

# Terror Squad, War

[ VERSE 1: Triple Seis ]

Yo, I'ma lay the law with A.K.'s or metaphors  
Make way for the ghetto roar, these days I set it off  
Y'all hardcore, that's why I batter you all  
Shatter they jaw, batter the core to make a fad ???  
Terror Squad to my death, tombstone on my chest  
With the chrome in the vest, alone or with T.S.  
I'ma rep it, I'm a Dominican, now you accept it  
It's like you seen death and chose the Lord as the shepherd  
You sceptical, niggas on the block ain't respectin you  
Checkin you, ain't gonna stop when they deckin you  
Who gon' dock you? I'm comin at you like a tackle  
To leave a personal scar in your chest like a tattoo  
Seis'll clap you, put your dick in the dirt  
Click at a herb when I spit a clip and rip through your shirt  
I'm the worst of the beast, put my work on the streets  
Do the work with the heat, don't make me burst through your meat

[ CHORUS ]

I kill alive for my twin  
Bust ill and do the time for my twin  
Trust that it's real  
And he'll be at my side at the end  
I got guns that'll silence your men  
We bust off and let the [violence] begin  
Aight then

[ VERSE 2: Triple Seis ]

Yo yo, Seis come off with a thunderous start  
Punish niggas from the heart, rip a niga from the sparks  
Of the glizze, leave a nigga clapped on \_Rap City\_  
I'm strapped with the Mac milli, you wack as ???  
It ain't hard to scrap, my Squad's the vanguard of rap  
Love to guard your back in the biz, the triz in the back  
Flamboyant, never givin a slack  
I jam joints when I live on a track  
Ran point when they gave me the Mac  
I'm on fat, never lack the realness  
I sing that B.J. ( \*sirens\* ) killer ill shit  
And still rock a nigga, I'm out to be real rich  
You feel this, shaper than a tooth pain  
Double-deuce pain  
My verse take aim, blow your fame  
With a burst of flames  
Ain't nothin changed, I die in this game  
Take the stand and the blame for my man  
I carry the name revenge  
Terror Squad in begets carved on my chain  
Yeah  
Terror Squad  
Triple Seis, baby  
Up and comin, son  
I'm comin for all that shit, son  
The crown and all that  
Klawmean?  
I rep N.Y. - the Boogie Down, baby  
L.V., R.C.  
[Name] Crew  
Terror Squad, baby  
This is how we do  
1-9-9-9, baby  
Triple Seis backwards  
Feel it  
We gon' ride nigga, ride nigga, ride nigga  
You gon' die nigga, die nigga, die nigga