

Gimme Dat (feat. Armageaddon)

Terror Squad

Lock that fuckin' door, yo
Lock all that shit Y'all muthafuckas can't hold me back
Holdin' gats drunk off of cognac
Laughin' at life and how my goal be makin' the hoes react
Ridin' in cars, out to get me eight full of shinin' stars
Overwhelmin', any average rapper will find it hard
To deal with the way my Squad puts metal to flesh
We rebels to death, leakin' body heat, decimals less
My shotie completes the measure of death, I'm hittin' your chest
I'm only 1100 double threat, beware of the rest
Terror Squad's everywhere like weed smoke
If my pump shotie was sweet chokes
I'd twist the whole place with three strokes
Dump this wild sawed-off barrel
I send your soul to follow the blast
And see how far the noise will travel
Big Eadie's name never lost his value
I told you before on Joe's album
We been illin' since the holy pharaohs
Run out of heat, I still burst you with bangers
Believe, me and violence connect and we have our own personal language
Money, gimme dat
Power, g-gimme dat
Guns, gimme dat
Freedom, g-gimme dat
Pussy, gimme dat
Drugs, g-gimme dat
Gimme dat
Respect, better gimme dat
Money, gimme dat
Power, g-gimme dat
Guns, gimme dat
Freedom, g-gimme dat
Pussy, gimme dat
Drugs, g-gimme dat
Gimme dat
Respect, better gimme dat
Hey yo, your era's over
And your peoples lack the charm or persona
The sound of my chrome be bangin' from home to Arizona
My gun be clickin' like your chain on my neck, claim my respect
Give me a pound or feel the pain in your chest
I only bang with T.S.
That's some Squad that God returned to the surface
Bustin' scary-ass burners that burst through your epidermis
Niggas respect the verses, my shit is heat, so I'ma set the furnace

To burn whoever's yearnin' to hurt thisNigga, tell me I ain't bringin' the pain
If I ain't leave in a train
I'm probably fleein' from puttin' 3 in your brain
See what I'm sayin', it's all about this
Guns, murder and chips and I gathered all in the palm of my fistThis is who Armageddon is
Raw to the brain, I'm sort of insane
But yet in never fall in the game
It's not enough, I need to fatten my stacks
More guns, g-g-gimme dat
More power and respect, gimme datMoney, gimme dat
Power, g-gimme dat
Guns, gimme dat
Freedom, g-gimme dat
Pussy, gimme dat
Drugs, g-gimme dat
Gimme dat
Respect, better gimme datMoney, gimme dat
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Power, g-gimme dat
Guns, gimme dat
Freedom, g-gimme dat
Pussy, gimme dat
Drugs, g-gimme dat
Gimme dat
Respect, better gimme datYo! See what I'm sayin'? Ain't no stoppin' me
This was God's plan, this is what I am
This is who Armageaddon is, n every sense of the wordYo, year 2000's around
And I'm still breathin life through my nostrils, bitch
I ain't goin' nowhere I'ma remain in your faces
Until my demise is televised I told y'all niggasWhere my terrorists at? Where all my terrorists
at?
Throw your guns up in the air
More money! More power! More respect!
Take this muthafucka over
Fight for your muthafuckin' freedom!Bitch-ass niggas, yeah, nigga
That's my life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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