

Funkmaster Flex

"Freestyle - Big Pun, Fat Joe, Terror Squad"

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[Big Punisher]

It's my life, my money, my world, my girls
TS electrify the sky like the Third Rail
Want me to fail cause you on my dick
But as long as every song is rip, you can't tell me shit

[Armageddon]

It's my life, it's my world, my prerogative
To push things and chase girls that dress provocative
Terror Squad rock ice wider than Yugoslavians
Run up in your building, bust locks, and blow the lobby
in
Blazin since the sample dropped, never will the
glamour stop
Claimin that your vandle, when you seein Roman
Candles pop
Turnin hands to glocks, blow you back to your essence
I go back in time, stop your ass back to the present
Packin a Wessun, actin, no blessin, Terror Squad
shatter your presence
We handle our blessings, these players where the
battles is stressin
Took this rap game over then mastered it
Blast my shit, this song change shitty records that after
it

[Big Punisher]

Yo, yo, yo, don't make my have to pull your
motherfuckin car
With a ? I'm killin like Chicci from Southern Boulevard
I'm hardcore, thug blood, raw, pass it off
Laugh it off, I crush your jaw cause thats the law
Hack off your skull, I'm stackin heads like Totem polls
Blow a hole in your throat and throw you from here to ?
Fordham? Road
Blow for blow, I'm Toe to Toe with the toughest
Run the rukkus through the roughest motherfuckers
Somethin illustrious, my crew's accustom to bustin ass
Crushin glass in nigga's faces, leavin traces of red out
this bloody bath

I want the cash off the ?jetta? I got to blast a pit off
At any bit off tryin to laugh at the brittles
You Ain't A Killer for the Terror Squadron
You feel the fear of God when I steal your car and
flatten your beer garden
I'll pierce an organ if your startin trouble, spark a lot
above you
And watch it blossom like a flower throughout the
burrough
No doubt I'm thorough, with the periscope
Rifle as a lyrical, cipher that'll tear the whole bible out
Don't swear to know, idols or titles, all I request
Best rapper known yet, Big Pun'll chaperone your death

[Fat Joe]

You better slide or catch this homicide
Ain't no match for Joey Crack, I'm blowin backs out the
other side
Brothers died and mother cried at wakes, these are the
brakes
Curtis blow you head like jake (like jake)
So take heed and read between the lines, ain't no
cheatin mines
Player haters never wanna see my shine
Up in a Ranger in a Lex Coupe, rockin a fresh suit with
dress shoes
On my way to ?less fools?
Less choose the life we rather live, on the streets
stabbin kids
Or live in mass, suite and lavish cribs
Fix marriages for my kids, six karats on my whiz
Exotic toke' and karats on my wrist
It ain't shit for for sex, money, and drugs
True thugs with slugs and wrap bodies in rugs
What the FUCK Joe Crack? Twist your cap back
Leave your heart rate flat one Terror Squad attacks

[Cuban Link]

Yeah, I got your back, Twin, packin a Mac when I'm
attackin
Even if its one against ten, count me in, till the end
Cause for my men I'm going all out, just call out
My name when you need, I make a nigga brain fall out
Nuff love for my blood-brothers, some rough
motherfuckers
Who bust slugs, that's why I put em above others
Cause some niggas ain't real, they talk mad shit
Then when its time to flip, they hit the tracks to fit

[Big Punisher]

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