

# TERMINATOR

Giggs

[Giggs & Swizz Beatz:]

I wanna see everybody stand 'til they feet up right now

I wanna see everybody stand on they feet right now

Ha!

Yeah

Zone, zone, zone, zone

(Hey Swizz, I'm just gonna rap from the top)

Make 'em stand up, ah

[Giggs:]

Exterminator, manager's observin' hater

All the man a terminator

Rollin' in a convertible 'til early, day up

Watch a couple videos and burn the day up

On my early bird to get that early paper

Yeah, we burnin' weed, no we ain't burnin' vapor

When we gettin' greasy, just a verbal taster

Rollin' up the weed, I got that herbal chaser

Yeah, got you up in your seat

Fuck them niggas 'cause all them motherfuckers is sheep

Get up, Swizzy, and show you motherfuckers a beat

I'm just happy 'cause my life I was stuck in the street

Yeah, 'cause it's nice 'cause none of this was up in my reach

Get to runnin' up 'cause that motherfucker was steep

Take a cigarette, brother, take a couple of sheets

If there's some in there, you can take the money for keeps

Yeah, they thought that they had it

I don't even know why they even thought they could have it

This my habitat when I'm bringin' forces of habit

Little cabbage patch, liftin' up the cork then I splash it

Yeah, just look at that, thinkin' I put off with a hatchet

When that mack attack, bet there won't be two when I clap him

That was random but that's just how I talk when I'm rappin'

Put all them cameras up 'cause in Hollywood they be snappin'

[Swizz Beatz:]

Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on

That's too much, Hollow Man

That's too much, Hollow Man

You talkin' too crazy for 'em, huh

Tell 'em somethin'

[Giggs:]

Sneeze, nigga, then you lose

Man just got the weed, but we need the booze

Cinderella dreams, but don't need the shoes

We don't got degrees, but we livin' huge

Niggas 'bout to sweep, yeah, we need the brooms

You can leave the streets, but don't leave your goons

Niggas movin' booze, you're just movin' boos

You wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for dude

How is he, pop-pop? He ain't got no clues

Think he saw a ghost, Ebenezer Scrooge

They ain't in the mood, you ain't got the moves

You ain't got the hits, you ain't got the tunes

Mans have written them off

I don't listen to none of them niggas that's soft

Now they're questionin' if Hollow Man is still on the top  
Why you runnin' 'round with Hollow Man? Just chill in the box  
Outside, villainous fucks  
One time real as the clock  
Fugees, they think they're killin' me soft  
Leakin' got me spillin' Courvois'  
They don't see us, either  
Came back, man, hit 'em with the meat cleaver  
You a boss actin' like a diva  
Bitch, fuck your money, dog, we don't need ya  
Yeah, come through with the two on two  
Outside white, inside, turquoise, too  
Bangin' on your chest, oh, you think you come from the zoo?  
I'ma pull up and show you what gorillas will do  
Yeah, straight from New York to Peckham  
Niggas actin' thirsty, pull up with the soaker and wet 'em

[Giggs & Swizz Beatz:]

Ayo, Giggs

I could go for another 50 or 60 bars but the song was over before I even got  
on this thing, huh

Zone, zone, zone, zone

Landlord

Showtime

Zone

Ayy

Right

Ayy

Right

What they gon' do now?

What they gon' do now, huh?

Ayy

Man I brought the BBC orchestra out to London just for no reason