

Toni Braxton F/ Foxy Brown**"Bang"**Visit "[Bang](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

I done fucked *The Baddest Bitches* ask Trina
Give her coke to stuff between her, said she loved my
demeanor
Felonies and misdemeanors, I'm villified
I just, rap on the side, black mafia ties
Prolific words, I speak for the unheard
Niggas who love guns, money, girls, and furs
Sittin up in the mans', runnin shit
On the phone moving bricks, orderin hits
Perfected the game, diamond infested the chain
Niggas think I change I just wanna watch 'em change
Livin the American dream
Drugs, violence, sex, and loaded magazines
That's all I could talk about in these sixteen
Cuz that's all I live, ask Tibs
It is what is, either graveyards or consecutive life bids,
shit

CHORUS 4X:

Niggas wanna bang, we could bang
Niggas wanna slang, we could slang

[Verse 2]

Niggas wanna bang we could bang out
Til the clip's done, or your vital arteries hang out
Ham a cot, Bad Boy, the black Camelot
Raise the price and connect the dots
Through life's journies, all I need is a couple of mack
mils
A couple of mils and good attorneys
Skatin on big blades, goin out in a blaze in my last days
I'll probably die with a bad drug trade or an overdose
Without tellin my moms, sorry it was close
My wife and my bitch fightin over my notes
All my niggas skied north makin a toast
Til hell, just gimme bad bitches in Channel
Connects wit, Chinese cartels and that new SL
And the judge that's gon' set my bail

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

I'm on top of this shit, look at the wrists
Too much rocks in this shit, aint that a bitch
Make hits, til my last breath
With that nigga, the P U double F
So lay back in the cut motherfucker 'fore you get shot
I kill niggas on the spot like a cop
I did it all four seasons suites to a cot
Give bitches nothing but breathmints and this cock
Call me what, there's a way to eat
And all we got is sports, entertainment or the streets
I'm in deep, think of Citibank when I sleep
Ching, ching like I was from Shaolin
Brooklyn nigga what you say, keep stylin
My air force ones you couldn't walk a mile in
I love politics, narcotics, and violins
Bad Boy forever, we move in silence

CHORUS

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