

# Payin' Dues

## Terror Squad

Holy Christ, I leave rappers' souls as cold as ice  
I'm like a poltergeist when I strike, turnin men to mice  
Breakin the law, city urban tower without a four  
Bringin the raw homicidal lyrics that clear the floor  
Niggas thought they seen the last of this  
Project poet assassinist  
Whose status is never havin to clappin clips  
Have to black-on-black some shit, attractive accent  
Life luxury crackin it  
Runnin with drugs and dealers  
Thugs and killers, slugs in villas  
Black gorillas and million dollar billers  
Microphone nemesis, murder affiliate  
Lyricists get dissed, dismissed, thrown off the premises  
Poetically mugged, pedigree's incredibly  
Movin steadily, thoroughly  
Clippin you somethin terribly  
Keith Nut, one of the last to go  
One of the last to flow  
One of the last niggas to blow

Now who them niggas that be breakin rules? (T Squad)  
Now who them niggas that be payin dues? (Keith Nut)  
Now who them niggas that be roamin the town  
Blowin a pound, since day one holdin it down  
Now who them niggas that be breakin rules? (T Squad)  
Now who them niggas that be payin dues? ('Geaddon)  
Now who them niggas that be roamin the town  
Blowin a pound, since day one holdin it down

I'm here to reclaim my respect  
Reppin the set that be bangin my chest  
T.S., the God's medaillon, tombstone and begets  
Alone and wet I blow my own Tec  
Ever had beef with 'Geadd and hold no regrets  
Then you was no threath  
I go to Death blessed with God's heed  
And drop a gem on your melon so hard it make you knock-knee  
And my plot's greed, my theme's murder  
My climax is when the heat from the burner  
Blast me the wings to go further  
Nigga, the century's turnin and I went out of patience  
You think you hard, that .44 blast, it clouds your concentration  
Again, think about it, before my gun hollers  
And kill everything around em even if you bought the album  
Enforce the power with guns, dollars and politics  
Start a baby apocalypse when my .44 spit  
Pops in and out your skin, breakin through sound and wind  
Piercin the meat and back out again

Next nigga treason's gonna meet the demons  
Left for his mama grievin  
When I squeeze the Desert Eag' and cease his breathin  
Wreck your set, make the average rapper wish for death  
Clap him at the chest, bless him with the Wesson, hope you got your vest  
Keith's the last to test, the last to gasp for breath  
Send you on a crash course to death when I blast the Tec

Terror faculty known for fillin cavities gradually  
Stackin g's, sippin D'Acquerys, livin happily rapidly  
I don't give a fuck, all I could do with my life was pitch my luck  
Act sheist when they look at us, that's the price when you cruise a truck  
And I'd advise you to analyze us, find out who you can trust  
Rival me plus memorize the eyes of the dudes you bust  
You never know when it's over, rise up out of the tomb and dust  
The movin slug was smoothly touched before you recognized who he was  
And I recognize for doin the shit that stupid does  
My cats gon' shoot them slug, send them things right through yo mug