

## **The Knux**

# **"Bang! Bang!"**

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When the gun goes bang bang bang, who's gonna know who's the one? No, nobody knows.

When the gun goes bang bang bang, who's gonna know who's the one? No, nobody knows.

Takin' it back to 94, when niggas was dealin' the finest soul,

Crack the hit then fucked it up, and baby gangstas was full of they cluck.

Pluck the feathers up off the duck, you stuck like chuck if carried the banter

Pistol player knuckled up, then better to telling the children to scatter

Everyone knows don't fuck with them ho's drinking with keisha from out they yo

Full of that clearly pop a silly when niggas first heard the choppers city

And I was a dancin' b-boy who resorted to slinging them heat boys

And jackin' them cars, mackin' them broads, sadistic shit, then flipped the script.

I don't wan' sound like a hypocrite, but momma raised me for greatness,

but we broke as fuck and hope is stuck and New Orleans defines the cage hits

The animal house like getting out like takin' food from a animals mouth,

roar roar like the dungeon dragon, takin' it back to the cannibals house

When the gun goes bang bang bang, who's gonna know who's the one? No, no nobody knows.

When the gun goes bang bang bang, who's gonna know who's the one? No, no nobody knows.

I'm from a place you couldn't imagine, beautiful women some Creole with ass

Them niggas are hazards, we bitchin' they crabbin', and changin lanes like benjamin massing

From 10 to 12 they thinkin' it's cool, something awful when they aint in the mood.

Don't get 'em bent, fuck that innocence, cause in a

sense they film as you.  
Where they mommas at, where they mommas at?  
Nobody knows, nobody cares.  
To claim your hard, come go through the ward, come  
fuck with them, when nobody dares  
Your job, yes, ya ho-jocker, put that pop on you like  
Redenbacher  
The things they say, the slang they use, catching kung  
fu while they bangin' the tools.

When the gun goes bang bang bang, who's gonna  
know the one? No, nobody knows.  
When the gun goes bang bang bang, who's gonna  
know the one? No, nobody knows.

Even when it's cold outside 'round here. It's a 100  
degrees, I keep the heat around here.  
It's when you least expect it, people creep up from the  
rear,  
it's racking my brain cannot contain my fear.  
'Cause even when it's cold outside 'round here. It's a  
100 degrees, I keep the heat around here.  
It's when you least expect it, people creep up from the  
rear,  
it's racking my brain cannot contain my fear.

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