

## M.O.P. "Bang Time"

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[Billy Danze]

Bang bang ba-bang, ba-bang bang ba-bang

[Chorus: Billy Danze]

Ba-bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time

Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

Bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time

Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

[Lil' Fame]

To the East my brother like a X-Clan member

SISSY!!! Lil' Fame is a Marxmen

I'm the son of Sonny Carson

I wash dirty cats through hood laundromats, where  
they lost at

Go home or go hard yeah this is real life warrior shit

These other rap dudes corny as shit

What'chall know about sidewalks with bloodstains,  
coroner shit

+Cold as Ice+ on some Foreigner shit

Raised on the dark side, baptized in dirty water

The murder Marx side, dark skies to early mornings

What's a nickel bag to a profit/prophet, graze hit 'em  
right out

Great day to do it again, same as the night out

{\*whistling\*} This is the good, the bad and the ugly

'Round here we keeps it thuggy thuggy

Yeah and it's Brooklyn's, finest, unfaded,

Brownsvillians

We'll shoot this bitch up like cowboys and indians

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

D-Block!! Yeah, bang time

45'll hit 'em and leave 'em with hang time

Raised on his ass like the glass of a {?} line

Raw like cocaine line, nigga I ain't lyin  
Your man's frame is dyin from the flame of the iron  
Walkin him, walk with him, now better kneel with him  
Try to be real with him, I'm so deep in it  
that if you try to stand up his fuckin guts gon' spill on  
him  
Play wit'cha kids, or a deck of cards  
Me I go extra hard, still tryin to get it, like I'm Escobar  
Only question I ask is cash or a check involved  
Put me on my P's and Q's, let me know if death's  
involved  
Like I give a shit, ignorant nigga  
Yeah I pull the trigger quick, thought you woulda  
figured this  
You want to know why the movement is rigorous  
S.P. the Ghost, on some Y.O. killer shit, nigga! .. Bang  
time

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]

Yo, somewhere in (BROOKLYN) is where you'll find this  
nigga, in my comfort zone  
Semi circled by the grimiest niggaz (c'mon!)  
Walk with me, spread chalk with me sod  
In the field where the real niggaz are born (ghetto)  
There's no surgeons here, we don't cut up body parts  
We blast and leave yo' ass wherever it start  
A half a block from the precinct, the homies are beyond  
thuggin and buggin  
My whole borough's in judgment indecent  
The thoroughest dimepieces straight out of action  
flicks  
(Gangsta bitch!) Angela Jolie this  
notion, forward motion, do what you gotta do  
to get what you gotta get to get your shit rollin  
And keep closin, by any means  
The 50 cal the 40 or the 30 carbine  
Let it steam motherfucker let's go, we in them greends  
And on the grounds with it we down with it, that's how  
we bling

[Chorus]

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