

Naz & Dev

"Bang Bang"

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(Remember when we used to play bang-bang
I shot you down, bang-bang
You hit the ground, bang-bang
That awful sound, bang-bang
I used to shoot you down) --> Stevie Wonder

Bang-bang, buck-buck
Nigga, what what?
Fallin and you can't get up
You're stuck
Bang-bang, buck-buck
Nigga, what what?
Fallin and you can't get up (2x)

[VERSE 1]

I guess it all started when we was young
Lil' niggas runnin round with loaded waterguns
It was sort of fun, playin cops and robbers
The kids who was cops had a pops or a father
Those who was crooks not only played the role
Had the look, used to jook they mom's pocketbook
Later on get they ass whupped for the cash took
And the food stamps, little crook took the last book
Seemin at a very young age
Broke in a store, came across a 12-gauge
Showed they older brother and his friends like, "look here"
"Yeah, it's kinda hot, good lookin" - then they took it
Bag him, better that than have police sag him
Plus a b.n.e., cause that's two felonies
You too young, wait - a few years later
Comin to a trey-eight, six shot, nickel-plated
Small-time stick-up's, nickel-and-dime pick-up's
Soon as a nigga get a nine, wan' lick up
For big up's, now stick-up's ain't big enough
Lil' nigga tough, tryin to stick bigger stuff
(Bo! Bo! Bo!)

(...bang-bang
I shot you down, bang-bang
You hit the ground, bang-bang

That awful sound, bang-bang
I used to shoot you down)

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[VERSE 2]

Stick em up, nigga, what what, Mr. Big Nuts
My finger on the trigger, barrel on your gut
Nigga, freeze, like you just done sniffed a oz.
Nobody move, not even slowly, you niggas know me
If I bless you, mean I gotta leave you holy
The preview is solely to be viewed by only
The few mackaronies, a lotta new clones
Cold got phoney for them Grammy's and them Tony's
That's how you know the showboats - from the drama
I would stick em up - chill, I know his mama
Couldn't stand seein her cry at the funeral
All ready to die, sayin "Baby, what they do to you?"
But you ain't in no position to respond
Stiff in a casket, your soul passed on
Your life flashed past your eyes too fast
Believin in true lies, hypnotized through gas
Such as... the bullet with your name on it
I touch beef with the burner, well done with the flame
on it
My projectiles will have you livin in exile
Like a stepchild, alienated like the _X Files_

(...bang-bang
I shot you down, bang-bang
You hit the ground, bang-bang
That awful sound, bang-bang
I used to shoot you down)

[VERSE 3]

Sawed-off shotgun, a hand on the pump
It's Jewellah, 'another wild nigga from the Bronx'
North East section, flexin with niggas from the Jets and
Lettin off Tecs from a Lexus
With temporary plates
I done had shoot-outs in most major cities in every
state
With heavy weights, I swing major like Deacon
Mike Jordan, bringin more than flavor to the league and
The rootinest, tootinest, step like a boot in this

Gun-totinet, quotin this, full of lootinet
I don't bust caps for nothin, rap for nothin
That's like tellin DeNiro, "Act for nothin"
Crime gon' play my way, cause I don't pay
Anyway, niggas gon' make my day
The wake Friday, the funeral is the followin
Cause of death: lead-poisonin, hollow-tip-swallowin

I remember (I remember)
When we used to play shoot em up (shoot em up)
Bang-bang (bang-bang)
I remember (you remember)
When we used to play shoot em up (shoot em up)
Bang-bang

(...bang-bang
I shot you down, bang-bang
You hit the ground, bang-bang
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