

Terrorists

"Bodies still drop"

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featuring Aftamath, Point Blank

[Aftamath]

Back in '87 started slanging in the hood

Sworn to the clique, now I'm in it for good

Me and Dope, brothas hustling all the time

Steve getting his, big rob, I'm getting mine

Fools outta line, heard a blast from a steel

Triggers slapping fools and popping devils in the dome

3, 5, 4, here it comes, here it comes

I'm coming outta trunk to pull a gat on you, son

Managed to 27 and my life is still the same

Father to an offspring, dodging them coke friends

Spent 3 months in a place like Sing-Sing

Now I'm hitting top, jacking fake cops

That's the reason why, you know, them devils still drop

La Cosa Nostra, a mafioso

I'm riding at night, fool, for sleep behind a low

Devils run too, we get popped

Dodies still drop...

Bodies still drop, they drop, they drop...

Bodies still drop, they drop, they drop...

Bodies still drop, they drop, they drop...

Bodies still drop, they drop, they drop...

Cause, you see, bodies in the ground

brothas still slaves...

Black on black crimes, we digging our own graves...

Cause, you see, bodies in the ground

brothas still slaves...

Black on black crimes, we digging our own graves...

[Point Blank]

Yeah, fool, I'm back again committing a sin with the pen

Full of that gin and juice, uuuh, and that's on the fen

Bought none in 9-trizey

So say what ya mean, fool, and mean what you say

Dissing my hood could be tragic

So keep South Park out your mouth, I ain't having it

Yeah, I'm from middle north and in north they don't play

You get your ass knocked off

for wearing your hat the wrong way

Point Blank is in the house so give me my props

Before I start blowing tops with Glockes

Punks take my name and put a '10' in front of it

They bittidy bittidy bit diss me

but I ain't supposed to say that

But on the real, take notes what I'm saying, gee

On the streets you can't take my props away from me

So when you not on a radio from 6 to 10

I put some working on your ass and that's on the fen

Cause talking crap for 4 hours is not a carieer

Like Jimmy O you be burning down clubs next year

So when it all hit the fan you go waxed off

Step in to my hood and get packed off

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[Dope-E]

The South Park streets, that's where the Dope-E be dwelling

So I let my nuts hang, peep the story that I'm telling

The rap game is just like the dope game

I show no pain and the darkside I blame

Flames heat up from my heater, main

Oooh ueee, I'm trying to show you that I'm a real main

So don't test me cause I already know the answers
Suckers couldn't rap, maybe they can be my dancers
Anything goes and it goes where I'm from
I never feel sorry for you fools coming to get some
Get some, meaning yours is not mine cause mine is mine
I'm packing a 9 and I ain't blind
And you try to understand these street rhymes battles
Slipping into quick diss
Step into the war zone, it's on, there ain't no neutral zone
Stand your own and cover your dome, prone...
But not to bad dreams, evil like steam and it seems...
You wanna try the double team
Get in your car, think again, take a long ride
Avoid the homicide, don't come to Park side...
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