

# 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 yoAye 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 mouthThat'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 againI 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 yoWhen 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

I just had to bring 'em back  
Flamboyant baby  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>