

## Fat Joe "Terror Squadians"

Visit "[Terror Squadians](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[fat joe]

Terror squad. ungh. now why you wanna go and fuck  
with them? platinum  
Status, motherfuckers. eat a dick!

Now who's the underrated pro, they scared to play on  
the radio?  
Who lives the lyrics, all my real niggas already know  
Flow for flow, no crew can step to us  
And blow for blow, I'm pretty sure that you heard the  
rumors  
I give tumors to niggas and comas to bitches  
No one's against us, roll with the riches  
And float with the fishes  
The revolution has started that's why I'm undercarded  
My squad will turn to the most feared into the dearly  
departed  
As hard as they come, they all fall like the great wall  
Make no mistake, I take you straight to the state  
morgue  
Swarmin informers like cops at drug corners  
Feds got the bugs on us, tryin to lay the law on us  
They want us in jails, with bails too high to bond, but  
am I the don?  
Shit, I'll be out by the morn', word bond  
My game is on lock, till you bawl cop  
And it's never ever gonna stop

[prospect]

Yo, yo, I play the game with caution  
Sun changes, gave power creative activities  
Bring fame and fortune  
Why can't you live this? all day hands on bitches  
With financial ventures, enhance the riches  
Gotta hold the cake, my grandmoms had dreams  
But it seems I couldn't graduate or go to drake  
It hurts at nights I gots to reimburse the vice  
Niggaz is worse than shiest for the merchandise  
My words precise, cause if not I wouldn't speak it  
I rock shit everyday of the week, especially the  
weekends

Outside, these pretty clothes I live, but with the titty-ho  
Knock a nigga out, for the shit he stole  
We already degraded, me and my family the most  
hated  
Bitch were barely both made it  
See the thinly related, to everything in the street  
I'm sellin coke, crack, and dope, plus swingin the heat

Chorus: triple seis

We got drug dealers and bug niggas, who love killin  
Slugs killin, ya touch feelin, just for the thrillin  
We bust feelins, dump bodies in crushed buildings  
Terror squad's everywhere, it's just us illin  
I thought you knew you had...  
Drug dealers and bug niggas, who love killin  
Slugs killin, ya touch feelin, just for the thrillin  
We bust feelins, dump bodies in crushed buildings  
Terror squad's everywhere, it's just us illin  
(and it don't stop!)

[cuban link]

I got rubies on my uzi's and gems on my mack 10's  
Diamonds on my nines and golden bullets just to match  
them  
Platinum magnums with silver clips, real begets  
Shit, I'm gonna milk this bitch till I'm filthy rich

Filled with chips from the floor to the ceiling  
Just flossin and chillin in a porsche full-a-women  
I'm one in a million, get on the deal already  
My skills are sharper than a steel maschetti  
Realer than the military  
Killin every track I'm on, link and joey crack the don  
Flippin in my cuban caddy, wit the hazards on

[triple seis]

So, come on if you gon' ride with us, live niggas  
Hop with us, quick to try to triple five figures

[big punisher]

Your style is unoffic', niggaz like you stay on my  
wanted list  
Pun and prince, we're walkin on kings, like a son-of-a-  
bitch  
Fuckin with this is hazardous to amateur battlers  
Average niggas get lost in the course of  
embarassment  
Of course you don't have a chance, I'm the boss in your  
emminence  
Get tossed in the ambulance with the force of an

avalanche  
I'll torture your fragile ass with rhetorical paragraphs  
For all of you that'll laugh at a historical aftermath!  
I come equipped, my tongue and lips are like a  
hundred clips  
Look behind you, I'll blind you like when the sun eclipse  
Ain't no second chances, I glance at niggas  
Make em wet they pants  
The chances are slim if twinz done swing the rest of the  
ransome  
The best and the champion, that means I'm far beyond  
Dionne read my palm, told me to get on and put my  
army on  
Come along, follow the don, my motto and song  
Live for tomorrow, cause today's almost already gone  
Lets get on, split your belly with the maschetti, long  
Tears your arms of your shoulders, and tell you to,  
hold on  
I know it's wrong, but it feels so right  
I used to bust steel all night, but now I gotta deal,  
alright

Chorus \*2x\*

[armageddon]  
Fuck a toe to toe, give me a forty-four and a foe to blow  
To make it more dramatic, I quote jehovah holding the  
scroll  
Open your skull, show you shit you ain't supposed to  
know  
Break the world in half and spit the ocean from coast to  
coast  
(just to let you know) that I'm zone coasted  
And play the visuals from the top of my verse back in  
slow-motion  
Assassinate the pope with no emotions  
So why should I hesitate to crush a campaign like I  
wasn't votin?  
My brain floatin away, above you niggas like I make  
time pause  
Checkin my rollie watch my diamond roman digits  
Golden riches, better hold em bitches  
Cause we robbin niggas way before  
The translation of holy scriptures  
I was armageddon before the motion picture  
The last nigga to drop his verse and have the globe  
shiftin  
My squad's hard and far from puritans  
Robbin and killin men like we proud to be americans

Chorus

Visit [Fat Joe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.