

Lil' Troy F/ Ardis, Willie D

"Fear"

Visit "[Fear](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Hey now" - repeated throughout the song

[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

Come on Henry, roll the fuckin' dice
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, real good
Tera Iz Him, yea, what the deal, baby boy Just'
How you feel my nigga? Yeah, Killarm', Killarm'
Yeah, bout to get real fuckin' grimey

[Chorus: P.R. Terrorist]

Niggas run from the fear in they heart
The fear of the gun spark, the fear of the dark
The fear of the NARC's, the fear of the parked cars
And parked vans in front of they house
Scanners hangin' out they back, yo, niggas sellin' crack

[P.R. Terrorist]

D.J.'s spinnin' wax in the clubs
Everybody's thugs, everybody's rockin' colors,
nobody's brothers any more
Why not? Everybody wanna fall, nobody standin' tall
like a brick wall
Got my balls sweaty, battery charged up like Ever
Ready
Forever ready, more cards than Mirror Freddie
Before I go, the world, they gon' forget me
Left two girls behind, both look like me
Promoter throwin' the show, don't wanna invite me
How can a God be righteous, when they say I'm sheisty
I tell you why... because it's me, me, wonderful me
Dom P, G.O.D., represent to the T
Represent for my niggas on the M.I.C., N.Y.C.

[Chorus]

[P.R. Terrorist]

Catch me in the back, countin' the money stack
Where it at, niggas is rollin' dice (4, 5, 6)
Think twice when you come around the hood, cuz
niggas ain't no good
It's just an actual fact, sleep wit a fat black mack, and

keep my gear intact
Cuz the bitches do love me, can't forget about them
Plus can't forget about the way they made me cum
Had two daughters while I was workin' on my son
Got questioned by jakes, while I was on the run
Made mad cheddar, while I was on the run
Bust mad guns, while I was on the run
Must say rest in peace, to my nigga Pun, Pun... rest in
peace

[Chorus 2X]

[P.R. Terrorist]

Dont' make me, choke you to death, you fake
muthafucka
Hands out your pocket, don't make me pull the eye
shutter
Straight from the gutter, where I was born and raised
Nowadays shit be seemin' like we trapped in a cage
We got, gates that are twelve feet high, wit curl blades
Never had shit, tell you right now, that crime pays
Spanish rap cat, wit gats and razor blades
Handglide off the building, my wings and my shoulder
blades
Straight flyin', stroll through the hood, holdin' an iron
No lying, snakes are cunnivin', niggas is spyin'
The Earth's cryin', and my thorn bush roses are dyin'
Bows are fryin' from hell's heat, these mean streets got
me buggin'
What the deal, cousin?

[Chorus]

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist]

This how it is around the way, knawhatimean?
Terrorist shit, knowwhatimsayin'?
Islord, 'Bandz, 9th Prince, Beretta 9, ShoGun the
Assason
4th Disciple, Dainja Mental, Killa Sin, Wannabeez, yeah

Visit [Lil' Troy F/ Ardis, Willie D](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.