

## Terror Squad "Gimme Dat"

Visit "[Gimme Dat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lock that fuckin' door, yo  
Lock all that shit

Y'all muthafuckas can't hold me back  
Holdin' gats drunk off of cognac  
Laughin' at life and how my goal be makin' the hoes  
react  
Ridin' in cars, out to get me eight full of shinin' stars

Overwhelmin', any average rapper will find it hard  
To deal with the way my Squad puts metal to flesh  
We rebels to death, leakin' body heat, decimals less  
My shotie completes the measure of death, I'm hittin'  
your chest

I'm only 1100 double threat, beware of the rest  
Terror Squad's everywhere like weed smoke  
If my pump shotie was sweet chokes  
I'd twist the whole place with three strokes

Dump this wild sawed-off barrel  
I send your soul to follow the blast  
And see how far the noise will travel  
Big Eddie's name never lost his value

I told you before on Joe's album  
We been illin' since the holy pharaohs  
Run out of heat, I still burst you with bangers  
Believe, me and violence connect and we have our own  
personal language

Money, gimme dat  
Power, g-gimme dat  
Guns, gimme dat  
Freedom, g-gimme dat  
Pussy, gimme dat  
Drugs, g-gimme dat  
Gimme dat  
Respect, better gimme dat

Money, gimme dat  
Power, g-gimme dat

Guns, gimme dat  
Freedom, g-gimme dat  
Pussy, gimme dat  
Drugs, g-gimme dat  
Gimme dat  
Respect, better gimme dat

Hey yo, your era's over  
And your peoples lack the charm or persona  
The sound of my chrome be bangin' from home to  
Arizona  
My gun be clickin' like your chain on my neck, claim my  
respect  
Give me a pound or feel the pain in your chest

I only bang with T.S.  
That's some Squad that God returned to the surface  
Bustin' scary-ass burners that burst through your  
epidermis  
Niggas respect the verses, my shit is heat, so I'ma set  
the furnace  
To burn whoever's yearnin' to hurt this

Nigga, tell me I ain't bringin' the pain  
If I ain't leave in a train  
I'm probably fleein' from puttin' 3 in your brain  
See what I'm sayin', it's all about this  
Guns, murder and chips and I gathered all in the palm  
of my fist

This is who Armageddon is  
Raw to the brain, I'm sort of insane  
But yet in never fall in the game  
It's not enough, I need to fatten my stacks  
More guns, g-g-gimme dat  
More power and respect, gimme dat

Money, gimme dat  
Power, g-gimme dat  
Guns, gimme dat  
Freedom, g-gimme dat  
Pussy, gimme dat  
Drugs, g-gimme dat  
Gimme dat  
Respect, better gimme dat

Money, gimme dat  
Power, g-gimme dat  
Guns, gimme dat  
Freedom, g-gimme dat  
Pussy, gimme dat

Drugs, g-gimme dat  
Gimme dat  
Respect, better gimme dat

Money, gimme dat  
Power, g-gimme dat  
Guns, gimme dat  
Freedom, g-gimme dat  
Pussy, gimme dat  
Drugs, g-gimme dat  
Gimme dat  
Respect, better gimme dat

Money, gimme dat  
Power, g-gimme dat  
Guns, gimme dat  
Freedom, g-gimme dat  
Pussy, gimme dat  
Drugs, g-gimme dat  
Gimme dat  
Respect, better gimme dat

Yo! See what I'm sayin'? Ain't no stoppin' me  
This was God's plan, this is what I am  
This is who Armageaddon is, n every sense of the word

Yo, year 2000's around  
And I'm still breathin life through my nostrils, bitch  
I ain't goin' nowhere I'ma remain in your faces  
Until my demise is televised I told y'all niggas

Where my terrorists at? Where all my terrorists at?  
Throw your guns up in the air  
More money! More power! More respect!  
Take this muthafucka over  
Fight for your muthafuckin' freedom!

Bitch-ass niggas, yeah, nigga  
That's my life

Visit [Terror Squad](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.