

# Terror

## Masta Ace Incorporated

Hit me over the head, nigga!  
Yeah, you're god damn right  
We got the shit to make your dome split  
You fucking around over here?  
You gonna feel the terror What's your name, kid?  
Well, lets just say  
It's the A to the S - E  
Don't try to test me  
And I just be  
Brownsville to the bone like that  
Stone avenue, where ya at?  
Who you run with?  
Well, the INC  
I got lord to the D  
I got Paula to the P  
Plus me, ey, Leschea  
Keep the tangarae  
And pour me a glass of that monkey made of brass  
Fast  
That's how it is and how it goes  
I don't need silk clothes  
To pull all the holes  
In your head  
Bum the gunshots and the raps  
I bust mad caps  
When the wack take naps  
Perhaps  
I need to wake 'em up  
Then I take 'em up  
Then I shake 'em up  
Hey, then I break 'em up  
Like glass  
Im up in that ass like Sharman  
Harmin'  
MC's that feel like swarmin  
Like flees  
But I got these  
Pesticide rhymes  
You best to try crimes  
Cuz' if you try to fuck with this  
Then you just made an error  
And you gonna feel the terror

Coming through in the black cherry automobile  
That's how I feel  
Everybody claimin' real and holdin still  
But I be on some rollin shit, Holdin' shit  
Down for my borough, Brooklyn base thorough  
That's why, I do or die  
Like Bed-Stuy  
Oh my, that shit that get you high  
It's something up a phenomenon  
Like white lines  
Me and Mines run thick like hines  
Catch up, you can't catch up  
So play the rear, over there  
It's B-base in your ear  
And your eyes  
So realize and recognize  
A nigga dies  
When we terrorize  
I don't think you really wanna play  
Cuz' we be doin' niggas every day  
Just like that  
J-J-Just like that  
J-J-Just like that  
I cram a knife in your back  
The INC don't care about you and your crew  
Or them niggas that you run with  
Them the niggas you'll get done with  
Check it  
We be comin' with that bigger and better and more shit  
We got that raw shit  
It's the I  
It's the N  
It's the C  
No mistery, You no anonomy  
You must not know the time  
If you wanna try and say that  
Whatchu' got there, INC?  
Motherfucking right, yo play that, hate that  
Feels so good, that my mind won't let go  
Blackboy, blackboy  
Turn that shit down  
Fuck that  
Now feel the terror in my sound

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>