

# Payin' Dues (feat. Armageaddon & Keith Hunt)

## Terror Squad

[Keith Nut]

Holy Christ, I leave rappers' souls as cold as ice  
I'm like a poltergeist when I strike, turnin men to mice  
Breakin the law, city urban tower without a four  
Bringin the raw homicidal lyrics that clear the floor  
Niggas thought they seen the last of this  
Project poet assassinist

Whose status is never havin to clappin clips  
Have to black-on-black some shit, attractive accents  
Life luxury ??? crackin it  
Runnin with drugs and dealers  
Thugs and killers, slugs in villas

Black gorillas and million dollar billers  
Microphone nemesis, murder affiliate  
Lyricists get dissed, dismissed, thrown off the premises

Poetically mugged, pedigree's incredibly  
Movin steadily, thoroughly  
Clippin you somethin terribly  
Keith Nut, one of the last to go

One of the last to flow

One of the last niggas to blow [Chorus]

Now who them niggas that be breakin rules? (T Squad)  
Now who them niggas that be payin dues? (Keith Nut)

Now who them niggas that be roamin the town

Blowin a pound, since day one holdin it down

Now who them niggas that be breakin rules? (T Squad)  
Now who them niggas that be payin dues? ('Geaddon)

Now who them niggas that be roamin the town

Blowin a pound, since day one holdin it down [Armageaddon]

I'm here to reclaim my respect

Reppin the set that be bangin my chest

T.S., the God's medaillon, tombstone and begets

Alone and wet I blow my own Tec  
Ever had beef with 'Geadd and hold no regrets

Then you was no threath

I go to Death blessed with God's heed

And drop a gem on your melon so hard it make you knock-knee  
And my plot's greed, my theme's murder  
My climax is when the heat from the burner

Blast me the wings to go further

Nigga, the century's turnin and I went out of patience  
You think you hard, that .44 blast, it clouds your  
concentration

Again, think about it, before my gun hollers

And kill everything around em even if you bought the album

Enforce the power with guns, dollars and politics  
Start a baby apocalypse when my .44 ??? spit

Pops in and out your skin, breakin through sound and wind  
Piercin the meat and [edited] back out again[Chorus][Keith Nut]

Next nigga treason's gonna meet the demons

Left for his mama grievin

When I squeeze the Desert Eag' and cease his breathin

Wreck your set, make the average rapper wish for deathClap him at the chest, bless him with the Wesson, hope  
you got your vest

Keith's the last to test, the last to gasp for breath

Send you on a crash course to death when I blast the Tec

Terror faculty known for fillin cavities gradually

Stackin g's, sippin D'Acquerys, livin happily rapidly[Armageddon]

I don't give a fuck, all I could do with my life was pitch my luck

Act sheist when they look at us, that's the price when you cruise a truck

And I'd advise you to analyze us, find out who you can trust

Rival me plus memorize the eyes of the dudes you bustYou never know when it's over, rise up out of the tomb  
and dust

The movin slug was smoothly touched before you recognized who he was

And I recognize ??? for doin the shit that stupid does

My cats gon' shoot them slug, send them things right through yo mug[Chorus]

Songwriters

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