

# All Around The World

## Terror Squad

Yeah yeah  
Terror Squad what-what  
Cuban Link what-what  
'99, baby

Yo ladi-dadi, mami, I love to party  
Plus I always cause trouble when I guzzle Bacardi  
Got the hotties sippin rum, Maseratis with the stumps  
Music bumpin out the trunk. everybody's gettin drunk  
From the Bronx, settin, lettin it all out  
No doubt, toast your coast  
Reppin the east, west, north, south  
Now it's all about the Terror Squad, ghetto superstars  
Extra-large players like Kareem Abdul Jabbar  
Word to God, Pun, my crew won't give a fuck who you are  
We do our job like we part of the mob, shoot up the bar  
Cuban the Don Daddy like John Gotti  
I brung a long shotie for the chump bodies  
If it's on it's on, mami

It's Mister Cuban Link, baby, comin through with the hits  
Gettin love from the ladies while my crew in the triz  
And this goes out to the players, thugs, hustlers and pimps  
(We run shit)  
All around the world  
You know I do my thing, baby, Cuban Link full eclipse  
Terror Squad, new era, god, better choose who you with  
When we flip ain't no tellin what we do to your click  
(We run shit)  
All around the world

Villainous Terror Squadian, Bacardi dark got me crashin the party  
Undressin hotties to take it all from the drawers to they Barbie bits  
Pokin up in your ?vaginal? flow in Carhartts and Timbos  
Thuggin it with a limp, cause Cuban Link is known to pimp hoes  
Gettin bimbos from all angles, mandingo straight out the combo  
From a bedroom I needed gettin head in a Durango  
Grab your ankles, do the hula-hoop your culo while I do ya  
Nothin's cooler than fuckin while you're puffin a bag of buddah  
Don the Cuba's got your cura, schoolin juniors like butuvas  
Smooth as Luther when it comes to suckin hooters like a Hoover  
Who the man now? Impressed so many mamis, I can't count  
Holdin my count down till the last round, hands down  
No question I blow your chest in with a Smith & Wesson  
You'll be dead in less than a second - reckon  
Better listen, my weapon, step in my sessions for lessons  
Lasting impression, destined to be the best in this profession

I'm runnin ralleys from New York to Cali up in a Caddy  
Puffin like Daddy with paddy, baggin the weed up in the backseat  
Crackin forties, actin naughty, tellin em shorties, havin orgees  
Watchin pokeys with four freaks - now that's me  
I be the nasty cuban, slammin like I'm Patrick Ewing  
Pass me a bag of weed, a brew, and the track that we're doing  
For you and yours, full of glitter style  
Showin all my skills like a stripper, baby, hit me with some shit for now  
Break it down, hit the ground, move your hips around

Make it bounce, shoop and sit down on my dick and do the brown  
If you down we can bounce right now, pick up a pound  
Enjoy and lounge with style, y'all know my name by now

No doubt

Cuban Link, baby

'99

Terror Squad

All you fake-ass niggas

Tryin to be like us, talk like us

But you could never walk like us

Fuck around and get outlined in chalk

Terror Squad

Joe Crack

Big Pun

Prospecto

Armageaddyo

Triple Seis, what?

Raoul