# My Prerogative

## H.I.A.M.

Yo, yeah, yeah, T.S., T.S.
Armageddon, Terror Squad
It's my world
(Uhh)
It's my world
(Uhh)
What? Check this out, yo
It's my life, it's my world, my prerogative
To push things and chase girls who dress provocative
Terror Squad lock [unverified] than Yugoslavians
Run up in your building bust locks and pull the lobby in
Find me in the titty bars, pollyin' with Mafians
Got drunk and did somethin', now I'm hardly in the party
And check the book in my Cardigan, it's sort of like my guardian
Bless you with a halo and wings, on your back origin
Armageddon bring the gates of heaven and bring the horror in
Burnin' last testaments, sinnin' where all the garbage went
Dominant, pull out the nine and spit, murder anonymous
The finest bitch couldn't make me make monogamous promises
First [unverified] bitch, movin' guns out of Providence
Stackin' paper like novelists, complicated like calculus
Raps are marvelous, it's like I been here before
Niggaz is actin' up but we ain't gettin' frisked at the door, uhh
It's my life, it's my world, my prerogative
To push things and chase girls who dress provocative
Terror Squad, bottom line is we be rockin' it
The first stages of Armageddon and ain't no stoppin' this
It's my life, it's my world, my prerogative
To push things and chase girls who dress provocative
Terror Squad, bottom line is we be rockin' it
The first stages of Armageddon and ain't no stoppin' this
My beats, my rhymes, join forces and form the hammer lock
Trample box from Babylon to Camelot, I turn sand to rock
Slim's my man to heart, though he like to keep me amped a lot
Your girl's ample hot, man I love the way she handle cock
Blazin' since the sample dropped, never will the glamor stop
Claimin' that you're vandal all you seen is Roman candles pop
Turn the hands on clocks and blow you back to your essence
Then I'll go back in time and stomp your ass back to the present

Packin' the Wesson, actin' unpleasant
Terror Squad shot on your presence
We handle our blessings, just lay us where the baddest is resting
Took this rap game, molded and mastered it
Blast my shit, this song shames, any records played after it
Bag the fattest whips with passengers that'll flip
And piss on your body after blowin' your lungs out the back of it
Activists with guns, bring forth my arrival
Armageddon's now, forget about the words in the Bible
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