

## **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

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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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