

T-Pain

"Bang Bang Pow Pow"

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[Intro]

Ohh

Na Na Na Ohh, Ohh

Ohh

Na Na Na Ohh

My money right, my money money,
my bread good (good, good)
Shawty fuckin', wassup girl? That head good? Ohh
Bang Bang Pow Pow
I do my thang thang
Look at me now now

My money right, my money money cash up
Up up and away, face down, face down, ass up
I rep my town town, that's where I'm from from
So nigga pow pow, bum bum

Money to blow, I'm limpin' off tour
Boatloads of cash, bitch I'm overboard
I got money for these whores if you open up the door
Company accounts and they're all of one accord

Real talk, I don't speak, even if it's "hi haters"
I'm on top and I done locked the elevator
All these bitches say I'm fly and I can never touch the
ground
I'm not tryin' to be in your circle cause I don't fuck
around

I get that money, that money (money)
I live it, I want it
Drop the top on that Ferrari Now I'm in California

I let the hard top down and the wind blow through
All I do is win, what the fuck you gonna do?
I'm good, good, good and I do this for my hood, hood,
hood
Yeah, and ain't nobody gonna stop me. I'm doing it
right now.
So bang bang pow pow, everybody say

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I go so hard, they call me, "Go so hard"
You ain't a king; you a joker card
Fuckin' up the church money like an alter boy
I got them yellow Xanies, that's them Tonka Toys

I go bonkers boy. I put that on my momma an' 'em
The hoes are all alike. They put the "ho" in "homonym"
I think all these niggas sound like me. That's a
compliment.
I told a midget, "Bitch, I do it big. Hippopotamus."

Put that on my slime an' 'em. No B-ball. We stop and
pop.
No B-ball. We got shit locked. Swagga ill, what's up
doc?
Make that pussy pop like the gun I went to jail for
Shoot the doors off that jeep, that bitch look like a mail
truck

You pussy! Keep your tail tucked
Real niggas in this bitch
Get that pussy wet, fuck her than I jet Kenny Smith
T-pain voice, all I do is win and shit
Young money in your motherfuckin' face: Blemishes

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