

Terror Squad "Pass Away"

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[Armageddon talking]

To all my, to all my, to all my, to all my
To all my peoples that passed away
Uh huh
To all my peoples that passed away, to all my, to all my
To to to, Free sanity and wings as they cast away

[Verse 1: Armageddon]

Sometimes I envious on peoples that past away
They so synonm, there wings being cast away
I dream so vivid, the scene shakes me fast awake
I keep thinking maybe somethings tryna show me how
to master my faith
They say I'm deep and too complex for rap
But yo, I grew to learn theres more to life then cars and
gats
So I chose to share the light and write my bars with that
But niggaz scared to grow so they tend to hold you
back
They take this shit that they don't understand and call it
wack
Tell you that ain't the way it goes son, thats conscience
rap
But y'all running in circles working the same old act
And I done reaching at a level, but I'm wrong for that
And I ain't bitching, I'm just tryna let you know where
I'm at
I'm getting old, as my son grows, so do my raps
I feel your misery, you living off the next mans life
He just as bad, cuz he dreams you can strengthen his
light
I wanna shout out all the two time fellas holding guns
for weak thugs
Risking their freedom, for short money and weak love
85 is tryna earn respect from them young boys
Catching temper tantroms, having fits like young boys
And bitches do it too, get deffensive and peranoid
See everybody wanna have some power to exploit
Now maybe you can tell me whos the problem at this
point
Me or you homes, I hope you following this joint

[Hook: Tony Sunshine]

Stress free, people holla day
Just another me, to see another day
So let the slugs breathe
Easy for a day, I feel all alone while the clouds keep ??

[2pac Talking]

All my mother fucking niggaz at? my niggaz who down
to body a nigga in this
motherfucker
All my riders, all my killers, all my motherfuckers, holla
at me man, let me
know whatsup niggaz

[2nd Verse: Armageddon]

Niggaz tryna please the crowd when they creating their
rhymes
I just be thinking out loud, y'all ain't gonna pay me no
mind
Maybe I'm living in the clouds, or just ahead of my time
I got books of all the shit I wrote between all the crimes
Looking back, tryna trace tracks just to see what I find
Nothing but evidence, back to fact the world is mine
And I ain't irrogant, I'm just Intellectually pompous
Cuz I can super seed anything you accomplish
This nigga dry snitching like he looking for sympathy
Nobody give a fuck about you or your history
Do you nigga'Make some shit shop a deal
Cuz that hot shit you talkin could get you popped
forreal
Take my advice, I sugested like a cotton a meal
If not, fuck it, you can starve and keep your eyes
pealed
But, don't get me involved, I don't owe you shit
The same goes for that little bitch thats all on my dick
Your all just a bunch of misserable fucks
Broke, mad, drunk , high and gangsta'ed up
It's so sad, I wish that I could cry for him and her
I'm busy mastering this ?? tryna stay up
And their ain't no looking back, I got my crazy mind
made up
My nigga L home just in time to witness me bust
Niggaz say and speak the truth, getty thats whatsup
Go in the booth, produce the proof, show these niggaz
how to really give up

[Hook]

[2pac Talking]

All my real ass niggaz at?

All my motherfucking riders, all my bitches in this
motherfucker
All the niggaz wit money, the niggaz who ain't afraid to
kill a nigga, holla
at a nigga, let me know where you niggaz at nigga

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