

Terrorist

The DJ Producer

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby

Word up Digital, Digital

Terrorist shit, terrorist shit, come and get a hold of it

Tune of the Black Knight, Killarm, Killarm, Killarm

Contemplate on how to run this shit, universally forever runnin'

Reflect shots off my [Incomprehensible] will split your nugget'

(New shit)

Thoughts too rugged, extortionate cream from off the budget

Refugees of the Terrorist, fans, they fuckin' love it

Insurance can't cover it, maximum is a minimum

Niggas, they try to dub it, yo

It's the hottest shit on the streets since summer '86

My prefix, it's like a remix, throw wind bricks

Try and dub the shit is accurate

Come for your head, it's Immaculate Conception

When my rep is, bustin' shots

Niggas tryin' to discuss my business around the neighborhood

Yo, switch blade grenade rhyme flows, buck niggas like wild rhinos

Up in these killin' fields you bound to die slow

Your style staggers like a drunken whino

That's why, there's no hope to defeat a Black Knight

That's like tryin' to walk a type rope

Switch blade grenade rhyme flows, buck niggas like wild rhinos

Up in these killin' field you bound to die slow

Your style staggers like a drunken whino

That's why, there's no hope to defeat a Black Knight

That's like tryin' to walk a type rope, wit no feet

Mercenary team, streets of concrete

Sasquash dump a nigga ass on wide Friday

Invincible, doctor destruct thought

My lyrics ran ward like Lebanon are troops, a Desert Storm

It be on son, Compton is the city where I come from

Act dumb if you want to and catch a hot one

It's that real, knuckle up, lace your boots tight

Don't give a fuck 'cuz every night is our night

Rap bygones, smash pit, fire outta cons

Fuck bygones, rely on Islam and my pythons

Squeeze off long diss, window pitch, control of this

Gun pack recover my wrist, blast from this

Have these fake fucks cursin' my name
Knowin' damn, well, I'm hurtin' the same
What part of the game you playin', get insane
Yo three months ago we was on, fall is short now
Chasin' the don, your money ain't long
Faggot fuck, bag 'em up, stick him in the back of my truck
Strip 'em and smack him up for actin' up
He's slitherin', hit him in the ribs again
Broke the code of honor that we livin' in
Could lead to the whole click, dismember when
Never that, Killarm roll strong
Even though you born, watch the crew but still hold on
I love you when that drink, you probably told me who bust you
Should of payed attention but I slept so for that
I gotta dust two devils off, headed off, all that
Fuck it, blow trial stat, Law and Order cat gotta serve justice
What, fuck this, adjust, get your musket and bust quick word up
Yo, yo, yo, yo, these

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