

## **Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel**

### **"Slang Bang"**

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Intro: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup, yeah Guess who's back?  
Hup, hup, Naughty By Nature's in the house Guess  
who's back?  
settin off the 19Naughty4/ Naughty5 flavour Guess  
who's back?  
Word up, this is how we do things Guess who's back?  
Uhh

Hook: (x2)

Cos it's a slang bang thang  
Slang bang, it's a slang bang thang, a slang bang  
thang

Verse 1: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup  
Get up, get up but don't push me  
cos I ain't mooshy mooshy, you can't mash me  
You chocolate bastard with your smile, your face looks  
ashy

Sendin detrip witta free trip to blast out outer  
See this, cos I'm that nigga that'll leave you ass out like  
G-strings

Meanin I'm fienin, your heart trips when it stay at work  
So fuck fear you fear-fuck, one jerk I'll make your head  
hurt

The punani, they're making pairs perk, who'll dare flirt  
I get kitty's from your city, just near where your mans  
work

I be on that ass like ol' mole, turnin your whole show  
slow-mo  
Cos you're too good to corroso

I'm on and off so you know my shit ain't partial

Pardon me, packin arsenals, takin knees and nostrils

Our style is savagery, you try to be the badder G  
You ain't even the man, you just the filling, where's the cavity?

Father be grabbin it, gravity, have the gravity grabbin  
Actually after we nigga naturally have to meet

Hook (x4)

Verse 2: Treach

One check to the chin and you'll be bust quicker than liquor

Aw shit, pop her chain and lock her rock, a city slicker  
Slick a rhyme, kick or vick her, knock her without a popper

I take the cake, took the chain but left the lock up  
Love me or leave me, hate me or like me  
Might be gettin feisty, fuck yeah I'm sheisty  
Shit yeah, I fit there, \*?sqwin?\* your shit wear  
You're a trick until you niggered me a bitch without liquid

Some thank me for puttin the hanky in panky  
Slappin stanky like lightning, stickin Yankees like Benjamin Franky

Fuck buyin kitty cases and city lights  
Just give my loot, get your licks and get all the high titties right  
But then I'm into what you bitches is sayin  
So I wasn't really feelin on her ass, I was just massagin her brain

The objects that I learned from the projects  
Try Treach I bet, and get your throat choked like my necks

Hook (x2)

Verse 3: Treach, Vin Rock

My mind thinks right, ????, pick snipes, don't pluck, I'll fuck your finger

At any \*?prejudice Presley?\*, now I got more snipes than Wesley

Test me, touch me and lay next to the rest of the best  
The rusty monks or ??? who tried to fuck me  
But see this is where I BOOM and ZOOM  
Just drive a line like a cartoonist on some SOON shit

Adidas couldn't read us so they freed us

Then we tried Reebok from a cheater, succeeded then  
got weeded  
Oh Anna, rip of some grandma's, no my Grandma from  
Santa Ana  
To Atlanta where cops ain't a-feared and niggas wear  
'dannas  
Now tell ya lady that I'm crazy when I'm summin  
There's a party and I'm out and guess who's comin

Hook (x4)

Outro: Vin Rock, Treach

Hup, hup, yeah niggas

It's all about a slang bang  
Doin this shit lyrically on wax  
and gettin paid for it  
Word up, we don't care where you're from  
Everybody can get down with the slang bang  
We doin "rhyme-bys" on record  
Hahahaha, wooweeeeeee.....

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