

J Wess, Bang This

J-W, E- DOUBLE S

Dont We Double Best

Tracks Tear Holes In Ya Bubble Vests

Trouble..Yes..when ya hear tha words

Bang this from the city til im near the 'burbs

[Hook (Kulaia & J Wess)]

Bang This In Da Club

(Imma spray the joint)

And If u wanna get loud

(you gotta play this joint)

No Dress Code, No Guest Lists, No Charge

(A small change, but i must stress this, im so LAARGE!)

Bang This In Da Club

(Imma spray the joint)

And If u wanna get loud

(you cant fade the joint)

And yo, this is for tha wannabe riders with no cars

I'd be just like you if i wasnt so LAARGE!

[Verse 1 (MC Digga)]

Id bet you'd like to know what happens when the lights go off

the mic go off, dont even try to fight the force

Im tryin to lock it down globally like microsoft

Blaze tracks, but ive never been the type to floss

Wipe the floors with fake ass rappers, they aint moving the crowd

i showed you before, plus im proving it now (and smoothing it out)

I still bring the ruckus to this and while you home on the couch (i stay up in the mix)

you got a bad attitude, thats something to fix

Im gettin love from ya crew, coz they be pumpin my dick

think nothing of this, i could do it my sleep YA FEEL

so while you non-talent muhfuckers keep shit real

i keep shit still to stay on point, till im paid the oint

Bangin the club, my lyrics spray the joint

keep the dance floor wet so you can get ya slide on

so why track this hit, watch me get my glide on

[Hook]

[Verse 2 (MC Digga)]

Check my comand of the english language its expansive

at a club with drink bars, new kicks, new chicks to dance with

thats not my most of operandi, understand, I

redefine the role of the villian, respect the bad guy

Award winning sentences, acclaimed critical lyrical

Most of ya'll just spit generical references

Its very circuitous, 360 degrees in fact

breeze through ya down and leave with my steeds in tact

with ease i rap, you chopping mad takes for a verse

bullshit punches, my hunches, you should wait and rehearse

stop i heard the hot shit and your not it

you need to cop this, steady drop this, heavy rock shit

its over, HUH, ya'll aint heard, im the deacon of words

freaking the verb, while you speaking absurd

take some decent reserve, with foot soldiers with balls big as boulders

to move obstacles so save your acting for the movie

[Hook]

[Verse 3 (MC Digga)]

Yo rapping is dead, i dont spit, i flow

flip the script, nahh, stick to the shit you know

the clique you owe, and dick you blow belong to me

got ya shit on to me, my word is Bond like Sean Connery

Ladies still feel me when im 75

point oh 9 with no license, still ready to drive

I study the vibe, its like that R&B classic, track shit

rappers act spastic, when i flash hits

So merge ya words with virgin herbs

aint my function, dont wanna keep the peace, i'd rather punch em

Straight hard hits of the target, im never sprayin
came in here with my fist in ya mouth, so what u saying
I aint claimed the shit, you haters stay on the dick
all you do is talk about us, naysayin the clique, im saying ya sick
gastro interitis and all that flowing tight as the format
[Hook]