

Trigger Bang (feat. Giggs)

Lily Allen

Grab a few grams and a few grand
Wrapped in elastic in the blue bands
Reach for handouts with your two hands
Who's that? We're the cool gang
No hippy, but it's so sticky
I'm a old school nigga, fam, I know Zippy
Steamboat Willie like the old Mickey
Steamboat willy, she gets the whole dicky
'06 ratchet, had the old flicky
'07 and now I got the whole strip in
Low-key bredda on the low, sippin'
You can be the cool gang, but nigga, no slippin'
And it fuels my addictions
Hanging out in this whirlwind
If you cool my ambitions
I'm gonna cut you out
That's why I can't hang with the cool gang
Everyone's a trigger bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
Goodbye bad bones, I've got bigger plans
Don't wanna put myself in your hands
When I was young, I was blameless
Playing with rude boys and trainers
I had a foot in the rave 'cause I was attracted to danger
I never got home for Neighbours, hey
When I grew up, nothing changed much
Anything went, I was famous
I would wake up next to strangers
Everyone knows what cocaine does
Numbing the pain when the shame comes, hey
And it fuels my addictions
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I'm gonna cut you out
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Goodbye bad bones, I've got bigger plans
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Back in the day like at Yo-Yo
Then in LA at the Chateau
Someone would say, "Did you bang, no?"
I shake my head, I say, "No, no"
Maybe we did, I don't think so, hey
I need to move on, and grow some
Been in the Firehouse for too long
LDN's burning, so tan one

I'm gonna love you and leave some
I'm gonna go out while I'm still strong, hey And it fuels my addictions
Hanging out in this whirlwind
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Don't wanna put myself in your hands That's why I can't hang with the cool gang
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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