

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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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/>