'99 Live

Terror Squad

Don't be scared of this
Terror Sqaud
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That's right, that's right
Prospecto, follow me here now
Throw your hands up, my live niggas in the cut
Fut your triggers up, if you got love say
"Nigga, nigga what" like you don't give a fuck
Bitches playin' niggas just to get a buck, get a buck
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Yo, it's the P R O S P E C T, I'm a thug you can't PH.D. me
Catch me in the back of the club switchin' it up
Type of nigga to get drunk and piss in your cup
Listen up to what it is, know a lotta mamis lovin' the triz
And some, they tryin' to pull it off right in front of the kids
Before I think about coming to cribs, I be lugging my glitz so big
On the waist it be rubbing my ribs, it's very dangerous fuckin' with this
I been doublin' chips holdin' my own with the chrome double-grips
Up in the mix, caught a couple of vics when I used to fight
But I ain't been scufflin' since this is as tough as it gets
Never leave nothin' with prints or you get blast
And you're chopped up and stuffed in the fridge
They not playin' me, I perfected this game from A to Z
The ones I don't know will need ropes to hands and knees
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This shit'll never stop, as long as I live, I'ma forever rock
And stop niggas right where they standin' when the biretta pop
My moms said I better not, but knew I had to
I said, "I'm bustin' mines, and ain't nobody movin' at you"

She laughed too, like I was jokin', when I'm chrome-totin'
I have a nigga in his home hopin' I don't blow his dome open
I stay stoned, smokin' while I'm on the low, I'm copin'
A cool guy, but at times you catch me Tone-Locin'
Been through a lotta shit, but never had a bone broken
It's tragic how I rap shit with my own potion
From here to Hoboken I was hoppin' trains with no token
Now I'm on stage, they say I'm show-boatin' my flow potent
'Cause it's mixed in raw spell it backwards, it's 'War' the gat spits
You back flip through the door I kill 'em all, Terror Squadian style
I only get down with the crown, only partyin' wild, you heard me
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Now everybody from B-K, throw 'em up
Now everybody from New Jerz, throw 'em up
Now everybody from Q-B, throw 'em up
Now everybody from the B-X, throw 'em up
Now everybody from Staten Island, throw 'em up
To all my partners from West side, throw 'em up
Now everybody from the East Coast, throw 'em up
If you Dirty like the South, throw 'em up, you better throw 'em up
My man Big Pun, hit 'em up
My man Joey Crack, hit 'em up
The whole terror squad hit 'em up
The thoroughbreds, we hit 'em up
Prospect, '99
It's almost over, baby right

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