

Termanology

"The Program"

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Got the system up, get the windows down

Here we go, with the powder with the crack cocaine
Release the smoke, from the chamber it attack your
brain
Now they know, everywhere they don' t ask your
name
So don' t lose your mind, you can' t take
back that fame
Act this game, bad bitches practice brain
Left a trail around the world full of ' t
Tell ' t from Switzerland, England the Michigan
Go back to Callie, got ' t got you ' t
This isn' t cool jay, and I ain' t no tardsmith
I' m just a dog with a squad and an art gift
I' m just a ' t like the ' t
And you' re just a slob, not a job, you just dog shit
I got a feeling that you having thoughts of killing me
All you' s jealous now, none of you' s as I'll
as me
I got artillery, like the fucking military
So I' ma make another mill, you just take a pill
and be

I was at terror since the public school era
' t fucking up your program

I' m a monster, a motherfucking mike murderer
Stiff harder with white bitches on white furniture
Lightburners up and the air and make fireworks
Cut your fucking bitch into pieces and take her Prada
purse
I' m in the church, where the bible
confessors' t suicidal
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I put the razorblades on my face and lace it to pieces
Before I let you freak it on the beat better than me
Fuck your freaking nature, and I got a odd future, and
a odd past
So here' s the forecast
But it' s rain on your party, hope you got a tent

'ÄÏ put you in your place
A good breathe this is weed'ÄÏ

I was at terror since the public school era
'ÄÏ fucking up your program

Stuff the trees in the phillie, smoking mad big blunts
I had a ball of the throw, but I did it all at once
Yeah the weed that I smoke, 2 collateral damage
Can'ÄÏ t hang with it man, there'ÄÏ s no beating
the bandits
I creep where you sleep and fucking teach you some
manners
I freak off the leash'ÄÏ
So ready here we go, it'ÄÏ s the corner of convict
Big bag of blow, when the 'ÄÏ
Crazy getting dough, yeah you know how the squad
get
'ÄÏ the smoke, make you do back flips
'ÄÏ when my shit drop I'ÄÏ m making a ness
Cash my checks, 'ÄÏ but I hit the deck
I'ÄÏ ll do this till I get my death, 6 feet under
I'ÄÏ ll get my rest

I was at terror since the public school era
'ÄÏ fucking up your program

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