

St. Lunatics

"Jang A Lang(feat. Trina)"

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[(Chorus - Nelly) 2x]

If you like big thangs, put your hands high as you can
Get your shit man, make no difference from where you
came, uh
I ain't ballin out here, no, I ain't playin no games
I got a new name for niggas with chains, jang a lang

[Trina]

Make way for the new breed bitch of this millennium
Stack chips, keeps the pistol grip why? 'Cause I'm
offendin 'em
Rocks nothin but Cavada shit, I'm the baddest
The ice from head to toe, with that plaid shit
Mo' potent than I cut cocaine, through your vein
Off the hook, take a look, I'm the chick, I can't be tamed
One name like the highest breed, papi capche?
One drove home from Italy, is y'all feelin me?
Be a mistress to none, but all good to some
Let me break you off a little, show you how it's done
Eyes trip for this goddess, gambino got your funds
And some fish are coppin flights for me to Reno
I see no other way for me to tell you how I feel
You wanna stick and move now you're fuckin with the
real deal
Hold still, let this lady let loose
Keep them chips comin nigga or your neck'll catch a
nuece

[Chorus]

[Murphy Lee]

Now y'all know me, I like an old school Ozzie Smith
jersey
Old school Jordans, head band that says "Murphy"
Stone washed, baggy as hell, double XL, with the
sleeve off
On my way to drop a few G's off
Ease off, doin thirty-five, smokin fire, makin a right
I'm doin thirty now, riskin my life
Both clients on my cell phone, typin on my two-way
Rollin a blunt, still drivin, lookin at movies

Young Dude be floatin the city like cab drivers
Professional but still keep it real like Allen Iverson
I'm liver than Jay, Dave and Kathy and Regis
Been on more MTV shows than Butthead and Beavis
Keep a stash with the gas money, fast money, me and
Slo Down, huh
We almost had to buy up the town
It's like a movie, oohhweeee, doobies in a jacuzzi
Girls do what I say so I just tell 'em to do me

[Chorus]

[Keyjuan]

Ay, you know where my chains comes from, I spits fire
You know what them girls look at dirty, my big tires
My attire forty-two large denim, I sag in 'em
Dress eyes and ride hot rides and Jags in 'em
Let him talk his jazz, what's the tag gon' get 'em?
While I hit him in clutch time, roll up his dutch time
"No more herb", no such line, "uh oh" is my punch line
I'm hungry like a hobo standin in lunch lines
Crossed the gun line, boss, like Ray and Claud
I know niggas that make they money then pay they
broad
I'm from the Lou, kinda new, I'm a make my laws
When I pull up on the show lot, it be, it's like pause
(Ay, where yo' Range at?)
It's outside you wanna clean it?
(Ay, where yo' name at?)
It's in The Source, you ain't seen it?
(Ay, where yo' chains at?)
You can't tell dirty, I'm sparklin?
Split it, fill it up, wrap it and spark it

[Chorus]

[thanks to countrysux2000@yahoo.com for correcting
these lyrics]

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