

Terror Squad, Pass The Glock

[Prospect]

Pass the glock word up

Pass the glock (T-Squaders) uh ha, (T-Squaders)

[Armageddon]

whispering in background

You can't stop T-Squad

You can't stop T-Squad

Can't stop it, can't stop it

Chorus [Armageddon] 2x

Somebody call the cops

For us to stop'll take all of they got

Uptown and the Bronx, my Squad is legends off of the block (Terror Squad!)

Deep in the borough where the corners is smoldering hot

My team is known for smokin the glock

To the hole in your rock (Terror Squad!)

[Triple Seis]

I murder men wit the poisonous flow, my pen

Hurt em for they dough and they GM's wit Mac 10

No relaxin, straight action when it's on

Call up Pun and The Don, come up heavily armed

Niggas better be calm or I'ma set the alarm

And a hundred strong'll form in shape of a bomb

My squads'll forever bomb wit a war like Lebanon

And we hardcore till we dead and gone so go ahead and mourn

[Cuban Link]

Aiyyo Seis I'm pacin back and forth

Wit thoughts of bein trapped up north

But after I come off wit it y'all can push em out the door

So cock the four pound (four pound)

Lock the fort down (fort down)

>From New York to Georgetown (Georgetown)

Knockin off clowns that ?clap em off rounds?

It's war now so toss the nine ? cuz I'ma floss and shine

You lost your mind if you thought your rhymes was comin close to mine

Eyes that drop signs like Einstein

Applyin the iron to your spine

And find you dyin on primetime

Chorus 2x

[Prospect]

Aiyyo we break barriers, we recipe holders and cake carriers

That dominate the devil tryin to make the fake marry us

Hilarious how we mute crews, and nigga this is true news

Dudes'll blow you outta ya two shoes

Who chose to front it, they don't really want it

Yo I stay Philly blunted, Prospect wit the nine milly gun it

I leave you dented by the way glock pop

Take a hot shot, push ya knot back like a drop top

[Armageddon]

Freeze like coke in the drop or ya float when I'm totin the glock

I'm blast any feelings you catch from this to emotional stop

Host it on top, label the worst to the topic

Worshippin violence, push you back

Like a cursor does the words by the silence

HUSH, slow up before you blow ya clutch

Hold my forty-four wit lust, an then I'll take your soul like a holy touch

The tat on my arm's like the rhymes I write

Cuz Armageddon rivals life

Give my hype I might bust it tonight

Chorus 2x

[Big Punisher]

My shit bang like a clock

I pull your chain till it pop

Put one in your brain for fuckin wit the creme of the crop

Sayin I'm hot, while you playin I'm blazin the spot

Makin you bop, makin my way to the top
Breakin the lock, takin a shot at the title
Ready to rock at my rivals
Like Pac everything I drop is the Bible
Cop it on vinyl, there's just a little cursing
If you want ya head to burst
Play it in reverse, you'll hear the devil's version
[Fat Joe]
Hear the metal's burstin, there's a terror lurkin
It's a certain, whoever searchin to find God when my clips inserted
Words are blurted when we bust guns, you heard it
Left ya *gun shot* murdered
I know ya *scream* was stunned by the verdict
I'm a free man, kill your free lance for only three grand
Makin an examp for my other workers and cut off each hand
You greedy mothafuckas I'll see you in hell
Jealous niggas wanna see me in jail fiendin to tell
Chorus 2x