

# Triple Threat

## Terror Squad

Yeah

Fuck ya want from me  
See I love my thugs but I'm a terrorist nigga  
And Imma terrorize ya ass till gone for miles pana  
What, bitch ass nigga

I jeopardize this rap shit and blast ya ass to prove a point  
I got thug nigguz that don't even rap callin' to do joints  
Frontin' off the strength and you the weak link in the click  
It's obvious you pussy I could see the pink in the clit  
I seen the chip and my clip of my daily desert eagle  
Forty four metal with heat'll, open ya belly like it's legal  
Push you back a few feet, send you sailin' like a seagull  
When we clash in the street, why was you bailin' if you evil  
(You ain't evil)

Talkin' 'bout somebody tryin' to playa hate you  
Actually I like you but fuck wit my squad the German A.K.'ll hit you  
Ever seen what them things could do to  
Cut your legs, remove your from your hip down to ya tims  
I'm like the limit on ya life, the demon on ya light  
That figure in the dark that takes ya heart in the mid of night  
This ain't a joke 'cuz ain't nuttin' comical how my laser scope  
Aim at ya dome could erase the features off ya facial bones

I'm like a Triple Threat  
Double dare you to try to rip my neck  
The way you click spit techs will leave you wet from dick to neck  
I know you ain't forget the way you squad niggaz rep  
Comin' at me from the sideline like you intend to step

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Fuck the battlin', it's World War four, I mean the red form  
No need to crowd, the name is aroused up in the dead zone  
New World Order, I only flow wit the real horror  
Chrome C4 to ya door and Pearl Harbor  
We can bring it back, gats on the holsters of mini macs  
Gats on the holsters strapped to the shoulders of maniacs  
Where we at the projects, why don't you get the closet  
Ahh, shit killa clacks, could've brought back ya prostate

Buyacka got bullets big enough to move ya car  
Land cruisers 18 wheelers we do it tied  
Just let it happen, I prefer violence instead of rappin'  
Fuckin' wit this Latin assassin, better get ya head examined  
My shit be slammin' like Onyx and Wrestle Mania  
You really want it, you philly blounted in Pennsylvania  
I'm aimin' the mac right at ya hat, better watch ya back black  
I ain't sayin' you wack but you's a copy cat

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Yo, now who the fuck wanna battle this  
You garbage pail rappers would get ya cabbage split  
Got a habit of brandin' ammitur nigguz like cattle hips  
So watch ya lips 'cuz what you fuckin' is hazardous  
Shut up and catch a clip, I roll wit more dogz than St. Lazorous  
What happened is ya raps ain't accurate, you claim you packin' it  
But when the action hits you rather switch into a faggot bitch  
I'm hardcore, it's not my fault ya softer than cardboard  
Ya started to battle so I'mma turn into the God four

Switch to southpaw like De La Hoya golden boy  
I put it on you polaroid finish, left you as red as Sonya  
I been a soulja all my life, fought for stripes all most saw the light  
Talk to Christ, he told me that my songs so nice  
And for the right price I might just body you  
Chop ya ass into particles and read about you in newspaper articles  
I'm sick and tired talkin' shit, got beef wit me then so be it  
I'll rush you like the Soviet Union and leave you soakin' wet

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