

George Clinton

"In For Life"

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[Big Punisher]

Don't even move a muscle
Clap at ya feet, blast ya boot buckle
Cowboy style, dance bitch, do the hustle
Let me see you sweat, follow the leader through the
streets of death
Piece the bits together till you come up wit at least a
brick
Then we can flip that, sip Henny and kick back
Chit-chat real quick, how we gon' split that
I suggest that we bubble it all
Cop a bundle of raw, start small, see if we can double
the score
I stumble across my share of obsacles
Staring death dead in the opticals
Cuz I'm never scared of the impossible
Ask the rasta dudes if our gonga ain't the tightest
Ask the pasta dudes if our china ain't the whitest
and none of my prostitutes vaginas got the virus
If you see one in the hospital you could bet it was
violence
That's the science, my alliance is Terror Squad
If there's a god, show me sign so I can share my scars

Chorus [Prospect]

We in for life, ready to fight, my twins is hype
Better get it right or get deaded on sight
So take flight, make one mistake and pay twice
Cuz shit is trife, lose your life just tryin to break night
We in for life, under the lights but I'm outta sight
When I write sometimes I wonder if it's outta spite
I like livin on the edge, sippin strippers at the wedge
Sharin spritsers, gettin head, it's the life we live

[Triple Seis]

Play the corners at night, away from the fortunate lifes
For the gunplay, thugs auction the heist
Slugs put you in a coffin for life
It's bug how they put you on ice
For the love, the money ain't right
Haters'll grudge, pay you like a mummy at night

Stiff as a dick, told you when to quit from this shit
Got hit, cuz you was quick to split loot wit ya bitch
Get a coupe and a six, but never troop in the mix
It seems foul, ? niggas while the cream pile
Didn't give a fuck, talkin tough "Look at me now"
Shockin the world, should've been on top of your girl
She gon' do you in, turn around and rock your world
For petty dough, niggas on the streets already know
You about to go, movin on your block just to stop the
flow
We about to blow, step up in rank
Step off the bank, niggas done fucked up to think

Chorus

[Prospect]

Aiyyo I hold the pain, like my body was numb wit
novacaine
No one can fold the name, Terror Squad a soldier
game
Already know the game, Prospect the quote of fame
Touch up a older dame, and confirm the motor train
My vocals'll slow your brain
I'm comin at you like a boa-crane
Even through the cold and rain, I penetrate through all
weather
Eliminate who you call better
It's all "shut up shut up", I'll leave your car wet up

[Cuban Link]

Set it off, we all together, gettin cheddar livin better
Sippin amarettos, whippin the Vette instead of a Jetta
Dead up, never let up bet up, we settle vendettas
Ghetto dwellers, y'all better duck when I let off the
beretta
Hit em up, yet I'm the terror that America wants dead
A blunt head turnin punks red when I pump lead
I stomp a hole through your chest
Grab your soul, mold ya flesh
Hold ya breath cuz your next stop is death

Chorus

[Fat Joe]

Yeah yeah, we in for mothafuckin like, ya heard me?
See you niggas creepin over there
Thinkin y'all niggas could cut corners, get around
Nigga this is the mothafuckin T-Squaders
We will BUY YOU mothafuckas, simple as that
So-called mothafuckin rap killas, rap pimps
Niggas is BITCHES to me, simple as that

Mothafuckin Terror Squad
Since the mothafuckin early 80's until
WHAT! You better ask somebody
This the real shit here, NO ONE REALER!!

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