

Tori Amos

"'99 Live"

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Don't be scared of this
(Terror Squad)
Don't be scared of this
(That's right, that's right)
Prospecto
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[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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