

**Fes Taylor f/ Frankie Bells****"Bang Bang"**

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[Intro: Fes Taylor] Yeah, When the shots go off I don't hear nobody talking shit then Alright, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
[Fes Taylor] I said I been in the game, Remember me from King Just Ask who running S.I., Niggas think of us Since Summer Jam, Shit we bout to hit Japan Flight 10304, Holla at me when you land A couple grams, Got shows, A couple grand Couple schemes, Couple scams, No couples holding hands Married to the game, Miami getting a tan Hammer really jammed, Gangsta, Really am My hood Killa Hill streets, Name speak for itself Cause when the shots rain nigga it's bad for your health Yeah I got brain from your bitch back of the Stealth When I bomb fly like an airplane, Wrapped it in wealth G-5 glock, Plastic'll melt when we burn out Tell a nigga fasten his belt and bring his shirt out While niggas doing push-ups, I was giving hook-ups So the only weight I touch is getting tucked up nigga [Hook: Frankie Bells] I aint never ran from a motherfucker Be damned if a motherfucker ever talked tough around me I'm a damage a motherfucker Cock hammers at motherfuckers ever try to stop me I've been pitch'n long enough, Nows my time to shine Everybody how knows me know I be on my grind I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired so I Gonna let these checks talk before my gat spark It's my time to shine [Fes Taylor] Flip the beat, I aint in to talking shit I let the pistol speak like Pistol Pete My Top Gun niggas let the missile seek I might watch while I sit in the Jeep I'm on some Don shit, You on some Nikki Bond snitch Everybody Frank Lucas but won't harm shit You won't harm shit, I fire arm grip And I deodorant rappers under the arm pits Like trying to calm pits I'm off the leash, My convicts no conscience We'll leave a nigga dead on your lawn bitch True story, Niggas better read the papers You caught with weed, Do police favors nigga Axle Foley, Cop badge snatching your Rolley Judge I don't know what happened to homey In like two months flat, I'll be back with my Co-D's My wolves pump crack, Blunt wrap in a O.Z [Hook] [Fes Taylor] My swaggers crazy, Clowns try to treat me like Bags of hazey, Niggas try to blaze me Jag right to the corner store, I'm that lazy And bag up,

Everything gone by day three You artists's a waste of a  
beat You in too deep like J. Reid, It's much safer to  
creep How you choke in the city you from, I'm from the  
city of Gods Where bullets go through your kidneys  
and lungs I'm a fly nigga, Still stay pretty in the slums  
Bubble gum sole on the blue and white Air Ones Fitted  
hat low, Stunt'n slow, Riding gear one From the rotten  
apple don't compare it to a pair or plum Long as your  
bitch hair done then the nails is done I stunt her on  
town, Drive her around Now even the haters admire my  
style The twenty sixes on the tires is wild [Hook]

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