

Terror Squad "Payin' Dues"

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Holy Christ, I leave rappers' souls as cold as ice
I'm like a poltergeist when I strike, turnin' men to mice
Breakin' the law, city urban tower without a four
Bringin' the raw homicidal lyrics that clear the floor

Niggas thought they seen the last of this
Project poet assassinist
Whose status is never havin' to clappin' clips
Have to black-on-black some shit, attractive accentos

Life luxury [unverified] crackin' it
Runnin' with drugs and dealers
Thugs and killers, slugs in villas
Black gorillas and million dollar billers

Microphone nemesis, murder affiliate
Lyricists get dissed, dismissed, thrown off the
premises
Poetically mugged, pedigree's incredibly
Movin' steadily, thoroughly

Clippin' you somethin' terribly
Keith Nut, one of the last to go
One of the last to flow
One of the last niggas to blow

Now who them niggas that be breakin' rules?
(T Squad)
Now who them niggas that be payin' dues?
(Keith Nut)
Now who them niggas that be roamin' the town?
Blowin' a pound, since day one holdin' it down

Now who them niggas that be breakin' rules?
(T Squad)
Now who them niggas that be payin' dues?
('Geaddon)
Now who them niggas that be roamin' the town?
Blowin' a pound, since day one holdin' it down

I'm here to reclaim my respect
Reppin' the set that be bangin' my chest

TS, the God's medaillon, tombstone and begets
Alone and wet I blow my own Tec

Ever had beef with 'geadd and hold no regrets
Then you was no threat I go to death
Blessed with God's heed and drop a gem
On your melon so hard it make you knock-knee

And my plot's greed, my theme's murder
My climax is when the heat from the burner
Blast me the wings to go further
Nigga, the century's turnin' and I went out of patience

You think you hard, that .44 blast
It clouds your concentration
Again, think about it, before my gun hollers
And kill everything around 'em even if you bought the
album

Enforce the power with guns, dollars and politics
Start a baby apocalypse when my .44 [unverified] spit
Pops in and out your skin, breakin' through sound and
wind
Piercin' the meat and [unverified] back out again

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Next nigga treason's gonna meet the demons
Left for his mama grievin'
When I squeeze the Desert Eag' and cease his
breathin'
Wreck your set, make the average rapper wish for
death

Clap him at the chest
Bless him with the Wesson
Hope you got your vest
Keith's the last to test

The last to gasp for breath
Send you on a crash course to death when I blast the
Tec
Terror faculty known for fillin' cavities gradually
Stackin g's, sippin D'Acquerys, livin' happily rapidly

I don't give a fuck, all I could do with my life was pitch
my luck
Act sheist when they look at us
That's the price when you cruise a truck
And I'd advise you to analyze us, find out who you can
trust

Rival me plus memorize the eyes of the dudes you bust
You never know when it's over
Rise up out of the tomb and dust
The movin' slug was smoothly touched

Before you recognized who he was
And I recognize [unverified] for doin' the shit that
stupid does
My cats gon' shoot them slug
Send them things right through yo mug

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