

## **S.A.S. "Tarrantula"**

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Yeah, Benjamin, yeah, Terrorferma  
Dipset, Eurogang, S.A.S.  
Yeah, packs the pound, back 'em down  
We clattin' 'em bound, we spittin' on this bashmess  
sound  
Yeah, packs the pound, back 'em down  
We clattin' 'em bound, we spittin' on this bashmess  
sound  
Aiiiiiyyyy

### Verse 1

Mega:

I know why the flow's tight, my jewelry is so bright  
That the chain light up the club, call it a strobe light  
Love to hate me but hate to love me  
Face it dummy, I'm makin' money (It's all fine)  
You spittin' for fun, I'm spittin' for funds  
Act like a prick and get bun  
Get up and give you the run  
Mega's a G, I don't need that bling  
Sayin' that you better than me, that's a idiot ting  
And I'm sittin' on low pros, you watchin' my Rolls go  
Spit artic wind, yeah, brother my flow's cold  
And when will you guys learn  
I told you it's my turn  
Scar so smooth de gal dem think it's a sideburn  
I get it to move, I never will lose  
Naw gent, for life, yeah that's right, don't get it  
confused  
Rhyme wit' a accent, grind when you stack heads  
Head gone, zip it up, wind to this bashmess

Hook:

The tarrantula

Time fi di Massive come sing ya

(S.A.S.)

The tarrantula

Don't play with my style I might sting ya

(S.A.S.)

The tarrantula

You waan me inject the bacteria

(S.A.S.)

We make yuh body gwaan stiff and yuh spine gwaan numb  
Now come fi get some

#### Verse 2

Mayhem:

You can catch May' bunnin' a spliff  
Spending them funds like he rich  
Hey, I run with the Dips, gained a 100 of chips  
So you know I got expensive tastes  
And ends to waste to change the way the Benz is shaped  
In fact, we runnin' a pace, bought you with guns on the waist  
Skank and I'm done in the place  
Like you got something to say  
Act tuffy with the Dipset Shower Gang  
And boy trust me you get duppied in an hour man  
But F that, back to the dance, watchin' the chicks as they glance  
Waitin' to take up a chance  
Uh, to make an advance  
We're them dudes that rock the ice  
And if you snooze then you lose, we caught ya wife, a'ight  
Watch me, I'm so fly, clock how I roll by  
95 percent of the time I'm in my mode high  
More drum and bass, we sampled and fused it  
To a all-day parade to carnival music

#### Hook

#### Verse 3

S.A.S.:

Mega:

They don't understand like I'm spittin' another language  
Mira, I could either spit it in Spanish  
She like "Papi chulo, you numero uno"  
The way she shakin' her culo might be gettin' duro  
You have no prave, wind and panat me  
Even in the club these chicks wanna menage  
Sippin' too much Bacardi probably  
I tell her "Quieren no suave mami"

Mayhem:

This is for my men dem with accents  
And my afro-caribbean sisters winding in bashments  
Foot pon shoulder wit' ya leg high  
And oh yes, that says high  
Got me stuck, red-eye  
My dancehall grinders, poor, young minors

Now droppin' banks, poppin' champs, 4-1-9ers  
And when the wrist gleam my forearms the sickest  
I always keep it clean like Don Juan the Bishop  
Bitches

Hook

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