

# Terror Squad, Terror Era

[Intro - guy talking]

Aiyyo Joe man whats good man  
Aiyyo I hear niggaz poppin shit  
They runnin off to the Jakes man  
They talkin like you ain't hood nigga  
What's really gangsta nigga  
What up what's poppin man  
Aiyyo fuck these niggaz man  
Let these niggaz do 88

[Fat Joe]

(yeah uh what uh yo yo)  
Migga tryin to change the Ragine, I won't have that  
Step in the club in Manhat at  
And it feel like sat down, Jose the flow is cocaine  
Niggaz even got the nerve tryin to clone the name  
It's the kid wit a thousand aliases, the hood knows  
Shit nowadays got niggaz callin me cooked coke  
I rise to the to the top and I lay it down quite flat  
You can battle me up and get your money right back  
Crack niggaz clap niggaz wit the fo' kid  
The newspaper shit  
Known for crackin niggaz jaws  
And I don't go to court, I talk wit the hawk  
Have a forensics specialist outline your corks  
About time we fought man  
I'm tired of this rumor shit, ya whole life's a lie  
Let you slide but you ruin it, we the guys doin it  
You only pretend  
Shoot the place to merk off in my loyalty rims  
Nigga what

[guy talking]

Yeah yeah thats whats up my nigga  
I see these niggaz ain't fuckin wit you though  
But what's up wit these niggaz though man  
these niggaz is ridin around in fuckin benzes and shit  
Bentleys & all that sittin on yachts  
Yea man show these niggaz what your 1's like man  
What's up

[Fat Joe]

I gets duece 5 a show, do 5 a week  
Let y'all do the math, that's aight for me  
Shit never claim to be the richest but the truth is  
Livest nigga you've ever seen in show biz  
And you know this, notice the dime is poppin  
Hold the masterpiece watch the Don be coppin  
I'm like Gunny from Dead Pres'  
Put the gun in your mouth and tell you how lucky you are to break bread  
I'm tired of sonnin niggaz that don't believe us  
I'm at ya life savers alone wit my sneakers  
I went from humble beginners to ownin the Jimmy's  
Fuckin wit women that only want me for winnin  
Only for homey sittin, scuse me but don't be shittin  
I'm only bonin the bitch is if y'all could be gettin  
nigga what!!

[guy talking]

Yeah that's what's up Crack  
But what's up wit that bitch when she gonna drop yo  
What's up wit Remy man  
Where that bitch at man  
Yeah man

Everytime I look around man I don't see no Remy man  
Niggaz in the hood want you to call this bitch out man  
What's up man

[Remy Martin]

Yo I don't give a fuck  
I don't play that shit  
and I feel to bust a cap on a nigga  
I run up wit a gat on a nigga  
cock back on a nigga  
Like Rem's that bitch and Crack's that nigga  
For every word I spit I get ass cat figures  
So fuck ass clappin, I'll clap yo ass nigga  
And chick is so funny cause I gets gully  
Rocks throwbacks and fitteds nigga, hoodies and skullies  
Am I fist is a pack on my wrist is a Jacob  
And I gotta a " and I don't mean make up  
Sellin pies on da block like, I sell aranathum  
Do you want it raw? Or do want me to bake em?  
Get the bag it cut it shop it fuck it it's mothin  
Got the product the power and the will to do the hustle  
Shit it's sicker than vomit, I swear to God it's disgustin  
Hot an' fresh out the kitchen so these bitches can't touch it  
You gotta love it I'm buggin word to my cousin Tequila  
Slap the shit outta any bitch interferin wit my scrilla  
See a nigga he can get it too, fuck what your dick a do  
Even if I stuttered I will still "shi shi shit on you"  
My nigga L.V.