

Triple Threat

Terror Squad

Yeah

Fuck ya want from me

See I love my thugs but I'm a terrorist nigga

And Imma terrorize ya ass till gone for miles pana

What, bitch ass nigga

I jeopardize this rap shit and blast ya ass to prove a point

I got thug nigguz that don't even rap callin' to do joints

Frontin' off the strength and you the weak link in the click

It's obvious you pussy I could see the pink in the clit

I seen the chip and my clip of my daily desert eagle

Forty four metal with heat'll, open ya belly like it's legal

Push you back a few feet, send you sailin' like a seagull

When we clash in the street, why was you bailin' if you evil

(You ain't evil)

Talkin' 'bout somebody tryin' to playa hate you

Actually I like you but fuck wit my squad the German A.K.'ll hit you

Ever seen what them things could do to

Cut your legs, remove your from your hip down to ya tims

I'm like the limit on ya life, the demon on ya light

That figure in the dark that takes ya heart in the mid of night

This ain't a joke 'cuz ain't nuttin' comical how my laser scope

Aim at ya dome could erase the features off ya facial bones

I'm like a Triple Threat

Double dare you to try to rip my neck

The way you click spit techs will leave you wet from dick to neck

I know you ain't forget the way you squad niggaz rep

Comin' at me from the sideline like you intend to step

I'm like a Triple Threat

Double dare you to try to rip my neck

The way you click spit techs will leave you wet from dick to neck

I know you ain't forget the way you squad niggaz rep

Comin' at me from the sideline like you intend to step

Fuck the battlin', it's World War four, I mean the red form

No need to crowd, the name is aroused up in the dead zone

New World Order, I only flow wit the real horror

Chrome C4 to ya door and Pearl Harbor

We can bring it back, gats on the holsters of mini macs

Gats on the holsters strapped to the shoulders of maniacs

Where we at the projects, why don't you get the closet

Ahh, shit killa clacks, could've brought back ya prostate
Buyacka got bullets big enough to move ya car
Land cruisers 18 wheelers we do it tied
Just let it happen, I prefer violence instead of rappin'
Fuckin' wit this Latin assassin, better get ya head examined
My shit be slammin' like Onyx and Wrestle Mania
You really want it, you philly blounted in Pennsylvania
I'm aimin' the mac right at ya hat, better watch ya back black
I ain't sayin' you wack but you's a copy cat
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I know you ain't forget the way you squad niggaz rep
Comin' at me from the sideline like you intend to step
Yo, now who the fuck wanna battle this
You garbage pail rappers would get ya cabbage split
Got a habit of brandin' ammitur nigguz like cattle hips
So watch ya lips 'cuz what you fuckin' is hazardous
Shut up and catch a clip, I roll wit more dogz than St. Lazorous
What happened is ya raps ain't accurate, you claim you packin' it
But when the action hits you rather switch into a faggot bitch
I'm hardcore, it's not my fault ya softer than cardboard
Ya started to battle so I'mma turn into the God four
Switch to southpaw like De La Hoya golden boy
I put it on you polaroid finish, left you as red as Sonya
I been a soulja all my life, fought for stripes all most saw the light
Talk to Christ, he told me that my songs so nice
And for the right price I might just body you
Chop ya ass into particles and read about you in newspaper articles
I'm sick and tired talkin' shit, got beef wit me then so be it
I'll rush you like the Soviet Union and leave you soakin' wet
I'm like a Triple Threat
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