I know, it's all I do

Countin cash in stacks, grind all night through

[Esham]

I'm push the package in this bitch, I got a automatic

I ran down your block and popped a crack addict

Speakin' in tongues since I was young; I tote a uzi

Professional hitman, pop you and your floozie

Who's he? Esham, I do no interviews

Blood's on my tennis shoes, win or lose

I'm finna smoke a ounce of kush, fuck George Bush

Still on the block where it's hot, murders be overlooked

Dreams and nightmares, everythings right there

In the city that don't care, somehow we profit off  
welfare

Hell yeah!! Pistols be poppin, coppers is droppin

No time for no bitches, keep my riches less it's coke

shoppin'

[Esham]

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

No, you don't know me

I roll with my homie

It's Jesus, not unholy, ya heard me?

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

I send hollows threw you , I scream "Hallelujah"

I do ya, cause you don't know me baby

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

This is for my Crips and my Bloods

And all my gangstas and thugs that show slug love

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Guns up in the club, holding a lot of drugs

Whats really good, what?

[Esham]

Power and paper stacked up like skyscrapers

I'm getting my money right, I'm keeping my game tight

Oh no! I'm comin up on a bubble, bitches in trouble

Breakin boulders like Barney Rubble, makin' my  
pockets double

Slug from a fourty-five, I live and die

Like the gangstas before me til they fourty-four me

Or outlaw me, they never saw no one raw as me

The general in this war is me

Hitler young wigspliter

Kill any rapper out there, nuclear warfare

Spit napalm, Esham, wicket like Taliban

Push a Denali from Detroit to Cali, mon

Wicket!, Wicket! Wicket!, It's so wicket!

Wicket! The way I kick shit

[Chorus]

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

I'm poppin' pistols

So duck if the bullets whistle

You're hopin that they don't hit you, homie

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

I'm down to buck'em all, fuck'em all

Till they bodys in the ground where the maggots crawl

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

This is not a game

Say "hello" to my little friend.. Bang Bang Bang

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Blow out your brains

Ain't no friends in this game

Fuck a 5-0 and the fame

[Esham]

Prelude to all this evil  
Some people might say it's money whether they believe  
you  
Judgement day is still a'comin people, never leave me  
It will be with me forever only time I need you  
When your fuckin head is severed stackin'up my green  
books  
At night I'm playin' with black magic, tell me, have you  
seen crooks  
Busting off they automatics deep into the darkness?  
Some might even say I'm heartless  
Even if the cops is around, I'll bang your ass regardless

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