Bring It On

Terror Squad

Yeah yeah, what, Terror Squad
From the streets to the jail cell
I mean, my niggaz is facin' death penalties and all that
Charlie Rock el D
Yeah, yeah, this go out to you my nigga, yo, yo
Ain't no solution for this
Since day one I been true to this shit
Often niggaz try to shoot but they miss
I been provin' to hit so you know it's really real
I went from chillin' on the hills to signin' deals worth fitty mil
Self made millionaire status
We all gettin' money but it's funny how mine makes niggaz maddest
Come at us if you ready for war
Whoever you are
Leave you dead in your hall leakin' red on the floor
Better than y'all
Niggaz need to face the facts
Since the days of crack I been blazin' gats, tryin' to raise my stats
Tracin' back, you could find me at a racin' track
Laced in black, bettin' on a horse called Amazin' Jack
Joey Crack's the illest, fully backed my killaz
Hoppin' outta 18 wheelas, like mad gorillas
Niggaz need to calm they nerves when I'm concerned
'Cause if you didn't know by now, you all gone learn
I ain't know you really want it
How am I supposed to know there's something when you keep frontin'
Don't want no people wantin' to play my game
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name
Bring it on, come on
I ain't know you really want it
How am I supposed to know there's something when you keep frontin'

Don't want no people wantin' to play my game
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name
Bring it on, come on
I puts it down with Pun
Now all I do is lounge in the sun
Look what I done from the slums, to sportin' 5 thousand and ones
See the ice glitter, I only walk with them nice niggaz

Sheist niggaz that quit it for doin' life niggaz
You had a judge, we came through in the clutch
Fifty fifth ain't no what to do when I came through wit'cha
The Don Polly, you could find me as fresh as Denali
In times probably even marching at a Shaufton rally
I often carry that's the price of fame
Got precise the fame snipe you with the rifle and unlight your brain
It ain't a game, it's real niggaz with real guns
That still run, caught a box and pump ox by the millions
Before the children that's confusin' life
The voodoo type that'll pull out the Uzi and make you lose your life
The news is tight, I got 'em hangin' by the neck
Man you tanglin' with vets when you bangin' with TS
(What, what the fuck)
I ain't know you really want it
How am I supposed to know there's something when you keep frontin'
Don't want no people wantin' to play my game
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name
Bring it on, come on
I ain't know you really want it
How am I supposed to know there's something when you keep frontin'
Don't want no people wantin' to play my game
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name
Bring it on, come on

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/