

## Terror

### "Feelin' This"

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It's on now

Feel threatened by this

T-squad

T.s.

Takin shit

[ verse 1: armageaddon ]

We 12-cylinder-pushin drug dealer-killers, we feelin  
this

Tec-9s with silver clips, my ? set's style? is still legit  
Ain't nothin changed

You can tell I'm comin, cause the weather strange  
Armageaddon, the end of your life on whatever's in his  
range

Never mind the notion of savin the lives of your friends  
Your sister, your cousins, your mother, even [edited]  
Will go and ride with me

Through the levels of hell in this atrocity  
Bust my guns at the heavens till an angel fell on top of  
me

He said his name was michael and introduced me to  
evil acts like

Robbin parties and pumpin the shotie to keep em back  
Nobody move, nobody get burst open

Just give up the jewels before your purse-totin-

Ass become the first smokin

Pop shit on my records, you lock stiff in my presence  
My squad gets respected for cockin the fifth and affect  
it

Stick a chip in your [rectum] and pull your soul out your  
[asshole]

And all for gettin cash with the blow I got from castro

[ chorus ]

You gotta ask yourself how I'll is this

Only my thug niggas feelin this

All in the clubs they be killin this

You love the way we rip a track

Where all my terrorist niggas at?

Show me some love, give me love

You gotta ask yourself how I'll is this  
Only my thug niggas feelin this  
All in the clubs they be killin this  
You love the way we rip a track  
We take a little love, then give it back  
We terror squad, terror squad

[ verse 2: prospect ]

I master this, when I throw shots I'm slappin wrists  
Not inaccurate, niggas be actin if I ain't immaculate  
You packin it? better be bustin, I'm steadily rushin  
Up in your crib with a wig and my metal heavenly  
trusted  
You pushed it, but it ain't the cops  
Turn your back, and like you saw death  
Lost breath, I left you in shock  
You was amazed how the glock raised from the waist  
Got blazed in your face, was about to drop mace in the  
place  
Chill like I did enough, cause real niggas hit em up  
We'll leave it at that for the paramedics to pick it up  
This ain't a cartoon, I bring light to the darkroom  
And spark boom, step in my path, I leave a heart wound  
We pullin out without bustin, no, make no sense  
It's like d's lockin you up and don't take no prints  
Tell your man in the black van I like it when my canon  
react  
In one second that shit'll blow your family back

[ chorus ]

[ verse 3: big pun ]

I thought I told you I only rap for the cheddar  
Keep the mac under the sweater, ready to clap any  
nigga  
Whether on stage or in the gutter  
I put you frontpage on the cover  
When I pump the gauge through your blubber  
You muthafuckas better get protection  
I got a smith & wesson  
Strong enough to launch you up with \_the jetsons\_  
Spacely sprockets wanna face the prophet, taste the  
chocolate  
??? and disgrace your ???  
I lace the bastard, dr. evil let it rumble  
Get sent up fuck it ??? bubble  
Lookin for trouble you've come to the right place  
Pun's out the ice age  
A caveman raised by a clan of white apes  
An urban legend, in god's eye the perfect seven  
The first to get in the devil's ass with a verse from

heaven

Reverse the emblem, he ain't ready for the logo

Now he cursin and yellin like a baby for his bobo

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