

**M.O.P. f/ Styles P****"Bang Time"**

Visit "[Bang Time](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Billy Danze] Bang bang ba-bang, ba-bang bang ba-bang [Chorus: Billy Danze] Ba-bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh) Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh) Bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh) Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh) Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh) [Lil' Fame] To the East my brother like a X-Clan member Sissy!!! Lil' Fame is a Marxmen I'm the son of Sonny Carson I wash dirty cats through hood laundromats, where they lost at Go home or go hard yeah this is real life warrior shit These other rap dudes corny as shit What'chall know about sidewalks with bloodstains, coroner shit +Cold as Ice+ on some Foreigner shit Raised on the dark side, baptized in dirty water The murder Marx side, dark skies to early mornings What's a nickel bag to a profit/prophet, graze hit 'em right out Great day to do it again, same as the night out {\*whistling\*} This is the good, the bad and the ugly 'Round here we keeps it thuggy thuggy Yeah and it's Brooklyn's, finest, unfaded, Brownsvillians We'll shoot this bitch up like cowboys and indians [Chorus] [Styles P] D-Block!! Yeah, bang time 45'll hit 'em and leave 'em with hang time Raised on his ass like the glass of a {?} line Raw like cocaine line, nigga I ain't lyin Your man's frame is dyin from the flame of the iron Walkin him, walk with him, now better kneel with him Try to be real with him, I'm so deep in it that if you try to stand up his fuckin guts gon' spill on him Play wit'cha kids, or a deck of cards Me I go extra hard, still tryin to get it, like I'm Escobar Only question I ask is cash or a check involved Put me on my P's and Q's, let me know if death's involved Like I give a shit, ignorant nigga Yeah I pull the trigger quick, thought you woulda figured this You want to know why the movement is rigorous S.P. the Ghost, on some Y.O. killer shit, nigga! .. Bang time [Chorus] [Billy Danze] Yo, somewhere in (BROOKLYN) is where you'll find this nigga, in my comfort zone Semi circled by the grimiest niggaz (c'mon!) Walk with me, spread chalk with me sod In the field where the real

niggaz are born (ghetto) There's no surgeons here, we  
don't cut up body parts We blast and leave yo' ass  
wherever it start A half a block from the precinct, the  
homies are beyond thuggin and buggin My whole  
borough's in judgment indecent The thoroughest  
dimepieces straight out of action flicks (Gangsta  
bitch!) Angela Jolie this notion, forward motion, do  
what you gotta do to get what you gotta get to get your  
shit rollin And keep closin, by any means The 50 cal the  
40 or the 30 carbine Let it steam motherfucker let's go,  
we in them greends And on the grounds with it we  
down with it, that's how we bling [Chorus]

Visit [M.O.P. f/ Styles P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.