

Sister 7

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(Fat Joe)

Yeah, Yeah (Mmm)

This is the Terror Squad, Bleach Brother, Colabo

(Mmmm)

Italiano (what) Ya know da deli

Aha, Aha Dirtman

Hey yo, Hey yo, Hey yo

(Dirtman)

I spit that killer shit white gorilla shit nobody ill a shit

You never seen it before its all Ligitement

Italiano bust holes to your guitano

I got twelve ropes to hang you off the Verazano

Rapid Marziano I hit your arms till they drop

Palms to your chops left hook put your palms in the
block

Jingo pop then don't stop till the game is one

And I'll stop till your frame is numb

Comical rapper on some funny shit pop drung on shit

While I'll tell you straight up we on some money shit

A problem with that you see my hand in the place

But fuck Ballon I'm trying to punch you dead in your
face

We bless with da deal cause we're the best in the field

Bleach Brothers true white trash you can wrestle it real

Test if you will feeling the meaning of real

The meaning of steel you little bitch

Ay you screaming for real

Chorus (Repeat 2x)

All my real live niggas say:

That's my shit

All my thugs mothafuckers say:

That's my shit

And if you all about the ruckus say:

That's my shit

(Triple Seis)

Triple Seis the killer like turn your fact

Bringing it back the way B-X put it on the map

Its like that running up in your shots while they got

While the exact take it back lay with the map
Joey Crack get busy with the shottie
Hit em niggas with the busy for being in a busy body
They talk too much Seis comes true in the clutch
Move with the rush and I hold who you can trust
That are bless anytime hit you for any son
Go fifth to fist in the mist they'll kick plenty rhyme
Give me mine and you can have the rest or feel afraid
of death
And the pain as the rain with the tech
My connect sending buddah flavor Te-bek
Like cuddah soft and wet that I'd acquired at the set
Triple Seis is on fire I'm as hot as it gets
Rock the light the end is about to line up the set

Chorus

(Reka)

Yo we back in the door hearing at you asking for more
You asked for the raw
Bleach Brothers strict and we poor
Goof on the bottom floor
Back now walk in the brish? Back to the bullshit
Fuck with those cats I'm cool with
Act and fool with, Actually nothing to fool with
Went to school with
Quite tight now a true click
You get your je-je-jewel fixed
Fan come over here hitting your back pockets get swiss
back
How can a mac get his shit back
You want to click-clack your person you can get that
You get your shit cluft up Billy Fishers when I spit that

Chorus

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