

## **No Reason**

### **"Oh You Bangin'"**

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yeah, nigga Data, dirty grimy  
What's that mothafuckin' dirty grim' shit  
Hell Razah, excellent nigga, Ghetto Government  
You ain't even out of fuckin' high school yet  
Oh now you bangin'  
Fuck, is the deal?  
What's poppin'?

[Verse One: Hell Razah]

I smack the head of you gangstas, y'all nigga's new  
borns  
First line already told me son who dick you on  
Stick your finger in my flow, son you see it's lukewarm  
But when you get in, believe me, I'ma burn on skin  
5'10" Elohim's in the body of man  
King Tut's identical twin is at it again  
Red Hook, Brooklyn, weed and Seagram's Gin  
You know a party ain't a party till we get in  
Son of a slave, I write rhymes under my grave  
Got it locked so bad I gotta come in a cage  
Yo watch your mind if you think about fuckin' with Raz'  
In this game it's like sperm cells seekin' the egg  
Politickin' over two ways, guns is sprayed  
And I won't stop hustlin' till my sons is paid

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little gun on your side  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little click on your side  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little ice in your watch  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little whip and a ride  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little gun you can pop  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little bandana now  
Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little click you can roll with

Now you bangin'  
Now you bangin'

[Verse Two: Hell Razah]

The only way you shine phat is with a label behind your  
back

Bring that shit to the ghetto and get robbed for that

The way I brainwash I should have been a laundry mat

You ain't really got heart, that's the cog-n-ac

My head wrapped with a turban like Saddam Hussein

Niggas can't see this face, out to bomb the game

Upon your chain, blast Don all in the rain

Go ahead at thy gangsta, I'm born the king

Gold thrones, I wrote poems that broke down

chromosomes

Niggas get shanked up and blown for the phone

Rap be like Sheek now, microphone clone

Stand, enter the wrong zone, you might get

Get up, give up, shootout, you can't get up

Spit up, spit up blood, get your night lit up

Walkin' zombies, I love killin' niggas calmly

The word of God got death when it come upon me

Tuck the charm in, groupies wanna touch the diamonds

What's the use of keep rhymin' if you ain't a clinin'

I pop old gold at The Shinin'

Take it back to army jackets and train passes

Burn through skin and I ain't acid

This be serious, I ain't laughin'

IRS and I hate taxes

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Oh now you bangin'

Got a little money to spend

Oh now you bangin'

Got a little gun on your side

Oh now you bangin'

Got a little whip and a ride

Oh now you bangin'

Oh now you bangin'

Oh now you bangin'

Got a little 20 inch rims

Oh now you bangin'

Got a little chain with your name on it

Oh now you bangin'

Got your hat tilt to the side

Oh now you bangin'

Oh now you bangin'

Oh now you bangin'

Speak a little project talk

Oh now you bangin'

Got a little project walk

Oh now you bangin'  
Got a little project talk  
Oh now you bangin'  
Oh now you bangin'

[Outro: Hell Razah]  
Word up shorty, you niggas better cut that shit out  
All them gangstas is dead  
Locked up doin' 25 to life

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