

# Bring 'em Back

## Terror Squad

Yeah  
This is classic shit right here, vintage shit  
Go get ya tape decks ready  
You know I had to bring 'em back  
Terror era's the squad man  
Yeah uh yo uh yo  
Aye yo, I'm old school like Rick Ruler, sick jewels to big buddah  
Lift dudes wit the six shooter luger  
That means bring it back, NY king of that  
The best tried a dead mind but just can't see to that  
The 4th comin', don't look now there's more comin'  
And we all stunners with lil' money but still hungry  
True story, once threw a nigga from a two storey  
Asked for my paper, said, "There's nothin' he can do for me"  
That's like takin' a steak out of a lion's mouth  
Better yet that like takin' a plate outta Ryan's mouth  
That'll never happen, over my dead body  
Feds got me plastered on the wall like I'm the heir to Gotti  
I swear to Mambo and Nore and all the left wreck  
A nigga try front on his body he gettin' sent back  
Don't resent crack, I'm just what you wanna be  
Young, rich and famous bitches can't get enough of me  
And they runnin' up on me usually in groups of them  
But not just everyday but you could never be too used to them  
I be abusin' them squeezin' fresh oranges  
Breakfast in the mornin' get some strength and then it's on again  
I just had to bring 'em back  
Word you definitely know what I'm about  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
All my friends call me stout  
I just had to bring 'em back  
Flamboyant baby  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
When I cruise through the ghetto I drive slow  
I'm quick to buck a duck and I don't give a fuck about five O  
A hard core life I toast to ex-flaw  
Therefore I live raw and went to war with the law  
My only pencil was a mug shot slugs were thugs got pot  
Get swellin' hops from sellin' tops to da drugs spot

G's was clocked fat knots was in the socks  
And cops who tried to stop shop, got knocked when I popped the glock  
    Shit was ran right by me and my man Mike  
'Cause I choose to use a gun don't mean that I can't fight  
    'Cause we put the guns down and go one round  
With the hands but man I ain't the one, you'll get done clown  
    I can inverse my style, 'cause I'm versitile  
    Quick to burst a child I'm livin' worse than foul  
    I pack two techs in case ya crew flex  
    I wet up the set in a second yell who's next  
    To feel the wrath of a psychopath shoots it up like shaft  
    Turn ya staff into a blood bath to laugh  
    You'll get smashed like a deli snack, you softer than jelly Jack  
    I attack in black with a gat and a skully hat  
    I just had to bring 'em back  
    All my friends call me stout  
    You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
    Flamboyant baby  
    I just had to bring 'em back  
[Incomprehensible]You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
    No doubt I'm from the X and I seen it all  
    Shorties with dreams of playin' ball  
    For Seaton hall turnin' fiends a full  
    From me the word to Sacuon the same sad song  
    Is bein' sung, its like gimme a gun and I'm back on  
    Joey crack, Pun, TS, Bronx regulators  
    Stomp little niggaz to death for tryin' to imitate us  
    Y'all could never see us, be us, TS, kill the BS  
    'Cause Pun got more guns and funds than ideas  
    Un be us, I'm from the BX so I have to roll  
    Blastin' for crash ya door, smash ya hoe  
    Hack off ya skull, I'm stackin heads like totem poles  
    Blow a hole in ya colon throw you from here to Forden Road  
    Blow for blow, I toe to toe with the toughest  
    Bring the ruckus to the roughest motherfucker  
    It's nothin' but illustrious  
    My crews are cussin' to bustin' ass crushin' glass  
    In niggaz faces leavin' traces of red out this bloody bath  
    I want the cash off the jiddump, I cock and blast the piddump  
    At any piddunk tryin' to laugh at the briddonx  
    You ain't no kiddon for the terror squadron  
    You feel the fear of God when I steal a car  
        And flatten ya Pierre Cardin  
    I peirce ya noggin' if you startin' trouble  
        Spark the dot above you

And watch it blossom like a flower throughout the borough  
No doubt I'm thorough with a paroscope rifle extended rycle  
    Cycle that'll tear the whole Bible out  
    I'm sweatin' no idols a title's all I request  
Best rappers know that pun and Y the chaperones of death  
    I just had to bring 'em back  
Word you definitely know what I'm about  
    You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
    All my friends call me stout  
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    Flamboyant baby  
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