

Thicker Than Blood

Fat Joe

I don't give a fuck about you duke
The truth is you be talkin shit with no proof
Still pussy after all that loot
Smack you right in front of your troops
You know how we do, pakinamac in the back of the coup
You loose, that's why you gon get it
Me and my squad is known to set it
Front guard and get ahead of this
It's pathematic how you run the streets
I bring guns to beef, while you send your son to speech
We a hundred deep and stay bustin the heat
Puttin niggas to sleep, in six feet sweaps
Joe the Don, ready for war when it's on
Come on, tell me who can hold it down this long
I'm strong that my name will live on when I'm gone
Word bond, I conquer shit like Genghis Khan
You been warned by the Terror Squadrans, ghetto sergeant
Next time I see that ass in carter the'll be no pardon

Terror Squad pop, ain't nothin thicker than blood
I sware to God all my thugs die quicker than love
But life flex again, I'll be back livin it up
And If drop, you don't stop, keep lickin ya slugs

Aiyo, it started off since 1979
A young nigga that was born and destined to shine
I've been thru ups and downs, cash tellin cracks
Bustin rounds, I saw buyers get hit up in crossfires
Bosses retire, expired by hitmans for hire
Wines strictly for bitches, suckin dicks to get higher
In this world the more that you lust
Fake ones that do fake shit, only a dummy you trust
How can I have love walkin on this earth with dust
Hence the birth it was bug, I fiend search for the drugs
And being punched supply the guns, when we curse you with slugs
But fuck it, everything ain't goin to work for you cuz
I got to make these pesos in case lobes, niggas ya make fold
Like envelopes and take notes
Had an ash runnin the dash like JJ Stokes
When the gun smoke, I quote another Murder He Wrote
It's thug emotions that I'm lettin off my chest
Turn of the leader, tress and jess be the best like T.S
I'm in for life, ready to fight, my twins is hype
Better get it right, or get dented on sight

I'm just tryin to figure what right
Kinda hard to pull a trigger polite
Scriptures of right can't discribe how I'm sick in this life
Pick up a mic and end it all in a session
Blow my brains out, and let the kid sour the rezin
I told ya niggas my brain was way above ya heads
Niggas be slumpin dead, so snappin they spines
Tryin to see what I fed, peep what I read in the eyes of my rival
It might surprise, but jealousy sometimes is the only way for survival
Don't get me wrong, I'm still a piece of shit
Street fires increased a bit, I might body a nigga for at least a nick
Quipin the forty power, 24 hours of Armageddon

The fly terrorist, chapter of sporty cowards
Holy sours, clense my sins thru repentence
A center of attention when the name of my enemy is mentioned
A nigga inchin, must be but stinkin how my squad run
Cuz I ain't dyin till my fam straight, sware on my godson