

When It's All Gone

Terror Reid

Can you turn it up?
Let me get my headphones
Here we go, uh, uh
When it's all gone (Goes like this)
And when it's all gone (Goes like that, uh)
And it goes like this
Check it out (What you believe in?)
So check it out (What you believe in?)
That's some real shit (Yo)
So check it out

So check it out, I'm finna tell you what I'm all about
Your time's runnin' out, so don't make me spell it out
You fuck with Reid and that's a doubt
I'll pull up in your town and blast your teeth straight up out your mouth
With the magnum, my style stay platinum
Skins, you lack 'em, hoes know, go ask one
Colder than a sickle, got ladies rubbin' they nipples
Pretty simple, fuck around and get crippled
'Cause first thing's first, bitch, I'm the boss, chew you like floss
Leave your face without a bottom jaw
Let the game die, bitch, I'll kill it if I have to
And if they ask who they better not ask you
'Cause you don't wanna fuck with a pimp
Got a dick like a blimp so I walk with a limp
I'm here to show you folks that I'm the realest it can get
I made myself so smooth, I make your mama coochie wet

And when it's all gone (What you believe in?)
Sick of always hearin' it (What you believe in?)
Motherfuckers think I'm losin' it (What you believe in?)
But I don't give a fuck, knuckle up buttercup, like
When it's, when it's all gone (What you believe in?)
Sick of always hearin' it (What you believe in?)
I'm hung up and I'm stuck (What you believe in?)
But I don't give a fuck, knuckle up buttercup, like

One, two, three, four to the five
Suicide ain't work, I'm still alive
Six, seven, eight, and the nine-millimeter
Ten shots make you hot like a heater
Don't trust much, but I dust fools with a slim uppercut
Takin' off the mask, movin' up
My shit suck less than a ho with a fat chest
Bitch looked sick, so I took her to the vet, bet
My rhymes just be wicked like that
Throwin' up the set with the fully automatic
I got the rhythm with the four C's, ho, please
And now they kneeling down on both knees
Break your bitch like bread, coast to coast
Bodies be dead when I boast, my shit gross
The host with the most, burn ya like queso
You got a problem? Just say so

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Knuckle up
It's Reid
R-E-I-D