

# Thunder In The Air

## Terror Squad

Yeah

What up man, this yo boy Prospect right here man  
T-Squad BX you know what it is man  
It's been a long time man  
Y'all niggaz think this shit is easy  
Niggaz struggle for this shit right here man  
Listen to this man

Aye yo, they got me poisoned like ivy  
Y'all been waiting for them boys to come try me  
Quick on the draw, fast on the finger like Mike Lowrey  
Niggaz funny, first they get your numbers  
Then want to shout you  
See you getting money  
now they want the guns to come out you  
Well you see we all be having dreams about them cars and floors  
With some of ? ? marry you, the call is yours  
I was determined  
My niggaz out will burn and chew you  
Spit you out, like a shot from a German luger  
Now who want it, test my peoples I'll blast the boy  
Pull out them twin desert eagles, like I'm Pastor Troy  
Man I've been through some rough winters  
And plush like four summers  
But I've made it over them rough roads like old hummers  
Look I'm a, made man crook  
Now see me in ?  
But I'mma go this way and write rhymes in your Shakespeare book  
Niggaz be scared to death, I can see in the face they shook  
And they ain't want give me a shot, I had to make them look  
It's Prosp'

(It's the upcoming success. Definition Of Prospect)  
Yo mom, your baby boy the king of men  
(It's the upcoming success. Definition Of Prospect)  
I ride or die with them guns in my hands  
(It's the upcoming success. Definition Of Prospect)  
I move with no fear, the BX up in here  
(It's the upcoming success. Definition Of Prospect)  
And though I'm storming, there's thunder in the air

Aye yo, they say the ? for this music I was cutting my classes  
Stood up late night, a stanky nigga bustin my ass  
Now my memory cake, and y'all niggaz cake is telling ain't me shitty  
Y'all stressing misdemeanors, man I catch a felony quickly  
Shit I deserved what I got  
And yo them forms they be copyin  
You tried to swerve in my spot  
Go earn a war on your block  
I just came to lay my name down, I work a hard shift  
Show my talents to the world and expose my god gift  
I was grown with hard end, many obstacles and fights  
But I learned to heal my scars, like them doctors doing life  
Keep it moving, cruising  
Doing like a hundred and sixty  
And I ain't stopping till them motherfucking cops come and get me  
I survived my community

Took my opportunity  
To get money and y'all mad cause I'm doing me (cut it out man)  
I'm going south and I'm fishing  
Stop that mouthing and bitching  
Put your money on the table, I'll put you out of commission

Big Pun whattup  
My lil Brother Dee yeah  
Uh huh