

# Terror Squad

## "Let Them Things Go"

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(feat. Dre, Young Selah)

This is a world premier (yeah)  
(Cook Coke Crack)

[Chorus:]

If a nigga talk shit to me  
Nigga all I know (Kato, Chi-Town Rest in Peace my  
nigga)  
I let them things go  
I let them things go  
If a nigga talk shit to me  
Nigga all I know. Yeah  
I let them things go  
I let them things go

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Hot child warned 'em but he wouldn't listen  
Then I had to run up on 'em with that thing that glisten  
That nickle plated 40 mil thats for the real  
All the city be talkin who they thought he was ??????  
I guess the game done changed  
See we come up in the 80' belive me it ain't the same  
Lord forgive my temptation to kill  
But I got to give this fagots the deffinition of real  
Gotta keep it clapin' cause this streets is ill  
B'live them niggaz sleeky cause they sleepin on crilts  
When we back up niggaz pack up and move out  
Cause we animals, we abduct and pull out  
Washed up rapper you not respected  
4 years passed and can't even sighn to Koch Records  
Check it:  
You won't be the first to get his first on  
Quit rap biagon and get to church on motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Remy Martin]

...see it's the squadres and we Terror so this niggaz  
better listen  
If I touch it I destroy it, they callin me demolition  
But my name is Remy Ma, get smarten or reminiscein

If you be's that nigga you can call me that bitch  
But if you don't know me  
Don't call me shit  
All I know I let 'em go if a nigga talk shit  
I'm slicker then all you and all y'all can kiss my royal  
ass  
I get's it poppin like a piece of a ????  
My album is dropin nothing now it is a classic  
First chick try to front first chick I'm smackin  
And I'm known so sick bitch I spits backwards  
Backwards spits I bitch, nigga I'm laughin  
We don't need no passes we got all access  
And I'm straight fire so please don't gass it  
Cause I might blow my mic flow too hot  
I let them things go

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I don't think that they ready  
I'm a problem  
The worst and youngest one outta three  
I'm a problem  
The first to get the gun and squeeze  
I'm a problem  
Decepted personality  
When I burst in rapidly your verse shoot backwardsly  
You see the back of a hearse you can rehearse that with  
ease  
Take two I make you a superstar  
6 o'clock news nigga, fuck who you are  
Cause you nobody till somebody kills you  
Pardon, so who is ready for stardom  
Niggaz talk gun clang  
See I quit hearts harder  
Like a cold block of ice you try to stop my life  
Fuck my gun you better watch my knife  
I ain't come to rap with ya  
I came to scrap with you motherfucker

[Chorus]

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