

# Hasselhoff

Terror Reid

Pick a spot, pitch a tent  
Fuck boys playing with my yen  
Dog shit, I ascend  
Take my shot and miss again  
You fuckin with the wrong dude  
I'm just tryna write a fuckin song or two  
Spray my views  
I always lose, I've paid my dues  
Damn, and just like that  
Terror ripped the spine out ya mothafuckin back  
Matta fact yous a rat  
And all of ya shit wack, ya numbers don't mean jack  
I'm keepin shit close on the come up  
Puttin in work til da sun up  
Da ladies see me coming, get done up  
They jealous ass mans try to run up  
They ain't think I put it down like a stone cold stunna  
I'm saving dis game like Hasselhoff  
Nine tabs got me off my ass, hit fast  
Bend corners at night with the lights off  
Voices in my head said cut it off  
So that's just what ima do  
Get a nice good view, cause this man be the truth  
Any other can't touch em, In the underworld clutchin'  
Duckin down bitch-made cause I'm comin for you