

# Tyga, Bang Out

[Verse 1: Tyga]

Hold up, money talk so you know what?  
Ain't nothing to talk about, you ain't got enough cuz  
Rock star drugs break a bitch heart, no love  
Emma Watts, Charlie Sheen, fuckin with no scrub  
Niggas want connects, got no plugs  
Nigga say they high, got no buzz  
Popsicle niggas wanna talk shit then say you froze up  
Young niggas wanna pop pills, just po up  
Went on a bang, Went on a bang  
Bitches came for me and my nigga eazy  
Threw that bitch out, got that ho one way  
Said she tryna stay, told that bitch no way  
That's a preme nigga, B ripper, grim reaper  
I don't get mad bitch, I just get even  
T-Raw magician, I don't gotta trick or treat it  
That Ferrari California make a bitch a believer

[Hook]

Million dollars' worth of cars, all paid out  
See you niggas hatin, had to pull my chains out  
Make it rain even when it's rained out  
Turn up, bang out  
Bang out, bang out  
Turn up, b-bang out  
Million dollars' worth of cars, all paid out  
See you niggas hatin, had to pull my chains out

[Verse 2: Tyga]

Met a bitch last night, won't believe it  
Fuck her so hard, bitch probably stopped breathing  
Killed the pussy, in the hotel screamin  
Knock knock, going in like the housekeeper  
The room, keep it  
I fucked now I don't need it  
T-Raw semen splattered on a bitch beaver  
Pipe dreamin, fuckin with a real baller  
The bitch is a bitch so I'm gon call er  
Then they act up, call the backup  
Don't matter, as if she ever mattered  
Bitch shut up, throw it up, I throw the set up  
Tell her sit up, got her face down, bitch don't put yo head up  
Yea, bitin on er ear  
Got a old bitch, pussy like souvenir  
I hop up in it, nigga I ain't never scared  
Closet full of straps and the condom right here  
What I got?

[Hook]

Million dollars' worth of cars, all paid out  
See you niggas hatin, had to pull my chains out  
Make it rain even when it's rained out  
Turn up, bang out  
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[Verse 3: Eazy-E]

Beef on the street, to the beach I be rollin  
Never see me strollin, 40's I be holdin  
Girls in the daisies, drive easy crazy  
Rolled up my windows as I turned on my AC  
Rollin down Crenshaw, see the hoes jockin

Sunday nights poppin, see the foes hoppin  
My stereo's bumpin that ATL funk  
You can call it what you want  
Either way the shit bump  
I'm a evil motherfucker ready to tear shit up  
I'mma put these things on you and never let up  
See my mama, she was home when I was born  
Bet a nigga like to eat shit than never been born  
But I ain't going out unless 30 niggas die  
I'm dyin anyway so I'm thinkin suicide  
Shut the fuck up nigga cuz you ain't seen shit  
I'm bout to take this blade and straight up rip

[Outro: Ice Cube]  
A bitch is a bitch  
So if I'm poor or rich  
I talk in the exact same pitch  
Now the title of bitch don't apply to all women  
But all women have a little bitch in em