

Black Knights, Banged Out

[Intro: Doc Doom (Monk)]

Yeah, yeah, banged out
Black Knights, yeah banged out (not us)
Gunshots rang out, rang out (yeah)
Why, why, why, uh

[Hook 2X: Doc Doom]

You don't wanna fuck wit us
Niggas wanna fuck wit the Knights
You don't wanna fuck wit me
Me and my niggas stay banged out for life

[Chorus: Doc Doom]

We banged out, gun shots rang out, we hang out
Long Beach, Compton, niggas'll blow ya brains out
Way out, who's in the house?
Wu-Tang, Black Knights, the West Coast Killa Bee Gang

[Crisis]

Flow marvelous, born fatherless, street scientist
Slash pharmacist, mic arsonist, spit hot shit that rock shit
Harder than the aftershock, spaz a lot
Rob you wit a mask or not, cold crash ya spot
Yo, who got it locked, Black Knights, niggas best act like
They heard, if they didn't, all be spittin' up half-pints
of blood, steppin' to us, thinkin' you thug
Then turned bitch, when niggas don't budge
And start spittin' out slugs, immediately, I guarantee it'll to be
A massacre, splashin' ya, hollow tips, bashin' ya
Wide open, exposin' ya dome piece, get off Long Beach
The chrome heat, roll deep and don't sleep
Stay low key, I play the cut, drunk, eyes halfway shut
Heat tucked, big barrel brushin' my nuts
I'm no joke, so analyze the words that I quote
It's like I brush my teeth wit coke, every time I speak, it's dope

[Hook/Chorus 2X]

[Doc Doom]

You corny niggas bore me, wit all ya tough talk and war stories
Comedian M.C.'s wit more jokes than Joe Torre
Real niggas support me, cuz real recognize real
When I should be under the jail for the caps that I pealed
But cops can't catch me, Mr. Flossy-Flossy in a Lexy
Two thou', Jeep style, my gear dip freshly
Come test me, you be another nigga on my shit-list
My hit-list, my rest-in-piss-list, dare you to diss this
Gang, I claim, Black Knights and get that ass beat
You niggas is worst then bitches these days, if you ask me
Flippin' the scripts, snitchin' and shit
What's that all about, nigga, I ought to put this fuckin' gun in ya mouth
And blow ya brains out, snitches get killed where I hang out
Everybody and they momma out here is banged out
From Compton and Compton don't raise no rats
We raised to scrap, raised up to blaze the gat
Like World War III, that's why I keep my guns off safety
It ain't safe in these streets, I know niggas that hate me
Faithfully, just waitin' for the day to erase me
That makes me, get the gat and react hasty

[Chorus]

[KAM]

I speak of a cracker like a pin cushion and grind

Nigga, I been pushin' the line
So much jackin' I should of gone blind, it's Black Muslim on mind
Overdosed, overdrive, override
Who do the most? Who keep it live? You know the coast, you know the side
Where niggas low-ride, bring drama and slang rocks
I hang wit Compton and Long Beach niggas but bang Watts
And got seventeen shots, and ain't a spot I don't stay heated in
Peace to my niggas in the pen, who ain't never gon' see the street again
I spent a lifetime on the bottom, repped it good
In the midst of this modern day, Gamorrah, inside I kept it hood
Stood my ground, kept quiet til the Black Knights found me
Now we bangin' the kind of shit that's started riots in the county

[Monk]

Monk stay in the streets, lay low
He creep slow wit a slow bop
Patrol cops, harass, tryin' to find cracks and weed-bag
Stashed in the cutter, Compton up, who off the hook
Stay banged out, in spots, where shots rang out
From past beef, do dirt, you stole, wear heats
Down back streets, armed beats cruisers on mountain bikes
This the Knights, fuck you un-alikes, you stagnate, stuck wit no hope
We make bricks, hit after hits
Straight out the dungeon pit, my sharp fatal sting picture flicks to
punishment
We run shit, from Compton, Long Beach, Watts, up north, Sac' down to the Bay
Niggas step in my way, you get hit wit the "K&K";

[Hook/Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Doc Doom]

We banged out, banged out, nigga...