

# Hum Drum

## Terror Squad

Down  
The paint is peelin?  
Now  
An' when the chips are down  
Down  
You gotta lose all feelin'  
Now  
An' when the chips are down

Yea, I gets it poppin' everybody know what Remy 'bout  
Got niggas shocked like Justin just pulled Janet's titty out  
Yea, I spit it out quick to put a nigga out  
The bullets larged in doctors can't get 'em out  
You gets no love, to me y'all dead bugs  
My records don't sell then I'ma sell drugs  
From O's to whole P's, grams to whole keys  
No joke, I got coke that'll make ya nose bleed

Dope so pote and my fiends done OD'd  
For three hundred and fifty a pop I'll sell you a dro seed  
You really don't know me and thats the fun part  
See my flows retarded but Miss Martin is dumb smart  
An' you are literate, you can't even read the tele prompta  
I got niggas flyin' me weed in by helicopter  
You look sad when I pass in this toy Benz  
You gon' be real mad when I bag ya boyfriend

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You can feel my pain like a drug, you can light it with fire  
And you can mix it with your blood if your tryin' a get higher  
Another angel in a thug's body scarred and tired  
Going to court got a illuminati judgin' me biased  
Shit, I talkin' for everybody, walkin' united  
The way I walk, it's a challenge just to balance on wires  
My old connect put me on said he robbed the supplier  
So I pieced him out with pity 'coz his ass was on fire

What goes around comes around holmes I ain't lyin'  
That's why the scars on my face 'coz bad karma and violence  
Just before a nigga wake I spend the night in silence  
To give my nerves a little break before it's back to the malice

I'd like to dedicate this rhyme to old emotional scars  
Some nights I meditate hopin' bring me closer to God  
Tryin' to regulate my time between the Earth and the stars  
Get my health back to determine when I curlin' them bars

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Yo this the upcoming success definition of prospect  
Put ya money on me, you get recognition and profits  
On any condition I drops it on a mission no listen to gossip  
Whether splittin' impasta's sorta like a mobsta and my niggas, I got ya  
We all gon' be eatin' soon like Italians with pasta  
Smokin' weed, eatin' curry chicken like the Robsters  
After that go to city, Allen and get the lobsters

Now can I get a witness lemme show y'all my visions  
Never had a job but still takin' all my business  
No G.E.D only the promo what's my lyrics  
I rhyme heavenly and let soldiers off the appearance  
And rap so I keep my dough stacks don't me go back  
And clap, clap at yo do' Matt like nigga hold that  
There's no feelings I'm feelin' 'cause when I'm feelin' I'm killin' the Moth  
erfucker right on his trip they killin' the villan what

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