

## **Terror Squad F/ Big Punisher**

### **"Slap Somebody"**

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Intro:

I need a blunt fore I slap the shit out somebody  
Uhh come on, get it up y'all  
Uhh come on, come on, come on, come on  
come on get it up y'all  
Uhh yeah yeah uhh  
I know y'all like this one  
Uhh, uhh, yeah, yeah, uhh come on

Yo, y'all niggas will never see my level  
Raps so hot I slapbox with the devil  
Tap a jaw, slap a bitch, do what I like  
Gotta sociology of money like Reverend Ike  
Yo here's a rapper fiction, get out the jurisdiction  
before I hit that ass with a cross-addiction crucifixion  
Editorial newsflash  
Extra extra, let this blast wit your stank ass  
Face the ultimate challenge, style's gotta lotta mileage  
Come to violence, leave in silence  
This beat's a beat so come on take a swim  
If C's can't float don't worry about them  
I'ma duke like Patty, ritz like Matty  
Slick like a khaki, but not your baby daddy  
Girls I got em locked, flavors come assorted  
So pop that coochie girl like you're double-jointed,  
come on

Chorus:

This is for my thugs in the clubs and the hotties in the  
party  
who need a drink before you - SLAP SOMEBODY  
All my cats on the corner who's packin a shotty  
who need a blunt before you - SLAP SOMEBODY  
Rewind this jam and let it rock the party  
before, I - SLAP SOMEBODY  
I speak with more technique, than karate  
cos, I, will - SLAP SOMEBODY

Aiyo, strictly from the street that's why I get love

Erick darin niggas out in the back of the club  
With the mic in my hand, just got paid  
Take you suckers out til I get on stage  
When the girls see my face and they all get excited  
Thugs in the front row bout to start a riot  
Too loud to be quiet, too wired to be tired  
Yo E, crank this shit up and get it started  
Get the crowd funky like the whole place parted  
MC's rest in peace like dearly departed  
Then it's all in together now, let me show you how  
I do it rock 'n' roll style, then dive in the crowd  
Murray ain't your average MC, I gotta lotta fame  
but don't act conceited when you see me on the street  
I hang with the rich, keep it real with the poor  
Kick hard metaphor, cos that's what I'm here for  
Catch me east of the sun or west of the moon  
Lookin butta fly like a caterpillar just cocooned  
Smooth like Thug Passion over-the-rocks  
So sporty they need to put me on a Wheaties box

#### Chorus

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today  
In a special way to play on, baby play  
The way you shake that ass girl is something drastic  
FABULOUS, and, fantastic  
Fly like a B-52 hotstepper  
Got latinos yellin "WEUPA!!!"  
Ese loco, dolli toto  
Beseve culo, papi chulo  
Whatever, the more the merrier, the longer the weed  
the scarier  
My Squad is Def and we ain't hearin ya  
Beat eaters think quick with the speed of a cheetah  
Stripped down to my wife beater  
Baby doll, shake what you got  
I'm not a player hater, I just diss a lot  
And don't slam the doors of da Mazzerati  
because, I, will, slap somebody

#### Chorus

#### Outro:

Bring me up somethin nice cold to drink in this bitch  
before, I - SLAP SOMEBODY  
Fix me somethin hot to eat before I have to go out-  
side, and - SLAP SOMEBODY  
Throw your hands in the air from side-to-side  
before, I - SLAP SOMEBODY  
Doo, doo, slap slap

I, will slap - SLAP SOMEBODY  
Slap me and I'ma slap you back.....

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