

Fetti Cash

"Bang"

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Bang

(Chorus 2x):

Bang, your head against the wall
Yall don't wanna go there I'ma go there
Yall don't wanna flow here U.S rep here
BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG

(Verse): Red Eye

What you know about run up in a cell-cell with the shank
Make'em yell-yell hope he don't
Stressing mail perfect time on the phone-phone
A minute in the mind cut him in the dome-dome
Going toe to toe tower quick to blow-blow
One to drop the weapon last is the first to go-go
Cell block life really gets trife-trife for the lunies
watching you
Sh*t with the knife-knife
Plastic gloves to checking your doodoo smack you hard
like a b*tch
Make you boo who, su woo
Hear the call-call be ready to brawl-brawl
Or end up on a plate cause you stall-stall
Pack risk-risk take a flight risk get rid of the weapon
And become a good actress, observation rule judge
wanna get-get
Sh*t it out to put it in the mouth taste my own sh*t

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 2): Gold Fish

Ashy to classy homie please pass me the hammer
Locking the block down like a slammer, spit that hood
grammar
Stay scheming like I'm montana letting off clips the
size of bananas
I'm feeding the gorillas rolling with those caps peelers
Leave a n*gga burnt like a blunt of scroller
A known dealer push the hard to the back yard yall
faggot n*ggas are
Too soft to go hard talking bout that bullsh*t you get

knocked off quick
Yall like slutty chicks stay riding n*ggas dicks
The back talk a get a n*gga mashed up, light hook to
your chin
Leave your face bashed up
Enough is enough that's why I keep that hammer tuck
Vest protecting the chest that's how I give it up
Streets taught bout the rules to the game load the cock
and aim
When it's time to bang

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3): Fetti Cash

I'm bout to move mountains the way I flip this flow I got
the soul
Whose the master sho-nuff I got the glow, that 40 and
a cross bow
Don't make me mash your potato, chrome on my
shoulder
For you haters and you foes don't know, cop callers
and jock knockers
I'ma top popper head knocker boon docker, boom
shakalaka
The bandit will rock and shock ya, rocka bye baby don't
make me
Run down on you clowns with the pound then shake you
down
I don't air sh*t out cause I'm not a air shooter, I'm about
hitting and
Hospitalizing
So when I shoot you're most likely gonna get hit, or
you're dying no lying
This is homicide webside so don't get stabbed or shot
or pushed off the
Roof
Or cracked with the bat, don't get tossed in back of that
black truck
Cause there's no coming back from that

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