# Terror Squadians

## Fat Joe

[fat joe]Terror squad. ungh. now why you wanna go and fuck with them? platinum
Status, motherfuckers. eat a dick!
Now who's the underated pro, they scared to play on the radio?
Who lives the lyrics, all my real niggas already know
Flow for flow, no crew can step to us
And blow for blow, I'm pretty sure that you heard the rumors
I give tumors to niggas and comas to bitches
No one's against us, roll with the riches
And float with the fishes
The revolution has started thats why I'm undercarded
My squad will turn to the most feared into the dearly departed
As hard as they come, they all fall like the great wall
Make no mistake, I take you straight to the state morgue
Swarmin informers like cops at drug corners
Feds got the bugs on us, tryin to lay the law on us
They want us in jails, with bails too high to bond, but am I the don?
Shit, I'll be out by the morn', word bond
My game is on lock, till you bawl cop
And it's never ever gonna stop
[prospect]Yo, yo, I play the game with caution
Sun changes, gave power creative activities
Bring fame and fortune
Why can't you live this? all day hands on bitches
With financial ventures, enhance the riches
Gotta hold the cake, my grandmoms had dreams
But it seems I couldn't graduate or go to drake
It hurts at nights I gots to reimburse the vice
Niggaz is worse than shiest for the merchandise
My words precise, cause if not I wouldn't speak it
I rock shit everyday of the week, especially the weekends
Outside, these pretty clothes I live, but with the titty-ho
Knock a nigga out, for the shit he stole
We already degraded, me and my family the most hated
Bitch were barely both made it
See the thinly related, to everything in the street
I'm sellin coke, crack, and dope, plus swingin the heat
Chorus: triple seis
We got drug dealers and bug niggas, who love killin
Slugs killin, ya touch feelin, just for the thrillin

We bust feelins, dump bodies in crushed buildings
Terror squad's everywhere, it's just us illin
I thought you knew you had...
Drug dealers and bug niggas, who love killin
Slugs killin, ya touch feelin, just for the thrillin
We bust feelins, dump bodies in crushed buildings
Terror squad's everywhere, it's just us illin
(and it don't stop!)
[cuban link]I got rubies on my uzi's and gems on my mack 10's
Diamonds on my nines and golden bullets just to match them

Platinum magnums with silver clips, real begets
Shit, I'm gonna milk this bitch till I'm filthy rich
Filled with chips from the floor to the ceiling
Just flossin and chillin in a porsche full-a-women
I'm one in a million, get on the deal already
My skills are sharper than a steel maschetti
Realer than the military
Killin every track I'm on, link and joey crack the don
Flippin in my cuban caddy, wit the hazards on
[triple seis]So, come on if you gon' ride with us, live niggas
Hop with us, quick to try to triple five figures
[big punisher]Your style is unoffic', niggaz like you stay on my wanted list
Pun and prince, we're walkin on kings, like a son-of-a-bitch
Fuckin with this is hazardous to amateur battlers
Average niggas get lost in the course of embarassment
Of course you don't have a chance, I'm the boss in your emminence
Get tossed in the ambulance with the force of an avalanche
I'll torture your fragile ass with rhetorical paragraphs
For all of you that'll laugh at a historical aftermath!
I come equipped, my tongue and lips are like a hundred clips
Look behind you, I'll blind you like when the sun eclipse
Ain't no second chances, I glance at niggas
Make em wet they pants
The chances are slim if twinz done swing the rest of the ransome
The best and the champion, that means I'm far beyond
Dionne read my palm, told me to get on and put my army on
Come along, follow the don, my motto and song
Live for tomorrow, cause today's almost already gone
Lets get on, split your belly with the maschetti, long
Tears your arms of your shoulders, and tell you to, hold on
I know it's wrong, but it feels so right
I used to bust steel all night, but now I gotta deal, alright
Chorus *2x*
[armageddon]Fuck a toe to toe, give me a forty-four and a foe to blow

To make it more dramatic, I quote jehovah holding the scroll
Open your skull, show you shit you ain't supposed to know
Break the world in half and spit the ocean from coast to coast
(just to let you know) that I'm zone coasted
And play the visuals from the top of my verse back in slow-motion
Assassinate the pope with no emotions
So why should I hesitate to crush a campaign like I wasn't votin?
My brain floatin away, above you niggas like I make time pause
Checkin my rollie watch my diamond roman digits
Golden riches, better hold em bitches
Cause we robbin niggas way before
The translation of holy scriptures
I was armageddon before the motion picture
The last nigga to drop his verse and have the globe shiftin
My squad's hard and far from puritans
Robbin and killin men like we proud to be americans
Chorus

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