

## Bring It On

## Terror Squad

Yeah yeah, what, Terror Squad  
From the streets to the jail cell  
I mean, my niggaz is facin' death penalties and all that  
Charlie Rock el D  
Yeah, yeah, this go out to you my nigga, yo, yo

Ain't no solution for this  
Since day one I been true to this shit  
Often niggaz try to shoot but they miss  
I been provin' to hit so you know it's really real

I went from chillin' on the hills to signin' deals worth fitty mil  
Self made millionaire status  
We all gettin' money but it's funny how mine makes niggaz maddest  
Come at us if you ready for war

Whoever you are  
Leave you dead in your hall leakin' red on the floor  
Better than y'all  
Niggaz need to face the facts

Since the days of crack I been blazin' gats, tryin' to raise my stats  
Tracin' back, you could find me at a racin' track  
Laced in black, bettin' on a horse called Amazin' Jack  
Joey Crack's the illest, fully backed my killaz

Hoppin' outta 18 wheelas, like mad gorillas  
Niggaz need to calm they nerves when I'm concerned  
'Cause if you didn't know by now, you all gone learn

I ain't know you really want it  
How am I supposed to know there's something when you keep frontin'  
Don't want no people wantin' to play my game  
And if you really want the problems nigga say my name  
Bring it on, come on

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I puts it down with Pun  
Now all I do is lounge in the sun  
Look what I done from the slums, to sportin' 5 thousand and ones  
See the ice glitter, I only walk with them nice niggaz

Sheist niggaz that quit it for doin' life niggaz  
You had a judge, we came through in the clutch  
Fifty fifth ain't no what to do when I came through wit'cha  
The Don Polly, you could find me as fresh as Denali

In times probably even marching at a Shaufton rally  
I often carry that's the price of fame  
Got precise the fame snipe you with the rifle and unlight your brain  
It ain't a game, it's real niggaz with real guns

That still run, caught a box and pump ox by the millions  
Before the children that's confusin' life  
The voodoo type that'll pull out the Uzi and make you lose your life  
The news is tight, I got 'em hangin' by the neck  
Man you tanglin' with vets when you bangin' with TS  
(What, what the fuck)

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