

# Terror Squad

## "All Around The World"

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[ intro: fat joe ]

Yeah yeah

Terror squad what-what

Cuban link what-what

'99, baby

[ verse 1: cuban link ]

Yo ladi-dadi, mami, I love to party

Plus I always cause trouble when I guzzle bacardi

Got the hotties sippin rum, maseratis with the stumps

Music bumpin out the trunk. everybody's gettin drunk

From the bronx, settin, lettin it all out

No doubt, toast your coast

Reppin the east, west, north, south

Now it's all about the terror squad, ghetto superstars

Extra-large players like kareem abdul jabbar

Word to god, pun, my crew won't give a fuck who you  
are

We do our job like we part of the mob, shoot up the bar

Cuban the don daddy like john gotti

I brung a long shotie for the chump bodies

If it's on it's on, mami

[ chorus ]

It's mister cuban link, baby, comin through with the hits

Gettin love from the ladies while my crew in the triz

And this goes out to the players, thugs, hustlers and

pimps

(we run shit)

All around the world

You know I do my thing, baby, cuban link full eclipse

Terror squad, new era, god, better choose who you

with

When we flip ain't no tellin what we do to your click

(we run shit)

All around the world

[ verse 2: cuban link ]

Villainous terror squadian, bacardi dark got me crashin  
the party

Undressin hotties to take it all from the drawers to they  
barbie bits

Pokin up in your ? vaginal? flow in carhartts and timbos  
Thuggin it with a limp, cause cuban link is known to  
pimp hoes  
Gettin bimbos from all angles, mandingo straight out  
the combo  
From a bedroom I needed gettin head in a durango  
Grab your ankles, do the hula-hoop your culo while I do  
ya  
Nothin's cooler than fuckin while you're puffin a bag of  
buddah  
Don the cuba's got your cura, schoolin juniors like  
butuvas  
Smooth as luther when it comes to suckin hooters like a  
hoover  
Who the man now? impressed so many mamis, I can't  
count  
Holdin my count down till the last round, hands down  
No question I blow your chest in with a smith & wesson  
You'll be dead in less than a second - reckon  
Better listen, my weapon, step in my sessions for  
lessons  
Lasting impression, destined to be the best in this  
profession

[ chorus ]

[ verse 3: cuban link ]

I'm runnin ralleys from new york to cali up in a caddy  
Puffin like daddy with paddy, baggin the weed up in  
the backseat  
Crackin forties, actin naughty, tellin em shorties, havin  
orgees  
Watchin pokeys with four freaks - now that's me  
I be the nasty cuban, slammin like I'm patrick ewing  
Pass me a bag of weed, a brew, and the track that  
we're doing  
For you and yours, full of glitter style  
Showin all my skills like a stripper, baby, hit me with  
some shit for now  
Break it down, hit the ground, move your hips around  
Make it bounce, shoop and sit down on my dick and do  
the brown  
If you down we can bounce right now, pick up a pound  
Enjoy and lounge with style, y'all know my name by now

[ chorus ]

[ outro: fat joe ]

No doubt  
Cuban link, baby  
'99

Terror squad  
All you fake-ass niggas  
Tryin to be like us, talk like us  
But you could never walk like us  
Fuck around and get outlined in chalk  
Terror squad  
Joe crack  
Big pun  
Prospecto  
Armageaddyo  
Triple seis, what?  
Raoul

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