

# Bring 'Em Back

## Terror Squad

Yeah

This is classic shit right here, vintage shit  
Go get ya tape decks ready uh  
You know I had to bring 'em back hahahaha  
Terror era's the squad man  
Yeah uh yo uh yo

Aye yo I'm old school like Rick Ruler sick jewels to big buddah  
Lift dudes wit the six shooter Luger (Ooh Yeeah)  
That means bring it back NY king of that  
The best tried a dead mind but just can't see to that  
The 4th comin don't look now theres more comin  
And we all stunnaz wit lil money but still hungry  
True story once threw a nigga from a two story  
asked for my paper said theres nothin he can do for me  
Thats like takin a steak out of a lions mouth  
Betta yet that like takin a plate outta Ryans mouth  
Thatll neva happen ova my dead body  
Feds got me plastered on the wall like I'm the heir to Gotti  
I swear to Mambo and Nore and all the left wreck  
A nigga try front on his body he gettin sent back  
Dont resent Crack I'm just what you wanna be  
Young rich and famous bitches can't get enough of me  
And they runnin up on me usually in groups of them  
But not just everyday but you could neva be too use to them  
I be abusin them squeezin fresh oranges  
Breakfast in the mornin get some strength and then it's on again

I just had to bring 'em back  
(Word you definitely know what I'm about)  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
{All my friends call me stout}  
I just had to bring 'em back  
(Flamboyant baby)  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo

When I cruise through the ghetto I drive slow  
I'm quick to buck a duck and I don't give a fuck about 5-0  
A hard core life I toast to ex flaw  
therefore I live raw and went to war wit the law  
My only pencil was a mug shot slugs were thugs got pot  
get swellin hops from sellin tops to da drugs spot  
G's was clocked fat knots was in the socks  
and cops who tried to stop shop got knocked when I popped the glock  
Shit was ran right by me and my man Mike  
Cause I choose to use a gun don't mean that I can't fight  
Cause we put the guns down and go one round  
wit the hands but man I ain't the one, you'll get done clown  
I can inverse my style, cause I'm versitile  
Quick to burst a child I'm livin worse than foul  
I pack two techs in case ya crew flex  
I wet up the set in a second yell whos next  
To feel the wrath of a psychopath shoots it up like Shaft  
Turn ya staff into a blood bath to laugh  
You'll get smashed like a deli snack, you softer than jelly jack  
I attack in black wit a gat and a skully hat

I just had to bring 'em back  
{All my friends call me stout}  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo  
(Flamboyant baby)  
I just had to bring 'em back  
{Terror Squad cause we stunt}  
You know I had to bring 'em back yo

No doubt I'm from the X and I seen it all  
Shorties wit dreams of playin ball for Seaton Hall turnin fiends a full  
From Meda ward to Sacuon the same sad song  
is bein sung, its like gimmie a gun and I'm back on  
Joey Crack, Pun, TS, Bronx regulators  
Stomp little niggaz to death for tryin to imitate us  
Yall could neva see us, be us, TS, kill da bs  
Cause Pun got more guns and funds than Undeas  
Un be us, I'm from the BX so I have to roll  
Blast the 4 crash ya door smash ya hoe  
Hack off ya skull, I'm stackin heads like totem poles  
Blow a hole in ya colon throw you from here to Fordan road  
Blow fa blow, I toe to toe with the toughest  
bring the ruckas to the roughest muthafucka its nothin but luckstress  
My crews are cussin to bustin ass crushin glass  
in niggaz faces leavin traces of red out this bloody bath  
I want the cash off the jiddump, I cock and blast the piddump  
at any piddunk tryin to laugh at the Briddonx  
You ain't no kiddon for the Terror Squadron  
You feel the fear of God when I steal a car and flatten ya Pierre Cardan  
I peirce ya noggin if you startin trouble, spark the dot above you  
and watch it blossom like a flower throughout the borough  
No doubt I'm thorough with a parascope rifle extended rycle  
cycle thatll tear the whole Bible out  
I'm sweatin no idols a title's all I request  
Best rappers know that Pun and Y the chaperones of death..

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