

# Shyne, Bang

[Verse 1]

I done fucked \*The Baddest Bitches\* ask Trina  
Give her coke to stuff between her, said she loved my demeanor  
Felonies and misdemeanors, I'm villified  
I just, rap on the side, black mafia ties  
Prolific words, I speak for the unheard  
Niggas who love guns, money, girls, and furs  
Sittin up in the mans', runnin shit  
On the phone moving bricks, orderin hits  
Perfected the game, diamond infested the chain  
Niggas think I change I just wanna watch 'em change  
Livin the American dream  
Drugs, violence, sex, and loaded magazines  
That's all I could talk about in these sixteen  
Cuz that's all I live, ask Tibs  
It is what is, either graveyards or consecutive life bids, shit

CHORUS 4X:

Niggas wanna bang, we could bang  
Niggas wanna slang, we could slang

[Verse 2]

Niggas wanna bang we could bang out  
Til the clip's done, or your vital arteries hang out  
Ham a cot, Bad Boy, the black Camelot  
Raise the price and connect the dots  
Through life's journies, all I need is a couple of mack mils  
A couple of mils and good attorneys  
Skatin on big blades, goin out in a blaze in my last days  
I'll probably die with a bad drug trade or an overdose  
Without tellin my moms, sorry it was close  
My wife and my bitch fightin over my notes  
All my niggas skied north makin a toast  
Til hell, just gimme bad bitches in Channel  
Connects wit, Chinese cartels and that new SL  
And the judge that's gon' set my bail

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

I'm on top of this shit, look at the wrists  
Too much rocks in this shit, aint that a bitch  
Make hits, til my last breath  
With that nigga, the P U double F  
So lay back in the cut motherfucker 'fore you get shot  
I kill niggas on the spot like a cop  
I did it all four seasons suites to a cot  
Give bitches nothing but breathmints and this cock  
Call me what, there's a way to eat  
And all we got is sports, entertainment or the streets  
I'm in deep, think of Citibank when I sleep  
Ching, ching like I was from Shaolin  
Brooklyn nigga what you say, keep stylin  
My air force ones you couldn't walk a mile in  
I love politics, narcotics, and violins  
Bad Boy forever, we move in silence

CHORUS