

Feelin' This

Terror Squad

It's on now

Feel threatened by this
T-Squad
T.S.
Takin shit

We 12-cylinder-pushin drug dealer-killers, we feelin this
Tec-9s with silver clips, my set's style is still legit
Ain't nothin changed
You can tell I'm comin, cause the weather strange
Armageddon, the end of your life on whatever's in his range
Never mind the notion of savin the lives of your friends
Your sister, your cousins, your mother, even Will go and ride with me
Through the levels of hell in this atrocity
Bust my guns at the heavens till an angel fell on top of me
He said his name was Michael and introduced me to evil acts like
Robbin parties and pumpin the shotie to keep em back
Nobody move, nobody get burst open
Just give up the jewels before your purse-totin-
Ass become the first smokin
Pop shit on my records, you lock stiff in my presence
My Squad gets respected for cockin the fifth and affect it
Stick a chip in your And all for gettin cash with the blow I got from Castro

You gotta ask yourself how ill is this
Only my thug niggas feelin this
All in the clubs they be killin this
You love the way we rip a track
Where all my terrorist niggas at?
Show me some love, give me love
You gotta ask yourself how ill is this
Only my thug niggas feelin this
All in the clubs they be killin this
You love the way we rip a track
We take a little love, then give it back
We Terror Squad, Terror Squad

I master this, when I throw shots I'm slappin wrists
Not inaccurate, niggas be actin if I ain't immaculate
You packin it? Better be bustin, I'm steadily rushin
Up in your crib with a wig and my metal heavenly trusted
You pussied it, but it ain't the cops
Turn your back, and like you saw death
Lost breath, I left you in shock
You was amazed how the glock raised from the waist
Got blazed in your face, was about to drop mace in the place
Chill like I did enough, cause real niggas hit em up
We'll leave it at that for the paramedics to pick it up
This ain't a cartoon, I bring light to the darkroom
And spark boom, step in my path, I leave a heart wound
We pullin out without bustin, no, make no sense
It's like d's lockin you up and don't take no prints
Tell your man in the black van I like it when my canon react
In one second that shit'll blow your family back

I thought I told you I only rap for the cheddar

Keep the Mac under the sweater, ready to clap any nigga
Whether on stage or in the gutter
I put you frontpage on the cover
When I pump the gauge through your blubber
You muthafuckas better get protection
I got a Smith & Wesson
Strong enough to launch you up with The Jetsons
Spacely Sprockets wanna face the prophet, taste the chocolate
I lace the bastard, Dr. Evil let it rumble
Get sent up fuck it bubble
Lookin for trouble you've come to the right place
Pun's out the ice age
A caveman raised by a clan of white apes
An urban legend, in God's eye the perfect seven
The first to get in the devil's ass with a verse from heaven
Reverse the emblem, he ain't ready for the logo
Now he cursin and yellin like a baby for his bobo