

New York Giants (Featuring M.O.P.)

Big Punisher

C'mon
Oh shit
Yeah yeah
Oh shit
Oh shitC'mon c'mon
Uhh, yeah yeah yeah, this is the motherfuckin' uncut
Long time comin', ya heard?
M.O.P., Big motherfuckin' Punisher, c'mon
What'cha gon' do?
Terror Squad
Bronx, Brook-lawn collabo'
Yo, yo, yo
Ya heard me?This is for my twenty-five to life bidders, pork fried rice eaters
New York, New York, ice rockin' tight wife beaters
We the truth, don't let yo' dead body be the proof
Leave your Wisdom rottin' with holes and I don't mean ya toothI'm hundred proof, that's perfect percentage
Since birth I inherit the gift to spit a verse that refers to ya parent
The spirit's born, here to bring light to the dawn
Made right where you starrin' from night to the mornin'
Plus the light that give light to Muhammad
Or Christ how you want it I got what you need
From God to the streets, c'mon motherfucker you talkin' to meBig Pun! The papichulo out to screw you
Bastards do your own crap, hunchback, like QuasimodoSet off the sirens
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn nigga
New York Giants, c'mon
Leave 'em brainless
Hit 'em with the stainless
It's the world's, world's, world's famous!C'mon violence!
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn pa-pa
New York Giants
Leave 'em brainless
Hit 'em with the stainless
It's the world's, world's, world's famous!I bring death to your front door like an escort from Hell
Or ring the bell like you wanna just talk, and just rock your world
Like gotta believe me, my Squad get busy if you try to diss me
Cock the glitzy give you one back word to 'Pac and Biggie
'Cause my committee ain't only known for the flowin'

Put they holes in your colon send you rollin' like when you're bowlin' A perfect strike, let me show y'all niggaz
 what I learned from Ike
 I hurt your wife, put the strife ass in the earth aight? I'm shootin' at you And that's off the top like Supernatural
 [incomprehensible] turn his Moves to statue like Medusa was lookin' at you clap you with your own Heat by all
 means if this was L.A., I'd be a motherfuckin' O.G. Set off the sirens
 Form the alliance
 South Bronx, Brook-lawn nigga
 New York Giants
 Leave 'em brainless
 Hit 'em with the stainless
 It's the world's, world's, world's famous! Violence
 Form the alliance
 B.X.
 Violence
 B.K.
 Violence I breaks the world off with a bang
 How about some, fuck that! Look nigga, you know the name
 It's the one slash, seven one eight, slash
 M dot O dot P dot, first family dot Boogie down, Brooklyn, damn you
 Step the fuck back, before I get Big Pun to earth-slam you
 I rep for my cell block niggaz
 And cats from Puerto Rico, Uptown screamin' out, "Perrico!" Yep, this nigga strike, I've survived mad nigga
 fights
 Lil' Fame, insane brain, to fill your gigabytes
 Mercy out on machines with loud pipes
 Nigga bytes, six-double-oh's, and you watch your bikes You want seven one eight Terror Squad
 William Danze
 First Fam
 Easy soldier! I'm not a killer, I just pop a lot
 Grew up in Brownsville, in a brownstone, by a vacant lot
 Stance got, my mind, my body, and my soul I don't blame you, you switched your game plan
 When you found out your main man was named Danze
 Nigga, I'm filled with anger!
 You fuckin' with a hooded soldier, Code Red your life is in danger First family style
 All the way out
 Bang, bang
 Bang, bang
 'Til your brains hang out

Songwriters

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