

Hum Drum

Terror Squad

Down
The paint is peelin
Now
An' when the chips are down
Down
You gotta lose all feelin'
Now
An' when the chips are down Yea, I gets it poppin' everybody know what Remy 'bout
Got niggas shocked like Justin just pulled Janet's titty out
Yea, I spit it out quick to put a nigga out
The bullets larged in doctors can't get 'em out
You gets no love, to me y'all dead bugs
My records don't sell then I'ma sell drugs
From O's to whole P's, grams to whole keys
No joke, I got coke that'll make ya nose bleed Dope so pote and my fiends done OD'd
For three hundred and fifty a pop I'll sell you a dro seed
You really don't know me and thats the fun part
See my flows retarded but Miss Martin is dumb smart
An' you are literate, you can't even read the tele prompta
I got niggas flyin' me weed in by helicopter
You look sad when I pass in this toy Benz
You gon' be real mad when I bag ya boyfriend Down
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Your head goes round and round You can feel my pain like a drug, you can light it with fire
And you can mix it with your blood if your tryin' a get higher
Another angel in a thug's body scarred and tired

Going to court got a illuminati judgin' me biased
 Shit, I talkin' for everybody, walkin' united
 The way I walk, it's a challenge just to balance on wires
 My old connect put me on said he robbed the supplier
 So I pieced him out with pity 'coz his ass was on fire
 What goes around comes around holmes I ain't lyin'
 That's why the scars on my face 'coz bad karma and violence
 Just before a nigga wake I spend the night in silence
 To give my nerves a little break before it's back to the malice
 I'd like to dedicate this rhyme to old emotional scars
 Some nights I meditate hopin' bring me closer to God
 Tryin' to regulate my time between the Earth and the stars
 Get my health back to determine when I curlin' them bars
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 Yo this the upcoming success definition of prospect
 Put ya money on me, you get recognition and profits
 On any condition I drops it on a mission no listen to gossip
 Whether splittin' imposta's sorta like a mobsta and my niggas, I got ya
 We all gon' be eatin' soon like Italians with pasta
 Smokin' weed, eatin' curry chicken like the Robsters
 After that go to city, Allen and get the lobsters
 Now can I get a witness lemme show y'all my visions
 Never had a job but still takin' all my business
 No G.E.D only the promo what's my lyrics
 I rhyme heavenly and let soldiers off the appearance
 And rap so I keep my dough stacks don't me go back
 And clap, clap at yo do' Matt like nigga hold that
 There's no feelings I'm feelin' 'cause when I'm feelin' I'm killin' the Motherfucker right on his trip they killin'
 the villan what
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