

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
Armageaddy
Triple Seis, what?
Raoul