

Terror Squad "Thunder In the Air"

Visit "[Thunder In the Air](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah

What up man? Should boy prospect right here man?

C Squad bx, you know what it is man

Quite a long time man

Y'all niggaz think this shit is easy

Niggaz struggle for this shit right here man

Listen to this man

Aye yo, they got me poisoned like ivy

Y'all been waiting for the boys to come try me

Quick on the draw, fast on the finger like Mike Lowrey

Niggaz funny, first they get your numbers

Then want to shout you

See you gettin' money

Now they want the guns to come out you

We see we all be havin' dreams about them cars and
floors

With some of further there, he marry you, the call is
yours

I was determined

My niggaz out will burn and chew you

Spit you out, like a shot from a German Luger

Now who want it, test my peoples I'll blast the boy

Pull out them twin desert eagles, like I'm Castor Troy

Man I've been through some rough winters

And plush like four summers

But I've made it over them rough roads like old

Hummers

Look I'm a, made man crook

Now see me in a joke

But I'mma go this way and write rhymes in your

Shakespeare book

Niggaz be scared to death, I can see in the face they
shook

And they ain't want give me a shot, I had to make them
look

It's prosp'

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

(Aha)

Yo ma, your baby boy became a man

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

(Aha)

I'd rather die with them guns in my hands

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

I move with no fear, the bx up in here

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

And though I'm storming, there's thunder in the air

Uh huh, aye yo, they say that for they deserved him for the music

I was cutting my classes

Stood up late night, a stanky nigga bustin' my ass

Now my memory cake, and y'all niggaz cake is telling ain't me shitty

Y'all stressin' misdemeanors, man I catch a felony quickly

Shit I deserved what I got

And yo them forms they be copyin'

You tried to swerve in my spot

Go earn a war on your block

If I just came to lay my name down, I work a hard shift

Show my talents to the world and expose my God gift

I was grown with hard end, many obstacles and fights

But I learned to heal my scars, like them doctors doing life

Keep it movin', cruisin'

Doin' like a hundred and sixty

And I ain't stoppin' till them motherfuckin' cops come and get me

I survived my community

Took my opportunity

To get money and y'all mad 'cause I'm doing me

(Cut it out man)

I'm goin' south and I'm fishing

Stop that mouthin' and bitchin'

Put your money on the table, I'll put you out of commission

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

(Aha)

Yo ma, your baby boy became a man

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

(Aha)

I'd rather die with them guns in my hands

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

I move with no fear, the bx up in here

(Notice the upcoming success, definition to prospect)

And though I'm stormin', there's thunder in the air

Uh huh

Big pun what up?

My lil' brother dee yeah

Uh huh

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.