

# Twinz (Deep Cover)

## Big Punisher

Ready for war Joe, how you wanna blow they spot  
I know these dirty cops that'll get us in if we murder some wop  
Hop in your Hummer, the Punisher's ready; meet me at Vito's  
With Noodles, we'll do this dude while he's slurping spaghetti  
Everybody kiss the fucking floor, Joey Crack, buck em all  
If they move, Noodles shoot that fucking whore  
Dead in the middle of Little Italy little did we know  
That we riddled some middleman who didn't do diddily

It'll be a cold day in hell the day I'll take an L  
Make no mistake for real I wouldn't hesitate to kill  
I'm still the Fat One that you love to hate,  
Catch you at your mother's wake  
Smack you then I wack you with my snub trey-eight

I rub your face off the Earth and curse your family children  
Like Amityville drill the nerves in your cavity filling  
Insanity's building up pavilion in my civilian  
The cannon be the anarchy that humanity's dealing  
A villain without remorse, who's willing to out your boss  
Forever and take all the cheddar like child support

I support Pun in anything he does, anything he loves  
My brother from another mother sent from the above  
A thug nigga just like me, one of the best, might be  
Even better leaving niggas kneeling on they right knee

Spike Lee couldn't paint a better picture  
You small change, I'm blowing out your brains getting richer  
Hit you with the Mac (Mac), smack your bitch, nigga what?  
You getting stuck, my trigger finger's itchy as a fuck!  
Trunk jewels (jewels), cruising in the Land, pumping 'Cash Rules'  
Last crew to want it caught a hundred trying to pass through  
That's true, so who the next to get it?  
TS is the best that did it (get it off your chest kid admit it)

[Chorus]

And it's

Here, and you don't stop!

Twenty shot glock with the cop killer fill em to the top

Yeah, and you don't stop!  
Joey Crack's the rock, and Big Pun keeps the guns cocked  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
We'll make it hot nigga, what bring it I blow your whole spot  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
It's still one-eight-seven on an undercover cop!

Fuck the po-lice, I squeeze first, make em eat dirt  
Take em feet first through the morgue, then launch 'em in the T-bird  
The street's cursed, the first amendment's culturally biased  
Supposed to supply us with rights, tonight I hold my rosary  
Tight as I can, I'm one man against the world, just me and my girl  
Black Pearl Athena my sena who keeps it real  
You know the deal, we steal from the rich and keep it  
Peep it it's no secret, watch me and Joe go back and forth and freak it

Creep with me, as I cruise in my Beemer  
All the kids in the ghetto call me Don Cartagena  
Kicking ass as I blast off heat, and  
You never see me talk to police, so  
You should know that I really don't care  
Pull you by the hair, slit your throat, and I'll leave you right there  
So beware it's rare that niggas want beef, Big Pun speak  
And let these motherfuckers know how we run the streets

Fuck peace, I run the streets deep with no compassion, Puerto Ricans  
Known for slashing catching niggas while they sleeping, no relaxing  
Keep your eyes open, sharp reflexes  
Three techses in the Jeep Lexus just in case police ask us  
Street professors, Terror Squad, ghetto scholars  
Fill the clips off, inflicts the fear of God when the metal hollers  
Better acknowledge or get knocked down until I'm locked and shot down  
Heather B couldn't make me put my Glock Down

We lock towns like rounds in the chamber  
Boogie Down major like Nine, I bust mine  
Every time plus I'm the crime boss of New York  
When we talk to walk the walk all my niggas carry chalk  
And stalk, I prey like The Predator, whoever want it  
Go and get it set it baby and I'm gonna bury you  
So remember the Squad that I'm repping  
I pull a clip for my weapon and Punish niggas till it's Armageddon

[Chorus: x2]

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