

Terminator X

"Under the Sun"

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featuring Joe Sinistr

Intro:

Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under
the sun

Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under
the sun

Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under
the sun

Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under
the sun

Verse One:

All of that fuss was as my raps crushed

niggaz to slush I bust rhymes to Ice like Just

I spark thoughts, I get Biz to go off and

smoke rappers, who can't blow up July 4th

Jam, it runs in the fam when I slam

Shaq-Attack, I Ja-pan like Ro-dan

I rip sets and wreck and get lifted like a gym set

Hit the deck, I get more milk than Wheat Chex

Who am I? Joe Sinistr, come on down now

Ron but I G, when I rock like Me Phi

Fire drill, I burn rappers like Marshall Bill

Licensed to Ill, my crew gets fresh like Chill Will

I'm shit hot, I drop like sex in my 'plex

I'm in deep some say it's similar to Loch Ness

When I draw with my funk niggaz from the Yard

They hit em hard, so EN GUARDE!!

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Da-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under
the sun

Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples...

Verse Two:

The Big Bang, my dick hangs like Klu Klux

I'm too much, I rap sick like... niggaz with the lupus

I got wears to the gears looka here

I got more skills than, Cheers have beers

I shoot bop pops, we call his cough drops

It's Tojo, some say I'm more evil than the walla

I start fume, my rap packs more than carpools

I crack heads, like the Dead when they spark fools

Cough in the record, nasty foul like Patti Austin

Wanna be startin, I lose more kids than the

orphan-G from straight up like, if you want beef

I socks punks and wreck it from the jump like fair beats

Beats, instant replay

I got Flavor like the Units who led, Mr. DJ

Who split the loose ends, Off and On like Trendz

My rap bends, my god, kids, how I accent!!

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Verse Three:

Hellelillel yeahhh I get, more Fresh than Bel-Air

My rap triggers, that pack more niggaz then welfare

I got Speech, a-aight, I hit the temple I rock chrome

Some say I'm not home like Mr. Wendal

My nine's gonna bring you more drama than Tawana

My rap blasts'll run through more track than Jack
Horner

Joe struck the puff, more Mighty than the Duck

to get props, when I Wreck Shop like A-Plus

Cos that's how I feel, I'm real, let's not deal

But I shoot em up, to slang on pop steals

I kick diction, I'm more hot than Hell's Kitchen

Gates, The Man Without Face like Mel Gibson

Weed fair, hit the Phillies lit I rap like a grip

so rough, I gets it up for that chilly bitch

My style rips reals, here's the deal

Get out or, get killed like a fuckin soldier in Israel
BITCH!!

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the sun

Wa-dum, da-dum, here comes the peoples from under
the sun (Repeat to end

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