

Pass The Glock

Terror Squad

Pass the glock word up
Pass the glock (T-Squaders) uh ha, (T-Squaders)

You can't stop T-Squad
You can't stop T-Squad
Can't stop it, can't stop it

Somebody call the cops
For us to stop'll take all of they got
Uptown and the Bronx, my Squad is legends off of the block (Terror Squad!)
Deep in the borough where the corners is smoldering hot
My team is known for smokin the glock
To the hole in your rock (Terror Squad!)

I murder men wit the poisonous flow, my pen
Hurt em for they dough and they GM's wit Mac 10
No relaxin, straight action when it's on
Call up Pun and The Don, come up heavily armed
Niggas better be calm or I'ma set the alarm
And a hundred strong'll form in shape of a bomb
My squads'll forever bomb wit a war like Lebanon
And we hardcore till we dead and gone so go ahead and mourn

Aiyyo Seis I'm pacin back and forth
Wit thoughts of bein trapped up north
But after I come off wit it y'all can push em out the door
So cock the four pound (four pound)
Lock the fort down (fort down)
From New York to Georgetown (Georgetown)
Knockin off clowns that ?clap em off rounds?
It's war now so toss the nine ? cuz I'ma floss and shine
You lost your mind if you thought your rhymes was comin close to mine
Eyes that drop signs like Einstein
Applyin the iron to your spine
And find you dyin on primetime

Aiyyo we break barriers, we recipe holders and cake carriers
That dominate the devil tryin to make the fake marry us
Hilarious how we mute crews, and nigga this is true news
Dudes'll blow you outta ya two shoes
Who chose to front it, they don't really want it
Yo I stay Philly blunted, Prospect wit the nine milly gun it
I leave you dented by the way glock pop
Take a hot shot, push ya knot back like a drop top

Freeze like coke in the drop or ya float when I'm totin the glock
I'm blast any feelings you catch from this to emotional stop
Host it on top, label the worst to the topic
Worshippin violence, push you back
Like a cursor does the words by the silence
HUSH, slow up before you blow ya clutch
Hold my forty-four wit lust, an then I'll take your soul like a holy touch
The tat on my arm's like the rhymes I write
Cuz Armageaddon rivals life
Give my hype I might bust it tonight

My shit bang like a clock

I pull your chain till it pop
Put one in your brain for fuckin wit the creme of the crop
Sayin I'm hot, while you playin I'm blazin the spot
Makin you bop, makin my way to the top
Breakin the lock, takin a shot at the title
Ready to rock at my rivals
Like Pac everything I drop is the Bible
Cop it on vinyl, there's just a little cursing
If you want ya head to burst
Play it in reverse, you'll hear the devil's version

Hear the metal's burstin, there's a terror lurkin
It's a certain, whoever searchin to find God when my clips inserted
Words are blurted when we bust guns, you heard it
Left ya *gun shot* murdered
I know ya *scream* was stunned by the verdict
I'm a free man, kill your free lance for only three grand
Makin an examp for my other workers and cut off each hand
You greedy mothafuckas I'll see you in hell
Jealous niggas wanna see me in jail fiendin to tell