

Bring 'Em Back

Terror Squad

Yeah

This is classic shit right here, vintage shit
Go get ya tape decks ready uh
You know I had to bring 'em back hahahaha
Terror era's the squad man
Yeah uh yo uh yo

Aye yo I'm old school like Rick Ruler sick jewels to big buddah
Lift dudes wit the six shooter Luger (Ooh Yeeah)
That means bring it back NY king of that
The best tried a dead mind but just can't see to that
The 4th comin don't look now theres more comin
And we all stunnaz wit lil money but still hungry
True story once threw a nigga from a two story
asked for my paper said theres nothin he can do for me
Thats like takin a steak out of a lions mouth
Betta yet that like takin a plate outta Ryans mouth
Thatll neva happen ova my dead body
Feds got me plastered on the wall like I'm the heir to Gotti
I swear to Mambo and Nore and all the left wreck
A nigga try front on his body he gettin sent back
Dont resent Crack I'm just what you wanna be
Young rich and famous bitches can't get enough of me
And they runnin up on me usually in groups of them
But not just everyday but you could neva be too use to them
I be abusin them squeezin fresh oranges
Breakfast in the mornin get some strength and then it's on again

I just had to bring 'em back
(Word you definitely know what I'm about)
You know I had to bring 'em back yo
{All my friends call me stout}
I just had to bring 'em back
(Flamboyant baby)
You know I had to bring 'em back yo

When I cruise through the ghetto I drive slow
I'm quick to buck a duck and I don't give a fuck about 5-0
A hard core life I toast to ex flaw
therefore I live raw and went to war wit the law
My only pencil was a mug shot slugs were thugs got pot
get swellin hops from sellin tops to da drugs spot
G's was clocked fat knots was in the socks
and cops who tried to stop shop got knocked when I popped the glock
Shit was ran right by me and my man Mike
Cause I choose to use a gun don't mean that I can't fight
Cause we put the guns down and go one round
wit the hands but man I ain't the one, you'll get done clown
I can inverse my style, cause I'm versatile
Quick to burst a child I'm livin worse than foul
I pack two techs in case ya crew flex
I wet up the set in a second yell whos next
To feel the wrath of a psychopath shoots it up like Shaft
Turn ya staff into a blood bath to laugh
You'll get smashed like a deli snack, you softer than jelly jack
I attack in black wit a gat and a skully hat

I just had to bring 'em back
{All my friends call me stout}
You know I had to bring 'em back yo
(Flamboyant baby)
I just had to bring 'em back
{Terror Squad cause we stunt}
You know I had to bring 'em back yo

No doubt I'm from the X and I seen it all
Shorties wit dreams of playin ball for Seaton Hall turnin fiends a full
From Meda ward to Sacuon the same sad song
is bein sung, its like gimmie a gun and I'm back on
Joey Crack, Pun, TS, Bronx regulators
Stomp little niggaz to death for tryin to imitate us
Yall could neva see us, be us, TS, kill da bs
Cause Pun got more guns and funds than Undeas
Un be us, I'm from the BX so I have to roll
Blast the 4 crash ya door smash ya hoe
Hack off ya skull, I'm stackin heads like totem poles
Blow a hole in ya colon throw you from here to Fordan road
Blow fa blow, I toe to toe with the toughest
bring the ruckas to the roughest muthafucka its nothin but luckstress
My crews are cussin to bustin ass crushin glass
in niggaz faces leavin traces of red out this bloody bath
I want the cash off the jiddump, I cock and blast the piddump
at any piddunk tryin to laugh at the Briddonx
You ain't no kiddon for the Terror Squadron
You feel the fear of God when I steal a car and flatten ya Pierre Cardan
I peirce ya noggin if you startin trouble, spark the dot above you
and watch it blossom like a flower throughout the borough
No doubt I'm thorough with a parascope rifle extended rycle
cycle thatll tear the whole Bible out
I'm sweatin no idols a title's all I request
Best rappers know that Pun and Y the chaperones of death..

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