

# Pass The Glock

## Terror Squad

Pass the glock word up  
Pass the glock (T-Squaders) uh ha, (T-Squaders)

You can't stop T-Squad  
You can't stop T-Squad  
Can't stop it, can't stop it

Somebody call the cops  
For us to stop'll take all of they got  
Uptown and the Bronx, my Squad is legends off of the block (Terror Squad!)  
Deep in the borough where the corners is smoldering hot  
My team is known for smokin the glock  
To the hole in your rock (Terror Squad!)

I murder men wit the poisonous flow, my pen  
Hurt em for they dough and they GM's wit Mac 10  
No relaxin, straight action when it's on  
Call up Pun and The Don, come up heavily armed  
Niggas better be calm or I'ma set the alarm  
And a hundred strong'll form in shape of a bomb  
My squads'll forever bomb wit a war like Lebanon  
And we hardcore till we dead and gone so go ahead and mourn

Aiyyo Seis I'm pacin back and forth  
Wit thoughts of bein trapped up north  
But after I come off wit it y'all can push em out the door  
So cock the four pound (four pound)  
Lock the fort down (fort down)  
From New York to Georgetown (Georgetown)  
Knockin off clowns that ?clap em off rounds?  
It's war now so toss the nine ? cuz I'ma floss and shine  
You lost your mind if you thought your rhymes was comin close to mine  
Eyes that drop signs like Einstein  
Applyin the iron to your spine  
And find you dyin on primetime

Aiyyo we break barriers, we recipe holders and cake carriers  
That dominate the devil tryin to make the fake marry us  
Hilarious how we mute crews, and nigga this is true news  
Dudes'll blow you outta ya two shoes  
Who chose to front it, they don't really want it  
Yo I stay Philly blunted, Prospect wit the nine milly gun it  
I leave you dented by the way glock pop  
Take a hot shot, push ya knot back like a drop top

Freeze like coke in the drop or ya float when I'm totin the glock  
I'm blast any feelings you catch from this to emotional stop  
Host it on top, label the worst to the topic  
Worshippin violence, push you back  
Like a cursor does the words by the silence  
HUSH, slow up before you blow ya clutch  
Hold my forty-four wit lust, an then I'll take your soul like a holy touch  
The tat on my arm's like the rhymes I write  
Cuz Armageaddon rivals life  
Give my hype I might bust it tonight

My shit bang like a clock

I pull your chain till it pop  
Put one in your brain for fuckin wit the creme of the crop  
Sayin I'm hot, while you playin I'm blazin the spot  
Makin you bop, makin my way to the top  
Breakin the lock, takin a shot at the title  
Ready to rock at my rivals  
Like Pac everything I drop is the Bible  
Cop it on vinyl, there's just a little cursing  
If you want ya head to burst  
Play it in reverse, you'll hear the devil's version

Hear the metal's burstin, there's a terror lurkin  
It's a certain, whoever searchin to find God when my clips inserted  
Words are blurted when we bust guns, you heard it  
Left ya \*gun shot\* murdered  
I know ya \*scream\* was stunned by the verdict  
I'm a free man, kill your free lance for only three grand  
Makin an examp for my other workers and cut off each hand  
You greedy mothafuckas I'll see you in hell  
Jealous niggas wanna see me in jail fiendin to tell