

Ant Banks, Big Punisher, Cuban Link, Fat Joe

"Quiet on the Set"

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[Fat Joe] Terror Squad!! [Big Punisher] This is goin' out to the mothafuckin' punks and broke ass tricks Don't Tryin' to come up in here Up in here pumpin' that shit, I will straight blast you You better break yourself mothafucker Shit!! punk ass tricks, bitch Take it hard ---> Eazy-E Yo, kick it ---> Eazy-E [Big Punisher] Ruthless, plenty of that and much more So at the party, Terror is controllin' the floor That you step up and do your dance routine It ain't a dream my man, you're in a gangster scene With a villain, doin' damage on a 24 track With confusion to finish my conclusion Arhythomatic rhymes from a Radio cat You can't take what I got Cause I'll be takin' it right back Ruthless gangster ---> MC Ren Cold killin, you wanna know what it means? Definition... Villain ---> MC Ren With the stupid dope rhymes And once you hear one line, you can tell it's mine With a baseball cap that's black that I'm wearin' And a look that keeps you all starin' And wonderin, why I'm invincible But when you hear my rhyme, it's convincing I don't take no shorts, while I'm constructin' the ground That makes you movin' around, from the hell of the sound Girls drool on me like a dyin' [Ant Banks] Pun, tell them what you do when your ass start rhymin' [Big Punisher] I go to the party, I hip and hop the spot I don't know what it is, but the girls kept knock the aspirin' Like they're on fire and Their so-called boy friends with them are retirin' And for this reason I'm a walkin' threat So when I step on the stage, I want quiet on the set [Break: Ant Banks scratching inarticulated Public Enemy's quotes] [Fat Joe] Now to get started with my musical profession A gangster feelin' in mind is in session The way that I'm referrin to this, makes you move your butt But don't stand in a daze, you should know what's up Anyway, I keep the clappin' along Cause nothin' bad could go wrong because this track is so strong I'm like throw you the.. you can ask for anythin' more When the Terror Squad is cold rockin' the floor Like stupid, actin' like a retard Waitin' for a bumrush, gettin' to the good part It tips me so with temptation Writin' my lyrics with hyped information This is just a section of my creation So don't say shit with

finesse fination Just look at the center of the stage
where the spotlight shines It's mine, unpredictable,
keepin' you extremely enjoyed It's irresistable, meanin'
that you can't avoid And while I'm on stage, feel
forward to sweat Whenever I rip it up, I want quiet on
the set [Break: Ant Banks scratching quotes below]
Yeah, what?, what? Terror Squad, Terror Squad Yeah
[Unidentified Artist] Now I can be loud as hell, you think
I will? Never Sssst, quiet on the set ---> Eazy-E Yeah, I
like that better ---> MC Ren Word ---> Dr. Dre That's
what I can do, I think I earned respect And if I didn't
from you, that's what I expect Cause if it ain't rough, it
ain't me, it ain't me ---> Eazy-E So who really cares how
you want me to be? See, I'm just me, standin' at the top
of the pile And doin' soft known tunes, just ain't my
style And this concludes our program Of how The
Terror Squad makes the Ruthless Jam Now first, we
take an average Gun Give it to Pun, and the boy gets
dumb It's no secret, that I sit alone at night Pick up the
pad and the pen and begin to write And lay down the
lyrics that's promised to play Hear everybody says:
[Break] Check it in, check it out Put it in, take it out
Make it out, yeah, Terror Squad baby What?, what?,
what? [Cuban Link] Yeah, now Cuban Link is here
workin' like super glue No matter what I do, I'm always
thinkin' of you Cause I'm the pusher, supplyin' the fix
And this jam's so dope, it don't need a remix But I'm
makin' obstacles, an enemy traps To catch any Emcee,
with the weak-ass raps Crucifyin' their data, cause
you're usin' my name The definition is pain, but that's
the thing of the game If they tried to retreat, I catch
them one at a time Cause they're comittin a crime, but
still promotin' a rhymes So, you're in the back of me,
just listen and learn Because you'll all get a chance, or
maybe a turn My sideman wants to give a preview So at
my next concert, I wanna see you there Not sittin' in a
chair, standin' on both feet with your hands in the air
Now I'm about to get out, but I'll be back But next time
expect the more funkier track Deep down for your
enjoyment, to hear more percussion With lyrics that's
smooth, to start some discussion To prove that I'm
hype, now, you know that's a bet So continue to dance,
Cuban blew up the set (*Explosion*)

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