

Big Pokey & Chris Ward f/ Lil' Keke, MJG

"Bang On"

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(*talking*)

What, South-Southside nigga

What, South-Southside nigga check me out

[Hook - 2X]

Real G's, get the bang on

Fucking with us, we get our swang on

Hustle and grind, and get our game on

Platinum plus, and get our fame on nigga

Real G's, get the bang on

Fucking with us, we get our swang on

Hustle and grind, and get our game on

Shine and ball, and get our change on nigga

[Lil' Keke]

In my two seater, with my black heater

Moving fast as a cheetah, syrup and margarita

Yo shorty, I know you full of that X

Se want the rough raw sex, she got a hell of a neck

You know we presidential, with so much potential

Exploiting this game, because it's so fundamental

We worldwide, internationally known

Real niggaz they get it on, the dog is full blown

We below the belt, oh yeah the pain is felt

Rich niggaz about they wealth, and keeping up they health

Let's get this money baby, even though these niggaz hate me

But I been peeping lately, they think it's all gravy

I'm a maniac, 5'8' and black

I always got a gat, with no time to chat

I hold it down, and stay low to the ground

The bullshit cease, when the Don in town what

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

Game on, plus the fame got a young nigga name known

Sensei and MJ on the same song, with Don Keke

W dot com I'm a G, see Sensei Don Dada

A hoe in hand reach, Sensei done got her
To the Ramada, top flo'
Dominican black, white or vato
Let the game begin, I'm on Jane and Hen
Plus that X in my life, so I'm sane again
I get my bang on, like a Blood or Crip
Keep a snub nose, right above my hip
I love to dip, hoes love my whip
Try to take some'ing, then my snub'll rip
I love this here, gangsta shit
Why, cause I'm a gangsta bitch
Gangsta fits, drop gangsta hits
They fucked up, when they unchained the Pit nigga

[Hook]

[MJG]

MJG, get his pimp on
It's the return of the real, them fony motherfuckers
been gone
See bitch, I want your whole bank account
Before you even start to open your mouth, or even
think about
Your dedication, is my occupation
This ain't no bullshit baby, this demonstration to
concentration
A nigga, just about to bubble up
And if your girlfriend tagging along, then I'ma double
up
I graduated, in the streets nigga
When nearly most of the time, the hard way is how I
teach niggaz
I got a hoe, for every holiday
We hit the scene so clean, them other bitches give me
body play
If you's a hoe, then you was meant for me
And I'ma keep you on the tip of your toes, to pay the
rent for me
Why not, show you some career pimping
You exercise my shit, everytime that you deal with me

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

C. Ward, get his grind on
Only 20-something years young, fool I'm getting my
shine on
Frozen Roley, getting it's wind on
While yours ticking, and you know what that mean it tell
the time wrong
How come you come off the rich, what is your mind on

Only some dro and potent 4, can get my mind gone
I'm who snitches, drop the dime on
Cause every block I hang slang, and bang is a crime
zone
I rhyme wrong, cause I done seen it all
Laughing at these amateurs out here, that just fiend to
ball
When rats harass me, I screen the call
Cause I'm a full time playa, even an all season y'all
I got a hoe, for every minute man
And even if you're treating her or not, I'm still just a
minute and
She gon be hooked on me, like angel dust
Around these here parts, niggaz can't bang with us
On top of this, I'm dangerous
Still Mobstyle and gangsterous, I get my bang on

[Hook]

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