

Screwed Up Click, Bang Bang

(Intro)

Bang-bang, I shot you down bang-bang
You hit the ground bang-bang
That awful sound, bang-bang
I use to shoot you down

(H.A.W.K.)

Bang-bang, all that remains is a splattered brain
Chizzle your frame, and blood gushing from you veins
We bust them thangs, that rearrange your whole frame
And inflict pain, like a venomous snakes fangs
H.A.W.K. is the nickname, H.A.W.K. therefor is sick mayn
And when I aim, just get low like Ying-Yang
And if you're in my range, while I'm in my Range
You better switch lanes, and dash like Dame
I'm like John Wayne, without a saddle mayn
I tear up thangs, the force of a hurricane
You think it's a game, then go on let your nuts hang
Call my bluff, and you gon see your cuts mayn
Blood on your Chucks mayn, I don't give a fuck mayn
I'm not young, but I do want the bucks mayn
Fire up the dutch mayn, fired in the clutch mayn
And just remember, anybody can be touched mayn
I'm like Big Daddy Kane, ain't no half stepping
Cause I keep a weapon, and it's a Smith-N-Wesson
I keep my heat on me, like I.D.
Bust a few shots, you hooked to an IV
So don't try me, or you will die G
And one thang bout me, is I don't lie G
Don't jump fly G, or try to act crazy
Cause that will only have you, lying under daisies
Mama screaming out, what happened to my baby
Our sympathies go out, to your T-Lady

(Chris Ward)

You see I grind full time, and I rhyme on my off days
In a red patent leather colored Coupe, and the top is soft grey
All you hating ass haters, best to back up off me
If not I know where to do it, my glock faulty
And round here, man they call me C dot W
If I ain't got no love for ya, ain't no sense in mugging ya
I just pull out, and toss a couple slugs at ya
With a warranty, that nine out of ten'll end up in ya
I got a aim, so superb when I spit
It's like my flow pattern, have you ever heard when I spit
I'm so correct with it, I must connect with it
Hit your chest back head, and then your neck with it
See I'm the truth lil' dude, just ask these niggaz
They could be driving in they ride, and I could be walking
Ten miles behind, and I still pass these niggaz
Like a bad accident, I'm bout to crash these niggaz
At the lyrics cemetery, is where they gon have to stash these niggaz
And yeah-yeah, it's C-Ward the B.Gizzle of the click
That'll dump a clip at ya, till I hurt or burn a click
Click-click-click, uh-huh
And reload, and do it all over again my nigga
Click-click-click (blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka)
Click-click-click (blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka)
Click-click-click (blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka-blucka)