

Yo yo yo
What the fuck, Terror Squad
All we do is battle what; what, what what
Yo it's "The Dream Shatterer" strictly for cream team battler
Ring rattlin microphone fiend spline splatterer
King of the throne, bringin it home five nights
Up in The Source - five mics
Whippin a Porsche - high price
Pumpin the 9-7, rhyme heaven her voice is mindbendin
Imaginin Angie nuttin but panties and my 911
That's what I'm reppin the thug tech and the glove
Step in the mud with less than a SCUD I'm splittin your rug
It's just I'm in love with Mrs. Martinez
Latin Goddess or Venus, you just happen to give me the hardest
{penis}
You wanna see us apart, you're chasin the dark
Long as she run the battle she got a place in my heart

Yo.. yo, yo, yo
All of a sudden the big question is, yo who this bitch Remy-
nisce?
Is she really thorough with her borough, can she represent?
Do Remy write every line and every rhyme that she spit?
Is she, really the shit, is her flow really sick?
Get off my dick, keep your sorry ass compliments
I get mad quick y'all knowin me ain't got no sense
Bitch don't try to play me, because you not a player
Believe me, you don't really wanna see my gangster
It's easy to cock back and smack the shit out a hoe
Had to leave niggaz bleedin just so we could get our dough
It get me heated, that's why I wild out for no reason
On the Bruckner, like fuck you, gettin weeded and speedin
I'm untouchable nigga I ain't never have love for you niggaz
Cause y'all pussy that's why I ain't never fuck with you niggaz
Motherfuckers is scandal, on the avenue of Randall
Don't slip into some shit you and your click can't really handl
e
I ain't havin it, get the cash out the cabinet
Before I stab the bastard baby in the bassonet
I'll, body a botty bwoy, blow his gut open
Leave son chokin, gun still smokin
Know how many niggaz like, "I bet you Pun wrote it"
Y'all can all take a dirty dildo and deep throat it!