

# Shabazz The Disciple, Terror In The City

"You know, you done real good, not to say anything to the man."

(Chorus: Shabazz The Disciple)

Boyakah! Boyakah!  
I leave your brains on the fuckin curb  
I'm causing terror in the city  
Boyakah! Boyakah!  
I leave your brains on the fuckin curb  
I'm causing terror in the city

(Shabazz The Disciple)

Sending niggaz to the Pearly Gates  
I'm psyched out, I got screws lose like Norman Bates  
Shoot shit up like it's a gallery  
Blowing snakes heads off just to earn me a salary  
Devils choke from the gun smoke  
Once I'm prevoked, I shove a fifth long down your throat  
And let you taste the steel  
Another body unidentified, shipped from the pot of spill  
Your punk-ass'll get out dramaed  
I'm swelling devils melons up for my man Ford Mohammed  
Get a crew and try to surround me  
And one by one, I light y'all up and send your asses to King's County

(Chorus)

(Shabazz The Disciple)

Sort of a remorse supplier  
You want a nigga banked? Fuck Spencer, 'bazz for hire  
Murder is my desire, and if you think I'm a liar  
I'll send your ass to Hell's fire  
Chop down MC's like trees  
Possessed by my knowledge of thirty-two degrees  
I'm a lord of son, not a mason, mars son  
You better take precautions when I step into the Diamond swarming  
And come equipped or your shit'll get ripped  
And stay the fuck out of my face with all that Adam and Eve shit  
I know you're wondering why I'm flipping  
Cuz I got beef with the devil and you fit the description

(Chorus)

(Shabazz The Disciple)

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(Chorus x2)

(Shabazz The Disciple)

Putting niggaz in wheelchairs, laying up with a shitty  
Try to react, I'll blow your chest out your back  
Finish you off with a slug to your hat  
I know you're wondering why I'm flipping  
Cuz I got beef with the devil and you fit the description

