

## Fat Amy

# "Thicker Than Blood"

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(feat. Terror Squad)

[Fat Joe]

I don't give a fuck about you duke  
The truth is you be talkin shit with no proof  
Still pussy after all that loot  
Smack you right in front of your troops  
You know how we do, pakinamac in the back of the  
coup  
You loose, that's why you gon get it  
Me and my squad is known to set it  
Front guard and get ahead of this  
It's pathematic how you run the streets  
I bring guns to beef, while you send your son to speech  
We a hundred deep and stay bustin the heat  
Puttin niggas to sleep, in six feet sweaps  
Joe the Don, ready for war when it's on  
Come on, tell me who can hold it down this long  
I'm strong that my name will live on when I'm gone  
Word bond, I conquer shit like Genghis Khan  
You been warned by the Terror Squadrans, ghetto  
sergeant  
Next time I see that ass in carter the'll be no pardon

Chorus 2X: Armageddon

Terror Squad pop, ain't nothin thicker than blood  
I swear to God all my thugs die quicker than love  
But life flex again, I'll be back livin it up  
And If drop, you don't stop, keep lickin ya slugs

[Prospect]

Aiyo, it started off since 1979  
A young nigga that was born and destined to shine  
I've been thru ups and downs, cash tellin cracks  
Bustin rounds, I saw buyers get hit up in crossfires  
Bosses retire, expired by hitmans for hire  
Wines strictly for bitches, suckin dicks to get higher  
In this world the more that you lust  
Fake ones that do fake shit, only a dummy you trust  
How can I have love walkin on this earth with dust  
Hence the birth it was bug, I fiend search for the drugs

And being punched supply the guns, when we curse  
you with slugs  
But fuck it, everything ain't goin to work for you cuz  
I got to make these pesos in case lobes, niggas ya  
make fold  
Like envelopes and take notes  
Had an ash runnin the dash like JJ Stokes  
When the gun smoke, I quote another Murder He Wrote  
It's thug emotions that I'm lettin off my chest  
Turn of the leader, tress and jess be the best like T.S.  
I'm in for life, ready to fight, my twins is hype  
Better get it right, or get dented on sight

Chorus 2X

[Armageddon]

I'm just tryin to figure what right,  
kinda hard to pull a trigger polite  
Scriptures of right can't discribe how I'm sick in this life  
Pick up a mic and end it all in a session  
Blow my brains out, and let the kid sour the rezin  
I told ya niggas my brain was way above ya heads  
Niggas be slumpin dead, so snappin they spines  
Tryin to see what I fed, peep what I read in the eyes of  
my rival  
It might surprise, but jealousy sometimes is the only  
way for survival  
Don't get me wrong, I'm still a piece of shit  
Street fires increased a bit, I might body a nigga for at  
least a nick  
Quipin the forty power, 24 hours of Armageddon  
The fly terrorist, chapter of sporty cowards  
Holy sours, clense my sins thru repentence  
A center of attention when the name of my enemy is  
mentioned  
A nigga inchin, must be but stinkin how my squad run  
Cuz I ain't dyin till my fam straight, sware on my  
godson

Chorus 2X

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