

Dre Dre feat. Knoc-Turn'al & Hittman, Bang bang

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Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is

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[Dr. Dre]

Everyday it's the same thang, L.A. ain't changed

Niggaz still playa hatin, but Dre ain't changed

I'm just a lot smarter now

cause these niggaz is bangin ten times harder now

Niggaz ringin they ass up in the wrong part of town

Better turn they car around

Rollin the window down (Em: Hey can we talk it out?)

(Hitt: NAH GET THE FUCK OUT!)

Johnny got a shotgun

and he ain't even strong enough to cock one

Fuck tryin to job hunt

Niggaz got AK's, niggaz is way crazier

than Dre was back in his N.W.A. days

Niggaz spray strays and shoot without lookin

Niggaz walk by and blast without leavin a footprint

I think the attitudes are twice as worst

It takes half the time to get your life reversed

Always tryin to play Rambo with they ammo

Make a nigga wanna stay in family mode

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[Knoc-turn'al]

Late nights is full of led that whistles as it goes by

Murder arrives, anytime

Bullets take flight when the fo'-five ignites

Some hearts skip a beat, some get blew out, and every light

put you in the site of youngsters with automatics

Bustin on shit to lay everything down even tourists and non-affiliates

These days, gun play is official with green lights on every block

Know the sign tells you too it's not best to stop

On every corner, Cali niggaz are dumpin

You'll be shakin your soul loose from the box at the coroner's

Makin death not so foreign to ya

Niggaz got Rugers and M-14's with enough,

ammo to leave an armored truck swiss cheese

I've learned to stay away from house parties

I've seen too many go and end up absent without leavin

Ain't no, warm welcomings, my eyes have witnessed the bend in on

Nights that don't sleep, and fireworks until dawn

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[Hittman]

Now tell me - what the fuck is this man?
Niggaz doin brothers in worse than the Klan
Can't even stand, in front of your buildin and chill
without yieldin, twelve-year-old children that kill
blood spillin, thugs be illin, unnecessary slugs
fillin the sky, usually drillin the one
that wasn't willin to die, yes sir in the Killing Field
I got my, life preserver
And I'll do my time for murder, these niggaz got the nerve to
question me - bout the colors that I got on?
Now see that red dot on your knot
Bout to get your whole crew shot on
A Soldier of Fortune, I'm the wrong nigga to plot on
Took him out on the spot before he even got on
my hitlist -- peep this
I cock back, you bow down
Bust round, bloody the ground, retaliation sounds like this
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