

## **Dinerman Annie**

### **"You Wanna Bang"**

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[Slush the Villain]  
It's all good baby  
It's all good to the wheels fall off  
I thought you knew bitch  
This problem's world wide across America  
Bitch

Sawed Off's here to anilahate anybody trippin  
Watchin with percisily with night vision  
On my oposition  
Try and take on my position  
Master mind the right descision  
So we gon creep solidy lock a knife insicion  
Boy your fuckin time is tickin  
But your clock of life don run out of time  
You're next in line to die don't cry  
And if you're scare cause here's why  
You're shits the filla now down the scrilla  
Sawed Off Killa here to make a meal plus  
While you're wastin your time tryin to kill us  
And you still can't hang wit it  
Try and bang on us  
And we gon bang wit it  
Have a thang wit it  
Remain in it, like my dick in your bitch  
And when you lickin her clit  
You really lickin my dick  
Need to get rid of all you mothafuckas  
Ain't no favors on my label  
No one's above us  
So when you the Sawed Off  
Anterage come walkin through  
Get on them knees with quickness  
Boy bitch shine these shoes  
Ha Ha

[Chorus: Chris Gun a.k.a Black Gun]  
You wanna, we can bang  
You wanna throw them thangs  
We can throw them thangs too  
What you wanna do

We can set it off dog  
Bust shots until the casket drops  
On all ya  
[2x]

[Mr. Skrilla]  
Now this is murda for your mind  
If you try to step to mine  
It's like you hata brought a knife  
And you tryin to step to millionares  
That'll tear up in your flesh  
Ff you think you really hard  
We get to bustin collectin bodies  
Like them Pokemon cards  
No hold bars leavin crews  
With perminate scars  
Makin hata wanna retreat  
Before I finish 16 bars  
I'ma light my cigar  
I guess I'm like a czar  
Comin with Godfather status  
Pumpin lead up in your car  
While you're drivin in it [Boom]  
Now I got em  
Leavin your face layin flat  
Like you're sleepin on your steering collar  
Trench in this Cali sun shine  
Who am I? Do or Die  
I feel like I just came from Columbine High  
Feelin high to the sky  
Is the optimo smoke  
Just enough to have you aimin at your throat  
Ain't no steppin to the Sawed Off  
Slush we all bust  
Enough slugs to turn your bodies into saw dust  
Boy we gon crush

[Chorus]

[Knightowl]  
The Knightowl's comin with it  
I'm sick like Al Pachino  
A lyrical gambino  
And I'm drinkin lots of vino  
I got the party on and crackin  
All you bitches I be smackin  
Don't you ever fuck around  
Or it's you that I'm kidnappin  
I never fuckin play fool  
Like a little kid with a gun at school  
I'll brake the fuckin rules

And rob you for your jewels  
The Knightowl, Mr. Skrilla  
And Slush be fuckin killas  
We don't give no one a brake  
So best not ever make mistakes  
We got that kind of shit that makes you move  
That kind of shit that makes you grooves  
That kind of shit that makes you jump  
And shake your fuckin rump now  
Come and do this dance I hope you can  
Throw them hands up in the sky  
But if you don't fool you ain't shit  
Now let me tell you why  
You gotta wave them hands in the fuckin air  
I'm the deadly like a fuckin chair  
The Sawed Off Family won't stop  
Until we full if millionares  
We be nothin but the baddest fool  
My beat always the phatest  
I got the fuckin paper  
Gettin high like a sky scrapper

[Chorus]

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