Fight Club

AK-Industry

Ch, ch, ch, ch, yeah
Terror Squad, First Family
Ahh!
(Yeah!)
You see them diamonds glisterin' off that three quarterla
That them there polyester
(Uh, nigga)
Ya heard me?
(What the fuck, what the fuck, huh?)
(Terror Squad, First Family)
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Yeah, yeah uh
Yo it's that motherfuckin' Bronx nigga Don shit
Run up in yo' mom's crib
Ship stacked biddomb shit, gun up in the palm shit
Nobody moves, nobody get whacked with the contract
Yo' shot at they concert, it's locked on the concrete
I'm Stone Cold, I mean I slap then stomp
Then what's to stop my .40 glock from rumblin' your calm streets?
I'm troubled when I on deep, loco enough for Dolo
Blow holes in ya car seat and roll over ya Rover
Fuck this role model shit, I'm finna blow out ya wig
Bitch! Throw bottles to kid and get 'em thrown at ya crib
It's the return of the worst shit that ever happened
Reborn like what's crackin', we formed with raw plastic
Blastin' off ya doors with an awful passion
Forcin' the walls to crash in
You see them kids, I'll make 'em all bastards
Joey Crack keep it gully, known to clap keep a fully
Automatic mack whodie on my lap doin' thirty
Drivin' through the Heights tryin' a find these cats that did me dirty
Shot me on the Ave, now I gotta blast until them pearlies
We the realest niggaz ever touch the mic
(Blah)
And we love to fight
(Blah)
You heard my niggaz give up the fuckin' knife!
(Ante up)

We gonna
Break
(Break)
Mash
(Mash)
Brawl
(Brawl)
Clash
(Clash)
Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass
(Get yo' ass up nigga)
Show me where you at
(Get yo' ass up nigga)
Open up his back
We gonna
Break
(Break)
Mash
(Mash)
Brawl
(Brawl)
Clash
(Clash)
Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass
(Get yo' ass up nigga)
Show me where you at
(Get yo' ass up nigga)
Open up his back
Yo who that husky-ass nigga with the flow so dumb
Comin' up outta Brooklyn lookin' like Mighty Joe Young
(Face down)
Know we real, got this motherfucker
Crackin' and buzzin' with my Latin cousin Joey Grills
(We international)
151 proof
Letcha cold run loose, I give 'em a sunroof
For cotton-ass pretty boy talkin' 'bout drama
With that nasty ass Coogi suit, lookin' like pyjamas
(Somebody gon' get hurt today)
So be it
We the first fam, you see it
(First family)
Put some trouble in ya voice homeboy 'fore ya get whacked in
Calm down, Get back!
(Calm down)

For you niggaz that wanna trap me I make families unhappy
I'm tied into the same shit as Boy George and Papi
(E'rybody know)
Everybody wanna clap me
Tonight I'm with my Spanish homie Joey
So get at me with the ghetto issued .45, semi-automatic
I spit with intentions to rip
Put-put pieces out yo' cabbage bitch
Trained on the Hill, aim at niggaz faces
Push his hat back seven paces, leave him standin' still
Cobra ass nigga you beg me to kill
(Huh, yeah)
When I cock glocks and pop, you beg me to chill
(Chill)
(Y'all remember Bill?)
Y'all remember the motherfuckin' deal
You will get yo' ass zipped up, how this feel nigga?
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(Break)
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(Mash)
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Oh motherfucker uh uh, y'all ain't seen nothin' yet
Got a call from the Bronx Best, bitch, and I was right there
Duck tape, grip ply, havogee, turpentine
Two nickel nine, MacDonald, cup of richie wine
Wish a motherfucker would look and he shall find
Ten million ways to die!
I'm the thickest of the fire
Ain't too many niggaz round with the rumble
With the rawest in the jungle, blicky, bloaw, bloaw!
Bitch I break 'em down with Terror Squad now
(Down)
Ya pretty bad, clumsy mouth, sit down, get up, get out
Hottest thang they got in the south
(Petey Pablo)
If ya don't know now ya know
Holla at 'em Joe!
Fight club! Fight club!
Fight club! Fight club!
Fight club! Fight club!
Holla at 'em Joe!
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Show me where you at
(Get yo' ass up nigga)
Open up his back
Yeah, huh, yeah, huh?
First Family, Terror Squad

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