

Terror Squad, All Around The World

[INTRO: Fat Joe]

Yeah yeah

Terror Squad what-what

Cuban Link what-what

'99, baby

[VERSE 1: Cuban Link]

Yo ladi-dadi, mami, I love to party

Plus I always cause trouble when I guzzle Bacardi

Got the hotties sippin rum, Maseratis with the stumps

Music bumpin out the trunk. everybody's gettin drunk

From the Bronx, settin, lettin it all out

No doubt, toast your coast

Reppin the east, west, north, south

Now it's all about the Terror Squad, ghetto superstars

Extra-large players like Kareem Abdul Jabbar

Word to God, Pun, my crew won't give a fuck who you are

We do our job like we part of the mob, shoot up the bar

Cuban the Don Daddy like John Gotti

I brung a long shotie for the chump bodies

If it's on it's on, mami

[CHORUS]

It's Mister Cuban Link, baby, comin through with the hits

Gettin love from the ladies while my crew in the triz

And this goes out to the players, thugs, hustlers and pimps

(We run shit)

All around the world

You know I do my thing, baby, Cuban Link full eclipse

Terror Squad, new era, god, better choose who you with

When we flip ain't no tellin what we do to your click

(We run shit)

All around the world

[VERSE 2: Cuban Link]

Villainous Terror Squadian, Bacardi dark got me crashin the party

Undressin hotties to take it all from the drawers to they Barbie bits

Pokin up in your ?vaginal? flow in Carhartts and Timbos

Thuggin it with a limp, cause Cuban Link is known to pimp hoes

Gettin bimbos from all angles, mandingo straight out the combo

From a bedroom I needed gettin head in a Durango

Grab your ankles, do the hula-hoop your culo while I do ya

Nothin's cooler than fuckin while you're puffin a bag of buddah

Don the Cuba's got your cura, schoolin juniors like butuvas

Smooth as Luther when it comes to suckin hooters like a Hoover

Who the man now? Impressed so many mamis, I can't count

Holdin my count down till the last round, hands down

No question I blow your chest in with a Smith & Wesson

You'll be dead in less than a second - reckon

Better listen, my weapon, step in my sessions for lessons

Lasting impression, destined to be the best in this profession

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Cuban Link]

I'm runnin ralleys from New York to Cali up in a Caddy

Puffin like Daddy with paddy, baggin the weed up in the backseat

Crackin forties, actin naughty, tellin em shorties, havin orgees

Watchin pokeys with four freaks - now that's me

I be the nasty cuban, slammin like I'm Patrick Ewing

Pass me a bag of weed, a brew, and the track that we're doing

For you and yours, full of glitter style

Showin all my skills like a stripper, baby, hit me with some shit for now

Break it down, hit the ground, move your hips around

Make it bounce, shoop and sit down on my dick and do the brown

If you down we can bounce right now, pick up a pound

Enjoy and lounge with style, y'all know my name by now

[CHORUS]

[OUTRO: Fat Joe]

No doubt
Cuban Link, baby
'99
Terror Squad
All you fake-ass niggas
Tryin to be like us, talk like us
But you could never walk like us
Fuck around and get outlined in chalk
Terror Squad
Joe Crack
Big Pun
Prospecto
Armageaddyo
Triple Seis, what?
Raoul