

The Game "Bang Along"

Visit "[Bang Along](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One for the impala's, two for the gold d's, 3 for the
switches, middle finger
For the police, nigga with an attitude, I will not let it die,
four fingers
Up, two twisted for the westside. x2 (chorus)

I used dribble the rock, down the block in 94, shoot the
courts out when
Killer wayne bought that porsche out,
I had the illest jump shot so he bet all his money on me,
12 years old with
All the honeys on me, Patrick Ewings on I kept the fresh
kicks take the nigga
Out the jordans if the muthfuckers fit, they fit so I'm
back up the block
Fucking with the homies trying teach em how to slap
box, in front of the
Crack spot fiend's fighting over crack rock, dimes the
size of golf balls
Yeah the shits was that hot, having black locs on like
MC ren, deebo came
Through the hood in that coke white benz before 106
and park and 24inch rims,
Before these corny niggas kept the stickers under they
brims there was a lil
Nigga in compton 5ft 10 he was dope as a muthu
fucker I wanted to be like
Him.

(Chorus)

Fuck it I aint gonna lie homie, I used to do the hammer
dance, make it worse
I had steal toes on and hammer pants, fucked up right?
that's when my pops had
To wait, he had to blow while I was blowing in nintendo
tapes, got my ass
Whopped for taking the duck hunt gun outside, in my
window watching all the
Kids have fun outside, ice cream truck making noise, I
wanna run outside, but
Imma get my ass whopped again if I run outside, swear

I was on punishment til
Like my tenth grade year, this new girl moved on the
block light skin with
Wavy hair, I asked her did she want to hump me and
she was like "I don't
Care" so I took her training bra off that's when she got
scared, she wanted me
To be her boyfriend so I was like yeah trying to think of
LL lines in the
Back of my head, "when I'm alone in the room" can't
remember what he said but
I know Uncle Luke "bitch give me some head" here go...

(Chorus)

Shit I'm grown now, pops in jail I'm on my own now, got
my first kilo and my
Brick phone now, 2 door cutlass sitting on dat chrome
now, headed to that
County jail, 2 tees (?) coming home now, yeah homie
shit changed, niggas don't
Bang like they used to, and I can't dunk like I used to,
niggas don't move
Fast enough when they hear that hoo hoo and taking
fades is played out like
Fubu, I got a TV in the dash watching Friday, 21 no
felon, tell em niggas
Crime pay, red rag in my pocket doing it my way, 2
switches so the cutlass
Bounce sideways, four amps 15's beatng the trunk
tryin jack me for my shit
Gotta beat me to the pump, punk, I'm on my gangsta
shit, nigga with an
Attitude hold my mutha fucking gangsta shit.

(Chorus)

(The Game talking)

Hey lo, I'm gonna take these niggas back man, back to
the number 4 jordans
Niggas dem shits was sway, remember them mutha
fuckers, yeah the number 4
Jordans man, when them shits got old, we couldnt
afford no new ones so we
Went to mutha fucking payless and got that black shoe
polish, we put so much
Shoe polish on them mufuckas trying to keep them
shiny black mutha fu turned
Leather...

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.