

# Terror Squad, In For Life

[Big Punisher]

Don't even move a muscle  
Clap at ya feet, blast ya boot buckle  
Cowboy style, dance bitch, do the hustle  
Let me see you sweat, follow the leader through the streets of death  
Piece the bits together till you come up wit at least a brick  
Then we can flip that, sip Henny and kick back  
Chit-chat real quick, how we gon' split that  
I suggest that we bubble it all  
Cop a bundle of raw, start small, see if we can double the score  
I stumble across my share of obtsacles  
Staring death dead in the opticals  
Cuz I'm never scared of the impossible  
Ask the rasta dudes if our gonga ain't the tightest  
Ask the pasta dudes if our china ain't the whitest  
and none of my prostitutes vaginas got the virus  
If you see one in the hospital you could bet it was violence  
That's the science, my alliance is Terror Squad  
If there's a god, show me sign so I can share my scars

Chorus [Prospect]

We in for life, ready to fight, my twins is hype  
Better get it right or get deaded on sight  
So take flight, make one mistake and pay twice  
Cuz shit is trife, lose your life just tryin to break night  
We in for life, under the lights but I'm outta sight  
When I write sometimes I wonder if it's outta spite  
I like livin on the edge, sippin strippers at the wedge  
Sharin spritsers, gettin head, it's the life we live

[Triple Seis]

Play the corners at night, away from the fortunate lifes  
For the gunplay, thugs auction the heist  
Slugs put you in a coffin for life  
It's bug how they put you on ice  
For the love, the money ain't right  
Haters'll grudge, pay you like a mummy at night  
Stiff as a dick, told you when to quit from this shit  
Got hit, cuz you was quick to split loot wit ya bitch  
Get a coupe and a six, but never troop in the mix  
It seems foul, ? niggas while the cream pile  
Didn't give a fuck, talkin tough "Look at me now"  
Shockin the world, should've been on top of your girl  
She gon' do you in, turn around and rock your world  
For petty dough, niggas on the streets already know  
You about to go, movin on your block just to stop the flow  
We about to blow, step up in rank  
Step off the bank, niggas done fucked up to think

Chorus

[Prospect]

Aiyyo I hold the pain, like my body was numb wit novacaine  
No one can fold the name, Terror Squad a soldier game  
Already know the game, Prospect the quote of fame  
Touch up a older dame, and confirm the motor train  
My vocals'll slow your brain  
I'm comin at you like a boa-crane  
Even through the cold and rain, I penetrate through all weather  
Eliminate who you call better  
It's all "shut up shut up", I'll leave your car wet up

[Cuban Link]

Set it off, we all together, gettin cheddar livin better  
Sippin amarettos, whippin the Vette instead of a Jetta  
Dead up, never let up bet up, we settle vendettas  
Ghetto dwellers, y'all better duck when I let off the beretta  
Hit em up, yet I'm the terror that America wants dead  
A blunt head turnin punks red when I pump lead

I stomp a hole through your chest  
Grab your soul, mold ya flesh  
Hold ya breath cuz your next stop is death

Chorus

[Fat Joe]

Yeah yeah, we in for mothafuckin like, ya heard me?

See you niggas creepin over there

Thinkin y'all niggas could cut corners, get around

Nigga this is the mothafuckin T-Squaders

We will BUY YOU mothafuckas, simple as that

So-called mothafuckin rap killas, rap pimps

Niggas is BITCHES to me, simple as that

Mothafuckin Terror Squad

Since the mothafuckin early 80's until

WHAT! You better ask somebody

This the real shit here, NO ONE REALER!!