

Yeah, Yeah (Mmm)  
This is the Terror Squad, Bleach Brother, Colabo (Mmmm)  
Italiano (what) Ya know da deli  
Aha, Aha Dirtman  
Hey yo, Hey yo, Hey yo

I spit that killer shit white gorilla shit nobody ill a shit  
You never seen it before its all Ligitement  
Italiano bust holes to your guitano  
I got twelve ropes to hang you off the Verazano  
Rapid Marziano I hit your arms till they drop  
Palms to your chops left hook put your palms in the block  
Jingo pop then don't stop till the game is one  
And I'll stop till your frame is numb  
Comical rapper on some funny shit pop drung on shit  
While I'll tell you straight up we on some money shit  
A problem with that you see my hand in the place  
But fuck Ballon I'm trying to punch you dead in your face  
We bless with da deal cause we're the best in the field  
Bleach Brothers true white trash you can wrestle it real  
Test if you will feeling the meaning of real  
The meaning of steel you little bitch  
Ay you screaming for real

All my real live niggas say:  
That's my shit  
All my thugs mothafuckers say:  
That's my shit  
And if you all about the ruckus say:  
That's my shit

Triple Seis the killer like turn your fact  
Bringing it back the way B-X put it on the map  
Its like that running up in your shots while they got  
While the exact take it back lay with the map  
Joey Crack get busy with the shottie  
Hit em niggas with the busy for being in a busy body  
They talk too much Seis comes true in the clutch  
Move with the rush and I hold who you can trust  
That are bless anytime hit you for any son  
Go fifth to fist in the mist they'll kick plenty rhyme  
Give me mine and you can have the rest or feel afraid of death  
And the pain as the rain with the tech  
My connect sending buddah flavor Te-bek  
Like cuddah soft and wet that I'd acquired at the set  
Triple Seis is on fire I'm as hot as it gets  
Rock the light the end is about to line up the set

Yo we back in the door hearing at you asking for more  
You asked for the raw  
Bleach Brothers strict and we poor  
Goof on the bottom floor  
Back now walk in the brish? Back to the bullshit  
Fuck with those cats I'm cool with  
Act and fool with, Actually nothing to fool with  
Went to school with  
Quite tight now a true click

You get your je-je-jewel fixed  
Fan come over here hitting your back pockets get swiss back  
How can a mac get his shit back  
You want to click-clack your person you can get that  
You get your shit cluft up Billy Fishers when I spit that