

# Terror Squad, Bring It On

(Fat Joe speaking)

Yea yea, what  
uh, Terror Squad  
uh, from the streets to the jail cell  
I mean, my niggaz is facin death penalties and all that  
Charlie Rock el D  
Yea yea, this go out to you my nigga  
Yo, yo

Verse 1:

Aint no solution for this  
Since day one I been true to this shit  
Often niggaz try to shoot but they miss  
I been provin to hit so you know its really real  
I went from chillin on the hills to signin deals worth fitty (fifty) mil  
Self made millionaire status  
We all gettin money but its funny how mine makes niggaz maddest  
Come at us if you ready for war  
Whoever you are  
Leave you dead in your hall leakin red on the floor  
Better than ya'll  
Niggaz need to face the facts  
Since the days of crack I been blazin gats - tryin to raise my stats  
Tracin back - you could find me at a racin track  
Laced in black - bettin on a horse called Amazin Jack  
Joey Crack's the illest - fully backed my killaz  
Hoppin outta 18 wheelas - like mad gorillas  
Niggaz need to calm they nerves when I'm concerned  
Cause if you didn't know by now - you all gone learn  
Chorus: I ain't know you really want it

How am I supposed to know theres something when you keep frontin  
Dont want no people wantin to play my game  
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name  
Bring it on, come on  
I ain't know you really want it  
How am I supposed to know theres something when you keep frontin  
Dont want no people wantin to play my game  
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name  
Bring it on, come on

Verse 2:

I puts it down with Pun  
Now all I do is lounge in the sun  
Look what I done from the slums - to sportin 5 thousand and ones  
See the ice glitter - i only walk with them nice niggaz  
Sheist niggaz that quit it for doin life niggaz  
You had a judge - we came through in the clutch  
Fifty fifth- aint no what to do when I came through wit'cha  
The Don Polly - you could find me as fresh as Denali  
In times probably even marching at a Shaufton (?) rally  
I often carry thats the price of fame  
Got precise the fame snipe u with the rifle and unlight your brain  
It aint a game - its real niggaz with real guns  
That still run - caught a box- and pump ox by the millions  
Before the children thats confusin life  
The voodoo type that'll pull out the UZ (uzi) and make you lose your life  
The news is tight - I got em hangin by the neck  
Man you tanglin with vets when you bangin with TS (what, WHAT THE FUCK!)