

## Killer

### "'99 Live"

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Don't be scared of this  
(Terror Sqaud)  
Don't be scared of this  
(That's right, that's right)  
Prospecto  
Follow me here now

[ CHORUS ]

Throw your hands up  
My live niggas in the cut, put your triggers up  
If you got love say, "Nigga, nigga what"  
(Nigga what) Like you don't give a fuck  
Bitches playin niggas just to get a buck  
Get a buck (Yeah, we hit em up) (2x)

[ VERSE 1: Prospect ]

Yo, it's the P-r-o-s-p-e-c-t  
I'm a thug you can't ph.d. me  
Catch me in the back of the club switchin it up  
Type of nigga to get drunk and piss in your cup  
Listen up to what it is, know a lotta mamis lovin the triz  
And some, they tryin to pull it off right in front of the  
kids  
Before I think about coming to cribs  
I be lugging my glitz so big, on the waist it be rubbing  
my ribs  
It's very dangerous fuckin with this  
I been doublin chips holdin my own with the chrome  
double-grips  
Up in the mix, caught a couple of vics  
When I used to fight, but I ain't been scufflin since  
This is as tough as it gets, never leave nothin with  
prints  
Or you get blast and you're chopped up and stuffed in  
the fridge  
They not playin me, I perfected this game from A to Z  
The ones I don't know will need ropes to hands and  
knees

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2: Prospect ]

This shit'll never stop, as long as I live, I'ma forever  
rock

And stop niggas right where they standin when the  
baretta pop

My moms said I better not, but knew I had to  
I said, "I'm bustin mines, and ain't nobody movin at  
you"

She laughed too, like I was jokin, when I'm chrome-totin  
I have a nigga in his home hopin I don't blow his dome  
open

I stay stoned, smokin while I'm on the low, I'm copin  
A cool guy, but at times you catch me Tone-Locin  
Been through a lotta shit, but never had a bone broken  
It's tragic how I rap shit with my own potion  
>From here to Hoboken I was hoppin trains with no  
token

Now I'm on stage, they say I'm show-boatin  
My flow potent, cause it's mixed in raw  
Spell it backwards, it's 'war'

The gat spits, you backflip through the door  
I kill em all, Terror Squadian style  
I only get down with the crown, only partyin wild  
Ya heard

[ CHORUS ]

Now everybody from B-K, throw em up  
Now everybody from New Jerz, throw em up  
Now everybody from Q-B, throw em up  
Now everybody from the B-X, throw em up  
Now everybody from Staten Island, throw em up  
To all my partners from Westside, throw em up  
Now everybody from the East Coast, throw em up  
If you Dirty like the South, throw em up  
You better throw em up

My man Big Pun, hit em up  
My man Joey Crack, hit em up  
The whole Terror Squad hit em up  
The Thoroughbreds, we hit em up  
Prospect  
'99  
It's almost over, baby  
Right

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