## '99 Live

## **Terror Squad**

Don't be scared of this
Terror Sqaud
Don't be scared of this
That's right, that's right

Prospecto, follow me here nowThrow your hands up, my live niggas in the cut

Fut your triggers up, if you got love say

"Nigga, nigga what" like you don't give a fuck

Bitches playin' niggas just to get a buck, get a buckThrow your hands up, my live niggas in the cut

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Bitches playin' niggas just to get a buck, get a buckYo, it's the PROSPECT, I'm a thug you can't PH.D. me

Catch me in the back of the club switchin' it up

Type of nigga to get drunk and piss in your cup

Listen up to what it is, know a lotta mamis lovin' the triz

And some, they tryin' to pull it off right in front of the kids

Before I think about coming to cribs, I be lugging my glitz so big

On the waist it be rubbing my ribs, it's very dangerous fuckin' with this I been doublin' chips holdin' my own with the chrome double-grips

Up in the mix, caught a couple of vics when I used to fight

But I ain't been scufflin' since this is as tough as it gets

Never leave nothin' with prints or you get blast

And you're chopped up and stuffed in the fridge

They not playin' me, I perfected this game from A to Z

The ones I don't know will need ropes to hands and kneesThrow your hands up, my live niggas in the cut

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Bitches playin' niggas just to get a buck, get a buckThis shit'll never stop, as long as I live, I'ma forever rock

And stop niggas right where they standin' when the biretta pop

My moms said I better not, but knew I had to

I said, "I'm bustin' mines, and ain't nobody movin' at you"

She laughed too, like I was jokin', when I'm chrome-totin'

I have a nigga in his home hopin' I don't blow his dome open

I stay stoned, smokin' while I'm on the low, I'm copin'A cool guy, but at times you catch me Tone-Locin'

Been through a lotta shit, but never had a bone broken

It's tragic how I rap shit with my own potion

From here to Hoboken I was hoppin' trains with no token

Now I'm on stage, they say I'm show-boatin' my flow potent 'Cause it's mixed in raw spell it backwards, it's 'War' the gat spits You back flip through the door I kill 'em all, Terror Squadian style

I only get down with the crown, only partyin' wild, you heard meThrow your hands up, my live niggas in the cut Fut your triggers up, if you got love say

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Bitches playin' niggas just to get a buck, get a buckNow everybody from B-K, throw 'em up

Now everybody from New Jerz, throw 'em up

Now everybody from Q-B, throw 'em up

Now everybody from the B-X, throw 'em up

Now everybody from Staten Island, throw 'em up

To all my partners from West side, throw 'em up

Now everybody from the East Coast, throw 'em up

If you Dirty like the South, throw 'em up, you better throw 'em upMy man Big Pun, hit 'em up

My man Joey Crack, hit 'em up
The whole terror squad hit 'em up
The thoroughbreds, we hit 'em up
Prospect, '99
It's almost over, baby right

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