

Rita Ora

"Torn Apart"

Visit "[Torn Apart](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I bang with the gang I don't need no intro
We run from east long beach to westside central
Credentials to kick flows and rip shows
Dip foes and pimp hoes
While the endo blow
You know that west coast low mentality
Focused on reality but living in a whole another galaxy
We keep the straight harbor board the spot
Bangers smash chains in the parkin lot
Don't matter, we still be fine, hoes together
Pick about the thickest bitch and I gots to have her
It's routine, the coup clean, let's hit the show
You know we all fucking once they glipse the pose
Rip the sand in my hand, pack the ghat on my lap
Cause it's hating when you skatin and your pockets is fat
Don't met for a minute like your ass a prise
Just recognize the real way the gangsters ride

If it ain't a chronic, don't blaze it up
And if it ain't a chevy, don't raise it up,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, god damn, god damn

I bang with the gang I don't need no intro
We run from east long beach to westside central
Credentials to kick flows and rip shows
Dip foes and pimp hoes
While the endo blow
You know that west coast low mentality
Focused on reality but living in a whole another galaxy
We keep the straight harbor board the spot
Bangers smash chains in the parkin lot
Don't matter, we still be fine, hoes together
Pick about the thickest bitch and I gots to have her
It's routine, the coup clean, let's hit the show
You know we all fucking once they glipse the pose
Rip the sand in my hand, pack the ghat on my lap
Cause it's hating when you skatin and your pockets is fat
Don't met for a minute like your ass a prise
Just recognize the real way the gangsters ride

If it ain't a chronic, don't blaze it up
And if it ain't a chevy, don't raise it up.

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

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