

P.R. Terrorist f/ Rubbabandz

"Grimy Suspects"

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Phone rings

[P.R. Terrorist]

Pick up the motherfuckin' phone nigga, damn, this
nigga outta here
'Bandz, pick up the motherfuckin' phone nigga

[Rubbabandz] (P.R. Terrorist)

Yo what the? fuck man, damn
Who the fuck is this man? fuck man?
What the fuck?
Aiyo, I got problems and nobody can solve 'em
Release my stress through poetry, hardly resolvin'
Negativity revolve around me like like my shadow
knock it off it's rotational axle
Watch the sparrow comin' like arrow, he had his back
to the barrel
And left home without his bullet proof aparell
The moment I been waitin' for, these hollow tips to
touch his bone marrow
Rapper's explode the travel, wouldn't live to tattle
(Yeah, yo)
Leave 'em leakin on the gravel
but the gun jammed and he coulda out-ran a herd of
cattle (Yo)

[P.R. Terrorist]

Yo, call me the unforgiven, rock a blue ribbon
Bring out the best, I'm nasty on the mic like incest
Open your chest like supressants
This adolescent, manifestant, depression return you to
the essence
Parental discession is advised , when I improvise
Those who try to survive seldom die
Families cry and they wonder why
Death is spontaneous like combustion
Lyrics I'm bustin' like shots to your knot with no
discussion
Blood rushin' through your veins of the same brain
I'm numb in the brain from snortin' lines of cocaine
cocaine, cocaine..

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