Pandemonium

Torture Squad

3 passports, 3 first class tickets to the money
straight flights
[Rick Ross]I live by the cold war
drove from round the globe
all I need is a kilo, a apron, show me the stove
general electric, perfected, cooking them O's
no more peanut butter sandwiches, now we looking at loaves
hoes, I need a condom for my toast, busting in these n-ggas
standing flat footed, I'm on my toes
froze, pandemonium overdose
paparazzi in the trees, please curtains closed
Armadillo cigars, killers who like to play golf
preparing with transactions, with russian shots of the smirnoff
playing for keeps I buss in 'em 'fore she get off
I run the city just pull up and drop the kid off
welcome to organised crime
money got me excited, I'm coming four or five times
the '45 for you n-ggas with 9 lives
Penthouse on college, money long as Ocean drive
black Chevy Tahoe's, Hatians up out the ?
my place spacious, smoking aces in Lagos
Feds get involved, I'm slipping off in the synagogue
issue you your warrant, informant, bitch I've been a boss
counting money stacks, your's counter-fitted
I made my money back, when your accountant didn't
went against the odds, its only one Rozay
my n-gga OKAY
[Chorus]I got a penny in my pocket
million in the trunk
started in the back, now we the n-ggas in the front
step out on the block all the bitches they still in shock
get a piece of p-ssy then take my n-ggas to shop
Pandemonium, causing pandemonium
half a million for the same car we rolling in
Pandemonium, pandemonium
we the number 1 n-ggas your bitch notice it
[Meek Mill - Verse 2]Million ways to make this money, you gon get it
on the grind 24/7 I'm with it
YSL swagger, wrist wear frigid

jumping out the Phantom like a muthaf-cking midget
money knocking at the front door I'm like "who is it?"
it's Benjy, tell my lil n-gga "goin get it"
cause I've been counting all this dirty paper for a minute
Lamborghini dreaming thinking how I'm spend it
I'm like one's for the money, two's for the show of it
three's for the bitches that be f-cking for the hoe of it
four for my n-ggas that be stacking and then blowing it
you would think I had a curfew the way I'm going in
look at what we rolling in, causing pandemonium
papi got them keys in, he like my custodian
I was tryna bag a brick you was Nickelodian
I was in them trenches getting down and dirty serving it
We's part the reason that them Churches got some services
the morgue could afford just cause we was doing murdering
n-gga called my phone talking reckless I aint heard of it

f-ck ya girl, give her back I'm courteous
I can keep a secret with Vicky have a menage with Nicki
and be out London with Lauren and telling Megan Good morning
catch me rolling with Kelly or at the Hilton with Paris
from Hollywood to the hood, I want a mom and I swear that I want em all
wanna f-ck em all
had my n-ggas down so I'm screaming f-ck the law
monday night wrestling, I'm so f-cking raw
she gon wipe me down, I'm gon brush her off
I'm way harder than the concrete
I say what my mind speak
word to the homies Ross I can get that 9 Piece
for the low that 9 cheap
call me if you want it, haters see me
and I'm staying got 'em sick to they stomach
[Chorus][Wale]Whole time, see that fly sh-t I've been on
all the girlfriends fall in line from my spin off
thats game b-tch aint sh-t
nudies? and some J six
where I'm from it's cold
and n-ggas get at you like handkerchiefs
God bless you unless you was disrespectful
Bitches dissappoint you but money won't ever stress you
they say I'm special as Devin Hester on fourth down
so all that sh-t you n-ggas kicking with worried about
catch me at tha carry out, mumbo sauce and half and half
flyest n-ggas out here, period no maxi-pad
bitch I got a right to brag

bitch I got a right to boast
presidential suite and bitch
and I never use my right to vote
my vision enormous, my bitch's is gorgeous
and I am dead serious, bitch I spit with embalming
shout out to lil g, shout out Tre and Mohammad
that boa shit we get paid with death over dishonor
I'm known as Obama's don't I know no-one in congress
these bitches love me all the way, u got sorta's and kinda's
sort of remind you, why you don't call no vagina
lets give em awesome intercourse and ignore there inquires
quietly becoming a top ten
you dreamed of getting cream, best believe I'm John Deere
?, earth tones in the winter
Purp rolled in a rillow
I am on my John Lithgow
Out of this 3rd Rock, n-gga it it out
I am on my Tom Brady y'all n-ggas is Eric Crouch
what the bloodclot, Tommy Frazier f-ck yourself
I can see your album coming
that shits like a sucker punch
here for breakfast, f-ck for lunch
dinner time she bring a friend
write my sh-t so vicious
y'all are like snitches you can't see the pen
always on some new sh-t CNN
sh-ttin on these n-ggas like I need a pen
[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/