

# Terror Squad, Feelin' This

It's on now

Feel threatened by this

T-Squad

T.S.

Takin shit

[ VERSE 1: Armageaddon ]

We 12-cylinder-pushin drug dealer-killers, we feelin this

Tec-9s with silver clips, my ?set's style? is still legit

Ain't nothin changed

You can tell I'm comin, cause the weather strange

Armageaddon, the end of your life on whatever's in his range

Never mind the notion of savin the lives of your friends

Your sister, your cousins, your mother, even [edited]

Will go and ride with me

Through the levels of hell in this atrocity

Bust my guns at the heavens till an angel fell on top of me

He said his name was Michael and introduced me to evil acts like

Robbin parties and pumpin the shotie to keep em back

Nobody move, nobody get burst open

Just give up the jewels before your purse-totin-

Ass become the first smokin

Pop shit on my records, you lock stiff in my presence

My Squad gets respected for cockin the fifth and affect it

Stick a chip in your [rectum] and pull your soul out your [asshole]

And all for gettin cash with the blow I got from Castro

[ CHORUS ]

You gotta ask yourself how ill is this

Only my thug niggas feelin this

All in the clubs they be killin this

You love the way we rip a track

Where all my terrorist niggas at?

Show me some love, give me love

You gotta ask yourself how ill is this

Only my thug niggas feelin this

All in the clubs they be killin this

You love the way we rip a track

We take a little love, then give it back

We Terror Squad, Terror Squad

[ VERSE 2: Prospect ]

I master this, when I throw shots I'm slappin wrists

Not inaccurate, niggas be actin if I ain't immaculate

You packin it? Better be bustin, I'm steadily rushin

Up in your crib with a wig and my metal heavenly trusted

You pushed it, but it ain't the cops

Turn your back, and like you saw death

Lost breath, I left you in shock

You was amazed how the glock raised from the waist

Got blazed in your face, was about to drop mace in the place

Chill like I did enough, cause real niggas hit em up

We'll leave it at that for the paramedics to pick it up

This ain't a cartoon, I bring light to the darkroom

And spark boom, step in my path, I leave a heart wound

We pullin out without bustin, no, make no sense

It's like d's lockin you up and don't take no prints

Tell your man in the black van I like it when my canon react

In one second that shit'll blow your family back

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Big Pun ]

I thought I told you I only rap for the cheddar

Keep the Mac under the sweater, ready to clap any nigga

Whether on stage or in the gutter

I put you frontpage on the cover

When I pump the gauge through your blubber

You muthafuckas better get protection

I got a Smith & Wesson  
Strong enough to launch you up with \_The Jetsons\_  
Spacely Sprockets wanna face the prophet, taste the chocolate  
??? and disgrace your ???  
I lace the bastard, Dr. Evil let it rumble  
Get sent up fuck it ??? bubble  
Lookin for trouble you've come to the right place  
Pun's out the ice age  
A caveman raised by a clan of white apes  
An urban legend, in God's eye the perfect seven  
The first to get in the devil's ass with a verse from heaven  
Reverse the emblem, he ain't ready for the logo  
Now he cursin and yellin like a baby for his bobo