

# Terror Squad, Triple Threat

what, fuck ya want from me,  
see i love my thugs but im a terrorist nigga and imma terrorize ya ass  
till gone for miles pana  
what, bitch ass nigga!!

(Verse 1 Armageddon)

I jeopardize this rap shit and blast ya ass to prove a point  
I got thug nigguz who 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 the clip of my daily desert eagle  
fourty 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 could-  
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 aint a joke cause aint nuttin comical how my laser scope  
aim at ya dome could erase the features off ya facial bones  
(chorus)

i'm like a triple threat

double dare you to try to rip my neck  
the way my click spit techs will leave you wet from dick to neck  
i know you ain't forget the way these squad niggaz rep  
comin at me from the sideline like you intend to step (x2)

(Verse 2 Big Pun)

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  
aaaahhhhhh!! 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  
(chorus x2)

(Verse 3 Cuban Link\*\*)

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  
cause 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 imma 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  
(chorus x6)