

Jon Anderson & Vangelis**"Terrorist"**

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist, (RZA), {Killa Sin}]
Bobby (uh-huh, huh-huh), Now Y
Bobby, (duh-duh-duh), Killarm, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby
(Word up, Digital, Digital)
Terrorist shit, Terrorist shit, Digital, come and get
ahold of it
(ya gotta keep niggaz...tuned into the zone)
To the tune of the black knights, yo,
{Straight to the horn, Killarm, Killarm}

[P.R. Terrorist]
Contemplate on how to run this shit
Universally, forever blunted
Reflect shots off my forcefield, this shit will split your
nugget
Thoughts too rugged, extortioning CREAM from off the
budget
Refugees, all the Terrorist fans, they fuckin love it
Insurance can't cover it, your maximum is minimum
Niggaz, they tryin to dub it, yo
It's the hottest shit on the streets
Since summer '86, my prefix is like a remix
Throwing bricks, try and dub this shit, it's accurate
Come for your head, it's immaculate
Conception, when my weapon's busting
shots, niggaz try to discuss my business around the
neighborhood

[Doc Doom]
Yo, switchblade, grenade, rhyme flows
Buck niggaz like wild rhinos
Up in these killing fields you bound to die slow
Your style staggers like a drunken whino
That's why there's no hope to defeat a Black Knight
That's like tryin to walk a tight rope
Switchblade, grenade, rhyme flows
Buck niggaz like wild rhinos
Up in these killing fields you bound to die slow
Your style staggers like a drunken whino
That's why there's no hope to defeat a black knight
That's like tryin to walk a tight rope

with no feet, mercenary team, streets of concrete
Sasquatch, dump a nigga ass, so why try the
invisable, Dr. destructor
My lyrics bring war like Lebanon
our troupe's a Desert Storm, it be on son
Compton is the city where I come from
Act dumb if you want to, and catch a hot one
It's that real, knuckle up, lace your boots tight
Don't give a fuck 'cause every night is our night

[Killa Sin]

These rap icons, smash, spit fire out of cons
Fuck bigons, rely on islam in my python
Squeeze off, long fist, when I'm pissed
Result of this, gun powder cover my wrist
Blasphemous, how these fake fucks cursing my name
Knowing damn well, I'm hurting the same
What part of the game you playing? Kid, I'm sayin'
yo, three months ago you was on, falling short now
Chasing the Don, your money ain't long
Faggot fucks, bag 'em up, stick 'em in the back of my
truck
Strip 'em and smack 'em up for acting up
He slithering, hit him in the ribs again
Broke the code of honor that we living in
Could lead to the whole click dismemberin'
Never that, Killarm roll strong
Even though you gone, Wise, the crew will still hold on
I love you, in that dream you probably told me who
busted you
Should have paid attention but I slept
So for that I gotta dust two devils off
Headed off, all that, fucking blow trial style
Law and Order cat gotta Serve Justice, what
Fuck this shit, (Serve Justice)
Grab ya muskett and bust quick, word up

[Warcloud]

Let me touch this, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo..

{*this part is cut off on the US version*}

Thieves gather under red moonlight when doom
strikes
Leaving maroon sights in saloon fights and wound
lives
My harpoon's flight can't be recorded by human retinas
Bite me and you'll catch more shots to the stomach
then tetanus
I'm foaming at the mouth when I talk, King Holocaust
with a crooked walk

Whoever looking soft is getting taken off, shook and
lost, cracked in half
I take...ugh.. {*laughs*}

[P.R. Terrorist]

I take, I take all fake snakes, grab 'em, by they heads,
grab 'em
While they slither through the grass I'm in
I grab em up, squeeze them till they eyeballs POP!
Terrorist SHIT! When is that shit gonna stop?

[Outro: Killa Sin]

Never.. word up dunn
Stuck the heater up under the leather, hand sever
Fuck that shit, yo we come to..

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