

MC Ren f/ Bigg Rocc, Chip Dirty

"Bang Wit Me"

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[Verse 1: Bigg Rocc]

Point blank range in your face
you're curvin' slow, that's the pose you wanna pass
nigga that's your ass, in this fast life to live
shit happens quick
plus, a nigga like you, was on the John Doe list
of niggaz to get hit, never liked you anyway
so I chose to do the shit, and make my get away
the job is done, I hit my nigga Ren phone up like "Come
on my Nigga"
that's the word nigga's called
fuck him, make his burial plans
let us get back on track and stick to our plans
(Sho) don't slap, and (B) for start
go for that nigga heart, that's the weakest of the sparts
niggaz don't recognize and show respect
like N.W.A, you niggaz get chin checked
ugh, lived your life of the lose script
wanna be Korny Soprano with no fuckin' ammo

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc X2]

when I step in the room it's crackin' peanuts
niggaz bang with me, nigga throw your hood up
bitch bang with me, cause she don't give a fuck
gettin' money til our mothafuckin' time is up

[Verse 2: Bigg Rocc]

I'm in the ghetto, makin' a livin'
mamma never said you'll get rich off chickens
but the game is fucked, there's no more riches
so I shook into the Chronic, smoke by the bitches
some, nigga serves nothin' but ounces
keep me tight, and my 64 bouncin'
keep me high like white boys climbin' mountains
but stay on alert, and watch my surroundings
cause nigga is, all about that greed
it's like a disease in every family tree
fuckin' with mine, you bitch niggaz gon' bleed
I'm like the stop sign (*tyre Screeching*) niggaz better
learn to read
I only spit, that gangbang shit

that ghetto shit, so handcuff your bitch
I don't want that trick, keep her choose her shoes
dirty ends, scuffed up on pussy on news

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc]

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[Verse 3: Chip Dirty]

We keep it bangin' like crawls and start dodgin' you,
faggots
niggaz sleep with the maggots when I attacked them
"yeah"
then jack it with a full medal, latch it like stiletto
time is fertile, but the mothafuckers won't let me go
never, ever, I'ma smooth criminal, ride with two
criminals
guns with two serials, numbers erased
face off like Nate paid
put them barnacles to play, put them little things away
fool stay off the big toys, fuckin' with big boys
bringin' that big noise, bangin' that shit, boy
cause this is the shit that'll scatter your shit
or spatter your shit, a faith won't matter and shit
you matter this shit, ain't no way John Doe spit
when crime done lit, mothafuckers repent
Kingpin, ass dragons, sparkin' the street
Chip Dirty in this mothafucker spittin' this heat...

[Chorus: Bigg Rocc X4]

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[Outro: Sample of Notorious B.I.G's GETTIN' MONEY
REMIX]

get money, get money, get money
get money, get money, get money

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