

# Hum Drum (feat. Remy, Prospect & Armageddon)

## Terror Squad

Downâ!  
The paint is peelin'  
Nowâ!  
When the chips are down  
Downâ!  
You gotta lose all feelin  
Nowâ!  
when the chips are downyea . i getz it poppin everybody know what Remy bout  
got niggas shocked like justin just pulled janets titty out  
yea i spit it out quick to put a nigga out  
the bullets larged in doctors cant get em out  
you gets no love to me ya'll dead bugs  
mi records dont sell then ima sell drugs  
from o's to whole p's  
grams to whole keys  
no joke i got coke that'll make ya nose bleed  
dope so pote and my fiends done OD'd  
for 350 a pop ill sell you a dro seed  
you really dont know me and thats the fun part  
see my flows retarded but miss martin is dumb smart  
n you aliterate you cant even read the teleprompta  
i got niggas flying me weed in by helicopter  
you look sad when i pass in this toy benz  
you gon' be real mad when i bag ya boyfriend  
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Nowâ!  
your head goes round n round

you can feel my pain like a drug  
you can light it with fire  
and you can mix it with your blood if your tryna get higher  
another angel in a thugs body scarred and tired  
going to court got a luminati judgin me biased  
shit i talk aint for everybody  
walkin united  
the way i walk its a challenge just to balance on wires  
my old connect put me on  
said he robbed the supplier  
so i pieced him out with pity 'cause his ass was on fire  
what goes around comes around holmes  
i aint lyin  
thats why the scarrs on my face cause bad karma and violence  
just before a nigga wake i spend the night in silence  
to give my nerves a little break before its back to the malace  
i'd like to dedicate this rhyme to old emotional scarrs  
some nites i meditate hopin  
bring me closer to god  
tryna regulate my time between the earth and the stars  
get my health back to determine when i curln' them barsDownâ!  
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your head goes round n roundyo this the upcoming success  
definition of prospect  
put ya money on me you get recognition and profits  
on any condition i drops it  
on a mission no listen to gossip  
whether splittin imposta's  
sorta like a mobsta and my niggas i got ya  
we all gon be eatin soon like italians with pasta  
smokin weed eatin curry chicken like the robstas  
after that go to city allen and get the lobstas  
now can i get a witness  
lemme show ya'll my visions  
never had a job but still takin all my business  
no GED only diploma was my lyrics

i rhyme heavenly and let soldiers off the appearance  
and rap so i keep my dough stacks  
dont me go back and clap clap  
At yo do' matt like nigga hold that  
theres no feelings im feelin 'cause when im feelin im killin the mutherf\*\*ker right on his trip  
they killin the villan whatDownâ!  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>