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Rythem "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 invinsible, Dr. destructor My lyrics bring war like Lebanon our troup'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 rips 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 tooken 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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