

Maccabeez f/ 7th Ambassador, Terra Tory "Right to Bare Arms"

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[Intro: 7th Ambassador] Yo, yeah, yeah, yo, Maccabeez baby Less wives, warriors get ranks [7th Ambassador] Born and raised in the PJs, school was on top of a grave All of you fools ain't know how to behave On the full moons, some started to change From snatch the wallets to rings Whenever spring start looking for brains Busting up rap fools, robbing the trains Trick swallow the flame, going insane Wit the chrome in the hands Before we rolled with a gang, we used to all play on the swangs To pump high, trying to fly off the caine But nowadays, we don't rely on them games We occupy our slang, watching all our homies while they die in vain My little man got robbed for his chain, it's like an everyday thang Young G's wanna rob for they name Now every man's broke but swear they got locked in a bank One of them got hanged and the other one remained It's strange when they had to come to shot they brother for change When the fifth amendment shows us the same [Killah Priest] Same, we all maintain in the brain I'm clapping my magnum, grabbing my handgun Peace to the Panthers with sawed off pumps This one's for the cops and the war lord Trump Breathe easy, this goes out to the books that freed me Up late night, doing push ups and tucks One thousand jumping jacks and I turn on the mac When Godlie kicked came to his brother, it made me relapse I grab my strap, ride for the Hebrew Macks Blackout on the president and the cop's presidents CIA killed Malcolm X, lied on national news Then flew out on a jet [Chorus: Killah Priest] Now hold up, lemme have your ear right now We in this bitch and it's bout to go down Love is love, and thug is thug, nigga Get off your ass and hug that trigger, then get it [Terra Tory] I squeeze on em like boring the fifth, freeze on em Can't get no colder, I already freezed on em I back up the odds and put G's on us Roll up the street, see the D's swarming My cheese is enormous, swing like G. Foreman You sleeping on me, been on it since this morning You beefing with me like Bin Laden I'm warring You wonder why your loved ones is mourning The only goldmine I ever seen was a crackhouse

Slamming all over your team like Stackhouse When
ya'll hear of Terra Tory, ya'll dude gon back out Like
wide recievers, ya'll dudes gon dash out Getting rid of
ya'll, time to throw the trash out Hell up in Brooklyn, bet
I'm gon black out Straight off the street corners, don't
creep on us We play for keeps, F' police informants
Play your position, don't cross the border You gon fuck
around, be a missing corpse in water Kidnap and
torture, smack your daughter Don't fuck with CCF,
that's the order [Chorus] [Timbo King] Part of the
struggle ever since I came out of the womb My black
butterfly.. {*fades out*}

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