

# Terror Era

## Terror Squad

[Intro - guy talking]Aiyyo Joe man whats good man

Aiyyo I hear niggaz poppin shit

They runnin off to the Jakes man

They talkin like you ain't hood nigga

What's really gangsta nigga

What up what's poppin man

Aiyyo fuck these niggaz man

Let these niggaz do 88

[Fat Joe](yeah uh what uh yo yo)

Migga tryin to change the Ragine, I won't have that

Step in the club in Manhat at

And it feel like sat down, Jose the flow is cocaine

Niggaz even got the nerve tryin to clone the name

It's the kid wit a thousand aliases, the hood knows

Shit nowadays got niggaz callin me cooked coke

I rise to the to the top and I lay it down quite flat

You can battle me up and get your money right back

Crack niggaz clap niggaz wit the fo' kid

The newspaper shit

Known for crackin niggaz jaws

And I don't go to court, I talk wit the hawk

Have a forensics specialist outline your corks

About time we fought man

I'm tired of this rumor shit, ya whole life's a lie

Let you slide but you ruin it, we the guys doin it

You only pretend

Shoot the place to merk off in my loyalty rims

Nigga what

[guy talking]Yeah yeah thats whats up my nigga

I see these niggaz ain't fuckin wit you though

But what's up wit these niggaz though man

these niggaz is ridin around in fuckin benzes and shit

Bentleys & all that sittin on yachts

Yea man show these niggaz what your 1's like man

What's up

[Fat Joe]I gets duece 5 a show, do 5 a week

Let y'all do the math, that's aight for me

Shit never claim to be the richest but the truth is

Livest nigga you've ever seen in show biz

And you know this, notice the dime is poppin  
Hold the masterpiece watch the Don be coppin  
I'm like Gunny from Dead Pres'  
Put the gun in your mouth and tell you how lucky you are to break bread  
I'm tired of sonnin niggaz that don't believe us  
I'm at ya life savers alone wit my sneakers  
I went from humble beginners to ownin the Jimmy's  
Fuckin wit women that only want me for winnin  
Only for homey sittin, scuse me but don't be shittin  
I'm only bonin the bitch is if y'all could be gettin  
nigga what!!  
[guy talking]Yeah that's what's up Crack  
But what's up wit that bitch when she gonna drop yo  
What's up wit Remy man  
Where that bitch at man  
Yeah man  
Everytime I look around man I don't see no Remy man  
Niggaz in the hood want you to call this bitch out man  
What's up man  
[Remy Martin]Yo I don't give a fuck  
I don't play that shit  
and I feel to bust a cap on a nigga  
I run up wit a gat on a nigga  
cock back on a nigga  
Like Rem's that bitch and Crack's that nigga  
For every word I spit I get ass cat figures  
So fuck ass clappin, I'll clap yo ass nigga  
And chick is so funny cause I gets gully  
Rocks throwbacks and fitteds nigga, hoodies and skullies  
Am I fist is a pack on my wrist is a Jacob  
And I gotta a "mac" and I don't mean make up  
Sellin pies on da block like, I sell aranathum  
Do you want it raw? Or do want me to bake em?  
Get the bag it cut it shop it fuck it it's mothin  
Got the product the power and the will to do the hustle  
Shit it's sicker than vomit, I swear to God it's disgustin  
Hot an' fresh out the kitchen so these bitches can't touch it  
You gotta love it I'm buggin word to my cousin Tequila  
Slap the shit outta any bitch interferin wit my scrilla  
See a nigga he can get it too, fuck what your dick a do  
Even if I stuttered I will still "shi shi shit on you"  
My nigga L.V.

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