

George Clinton

"Terror Era"

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[Intro - guy talking]

Aiyyo Joe man whats good man
Aiyyo I hear niggaz poppin shit
They runnin off to the Jakes man
They talkin like you ain't hood nigga
What's really gangsta nigga
What up what's poppin man
Aiyyo fuck these niggaz man
Let these niggaz do 88

[Fat Joe]

(yeah uh what uh yo yo)
Migga tryin to change the Ragine, I won't have that
Step in the club in Manhat at
And it feel like sat down, Jose the flow is cocaine
Niggaz even got the nerve tryin to clone the name
It's the kid wit a thousand aliases, the hood knows
Shit nowadays got niggaz callin me cooked coke
I rise to the to the top and I lay it down quite flat
You can battle me up and get your money right back
Crack niggaz clap niggaz wit the fo' kid
The newspaper shit
Known for crackin niggaz jaws
And I don't go to court, I talk wit the hawk
Have a forensics specialist outline your corks
About time we fought man
I'm tired of this rumor shit, ya whole life's a lie
Let you slide but you ruin it, we the guys doin it
You only pretend
Shoot the place to merk off in my loyalty rims
Nigga what

[guy talking]

Yeah yeah thats whats up my nigga
I see these niggaz ain't fuckin wit you though
But what's up wit these niggaz though man
these niggaz is ridin around in fuckin benzes and shit
Bentleys & all that sittin on yachts
Yea man show these niggaz what your 1's like man
What's up

[Fat Joe]

I gets duece 5 a show, do 5 a week
Let y'all do the math, that's aight for me
Shit never claim to be the richest but the truth is
Livest nigga you've ever seen in show biz
And you know this, notice the dime is poppin
Hold the masterpiece watch the Don be coppin
I'm like Gunny from Dead Pres'
Put the gun in your mouth and tell you how lucky you
are to break bread
I'm tired of sonnin niggaz that don't believe us
I'm at ya life savers alone wit my sneakers
I went from humble beginners to ownin the Jimmy's
Fuckin wit women that only want me for winnin
Only for homey sittin, scuse me but don't be shittin
I'm only bonin the bitch is if y'all could be gettin
nigga what!!

[guy talking]

Yeah that's what's up Crack
But what's up wit that bitch when she gonna drop yo
What's up wit Remy man
Where that bitch at man
Yeah man
Everytime I look around man I don't see no Remy man
Niggaz in the hood want you to call this bitch out man
What's up man

[Remy Martin]

Yo I don't give a fuck
I don't play that shit
and I feel to bust a cap on a nigga
I run up wit a gat on a nigga
cock back on a nigga
Like Rem's that bitch and Crack's that nigga
For every word I spit I get ass cat figures
So fuck ass clappin, I'll clap yo ass nigga
And chick is so funny cause I gets gully
Rocks throwbacks and fitteds nigga, hoodies and
skullies
Am I fist is a pack on my wrist is a Jacob
And I gotta a "mac" and I don't mean make up
Sellin pies on da block like, I sell aranathum
Do you want it raw? Or do want me to bake em?
Get the bag it cut it shop it fuck it it's mothin
Got the product the power and the will to do the hustle
Shit it's sicker than vomit, I swear to God it's disgustin
Hot an' fresh out the kitchen so these bitches can't
touch it
You gotta love it I'm buggin word to my cousin Tequila
Slap the shit outta any bitch interferin wit my scrilla

See a nigga he can get it too, fuck what your dick a do
Even if I stuttered I will still "shi shi shit on you"
My nigga L.V.

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