

Lil' Troy F/ Ardis, Willie D

"Bum Rush"

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

Yeah, I remember stickin' the fuckin' pizza man
Nigga used to come in the building, we followed him
up in the elevator
Knowwhatimean? Pull the joint at him, take everything he
got on pay day
Run down seven flights wit a box of pizza, eatin' the
shit
Cuz niggas was hungry for real (word)
Shit was crazy though, knowwhatimean? Staten Island
Stapleton, Park Hill, Stuben

[P.R. Terrorist]

I never had it all, never played basketball
Used to play the, park when it's dark, wit the joint out
Ass and all, acid rain hit the floor, blood stain in project
halls
Got my dun in the projects, eatin' Halls
Drinkin' Hemrocks, talk about it, open up his pores
Got his shit cocked, talkin' bout 'the world is yours'
No doubt, I love you kid, you my heart and all
Took that thing for me, back when we was just about to
fall
No label deal, no lavish, no diamonds, no carriage
Could of been the average, now new young man in this
game, that's established
Got my shittin' order, bitches from coast to coast, plus
around the border
Dame that chocha, receive beef and never scorch this
Smoke greens that burn slow like torture
The therapist, now session into the mind of the
Terrorist
Yo, aiyo

[Chorus: P.R. Terrorist]

I came to bum rush this hip hop game
Ya'll niggas know my niggas plus the way that we get
down
I came to bum rush this hip hop game
Ya'll niggas know my niggas...

[P.R. Terrorist]

Y'all niggas know us...

You in the mind of the Terrorist, Dom Pachino, P.R.

The arch nemesis, the best of it, that's my testament

When in the streets, I'm vested, protected

Check it, never naked, full clothed and fully loaded

Leave your chest bloated wit slugs dipped in peroxide

Carbon dioxide, in the penile, I show you how it knocks
side

But when the sparks fly, niggas see the darkside

Park your ass in the seat, and take a ride

I like you cuz you dealin' wit pride

Not on some bullshit, let the tool stink, while I lay my
shit down in ink

Used to sell pounds that extinct, fill my accounts to the
brink

Alone wit my pockets, until they take that ass away to
think

For a young man, expand like grams of blow

Keep it gangsta wit the flow and just let these niggas
know

Let 'em know, yo, yo, check it, yo

[Chorus]

[P.R. Terrorist]

Lord please save me, look what you gave me, since a
baby

Many ways to die, only one way to survive, shit's crazy

Plus niggas are shady, try'nna snake me, think it's
gravy

The sky is hazy, I light it up when I'm blazed

The joint's on safety, bulletproof Coup, I'm safe

Space cadets scan us, so the dicks can't trace me

Nor replace me wit another, my skin is rubber

I peel it off and let you see what's under, cyborg

Terrorist, half machine, half rhymin' wonder

And when I cometh, you feel the muthafuckin' thunder

You feel it? Yeah you feel that shit, son? Yo, yo

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist]

Ya'll niggas, and show us

Cop the L.P.'s, pick 'em up, word

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