

Bang Bang (feat. 50 Cent)

Troy Ave

Bang, bang, BSB Gang, you heard it? Got 'em Why these niggas frontin'? They gon' make me
slow

I ain't never frontin', run down and dump 'em

You ain't really tough, you a bluff, nigga

Our bitches roll hotter than you sucka niggas Bang, bang, BSB the gang

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Bang, bang, BSB the gang

I'm gettin' money, you should do the same

Chillin' in my crib, whippin' coco

Just me and my dawg, it's a fo' fo'

Then I get a call like, "What up, bro?" ("Hey, what up?")

We found out where he live, got the whole dough (Word?)

Lay up on his flo', spray 'em on the flo'

A nigga blowin' smoke, ain't no neighbors saw (I don't know)

Tell a friend, he tell a friend, small issue, all issues

I'm big on revenge, nigga Nigga, you talkin' like you just moved a couple bricks

Yeah, them Brooklyn niggas do be 'bout that bullshit

I got a couple shooters ridin' with a couple straps

Ten shots a piece, we don't need more than that

Since a shorty I had drama with all kind of niggas

Squashed the beef, then doubled back so I could line the nigga

He just moved to that spot, how they find that?

Get the drop, let it pop, niggas, time that

People say I sound like Fif, okay dummy

I guess I sound like I'm just gettin' money

Let me check, yup, money I got

I made it off the block to a Bentley drop

Whippin', sellin' powder, now I got the power 100k an hour, my paper stack like a tower

Stripper bitch, she shake it, she shake it, I make it shower

The fucks you wanna fly, we shoot the shit out a coward

Come on by joker09

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>