

## **The Terrorists**

### **"Fuck The Media"**

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featuring Bushwick Bill

[Dope-E]

Yeah, getting ready to slash to media...

You see, what you need to do is start jocking the right information...

Fuck the media coming straight from The Terrorists crew

I don't love none of ya'll hoes so fuck you

You never understand the things I write

Until you spend a night in the South Park twilight

I'm steadily trying to reach my black folks

But all you wanna see is a nigga with black locs

And you be knowing what the fuck we be saying

And you know damn well we ain't playing

Now, as simple as that, stop spreading lies

Before I place M-60 right between your eyes (Yaips!)

Cause now ya'll got me mad as hell

And all you jealous pens' writing tattle tales

But I don't give a fuck about your ass

See, ya'll just mad a nigga rolling in cold cash

I'm down with Rap-A-Lot, now I got a lot

And I'll be damned to let you fuck over what I got

I kick that knowledge on a roughest tip

Call Egypt soft, you be bloody with a busted lip

All because I rap with a slang and hang...

With the South Park Coaliton game

Together forever, hard niggas real tight

Everybody strapped with them 9's and we will fight

Crashing bodies and throwin'em in the trash

Grab their pens and pads and shove it up their ass

Fuck the media...

[Bushwick Bill]

Fuck them mothafuckas, Dope-E...

(Fuck them mothafuckas, Dope-E, cause I don't love'em...)

Me and Dope-E are the world's first fully functional homicide agency...

(Them mothafuckas come on TV fucking with you, man...)

You don't really wanna fuck with me...

(Nothing but lies fucking us...)

Wait till they get a load of us...

(Wait till they get a load of me...)

[Dope-E]

You ask why I rap about violence and not peace

Hoe, get out my face before I burn you with some hot grease

Yeah, Dope-E know the game cause I'm down

See, everything I tell you now later it'll be changed around

Now, why you wanna start some static...

With The Terrorists knowing damn well we cause tragic

Fatal disastors, you betta run and hide

Cause I play Quincy and inject you with some syanide

Catch somebody else, one by one, that oughta get'em

If not I'm forced to use another form of terrorism

Either I'm violent or silent, bodies still drop

Johnny lost steps up, no sweat, Nip kills cops

See, what you failed to understand I'm a black poet

A brainchild of this society so blow it out your asshole

Cause I write what I see...

In the streets of Houston and on the screens of the TV

And that's the way it is and that's the way it gonna be

And keep your distance and your hands off me

When I'm in concert give me some clearance

Remember, fatal mishaps happen when there  
interference

Fuck the media...

[Bushwick Bill]

I likes the way it sounds...Hah hah haaa...

(Fuck them mothafuckas...)

But yo, dig this, man...

(God damn them sons of bitches...)

Them mothafuckas ain't never been where we been...

(Do they know who they fucking with?)

They never seen what we have seen...

(Don't they know I'm their worst nightmare?)

Yeah, I tried to kill myself and got shot in a eye...

(I'm a type of mothafucka you think you see but I'm not really there...)

And then the media wanna ask me why?

(But all my thoughts are clear...)

What if I would put you under the same pressures you put me under?

(I live off fear...)

How would you like the microscope to be on your ass?

(All I wanna do is suck his blood dry and smoke some fry...)

Don't you know that the ghetto's nothing but a modern day Vietnam?

(And your mama wanna ask why? Hah hah haaaa...)

And my backyard is a concentration camp...

(Man, fuck them, man...)

And you wonder why I smoke amp...

(You like to report shit?)

Because you mothafuckas put it in my neighborhood

cause you always up to no good...

(Report to get my mothafucking fist out of your mother's forehead...)

But fuck you...Fuck the goverment...Fuck everything you stand for..

(Cause I know half of my body is Chuckie

and the other half is Bushwick...)

Cause you say that way...All the same, all created equal...

(And fucking over media ain't nothing but child's play...)

Only thing that's equal is a fact

that you're white and know how to add up...Hah haa...

(Fuck media with that Tell-Lie-Vision...)

And some drag to my black ass from what's rightfully mines...

(I already know you telling lies to my vision...)

It's ok...It all don't have to make sense...

(And Dope-E is ready to light some true facts...)

See, cause I already know that I'm not all together there...

(And you are just straight up full of shit...)

But your psychiatrist put me there...

(Weather reporters...)

But fuck'em...Fuck them all...

(We be out there on the streets...We are in the middle of a war zone...)

All I need is more knowledge, more wisdom and more understanding...

(Ya'll sit back behind your desk...)

So I can see even clearer...

(And send some other sucker to tell you some shit that ain't even true...)

And fuck over your bitch ass...

(But if you keep fucking with me you gonna know what is what...)

Yai-yai-yaiks on your bitch ass

