

# Pina Colada

Dmx

-Vaya

-Come on

-Vaya

-A vailar

[Chorus 2x:]Where're my niggers with the big dicks? -Ahh

Where're my niggers with the hot whips? -Ahh

Where're my niggers living better?

We want Baretas and Amaretas, butter leathers and mad cheddar.

[Sheik:](Ayo Pun, I got you baby)

We play the front not the back, when there's beef I attack

Grab the guns and start lighting

Ya'll the bitch niggers behind cars scared to death like "yo, who fighting?"

How the fuck you teaching me I ain't got no obedience

Ya'll are made of shit I'm the thug's ingredients

And for my niggers I peel like fucked up paint jobs

Cover your block and put holes in you like old blankets

Fuck a bitch use a sock and wipe my nut what?

Run in your spot and use a Glock to get my cut what?

Smack you in public and embarrass you slut what?

Put you on punishment the same way I do to my son

And the only bullets by my stomach be the clip from my gun

And when my gun busts it's over so close the curtains

My silencer's like ch, ch, ch like birds was chirping

I like Boricuas ya know that Sheik be freaky

I put coke in their peepee then stuff the bras

Put some coke in the bras that look like coconuts

That's what's up don't have Sheik's click clack this up

Disload the back pack her bitch ass back me up

You know double R and Terror Squad niggers want they cut.

[Chorus 2x][Big Pun:]I'm well know like Al Capone, full blown like Tone Montana

In the zone sitting on chrome stoned sipping on Champana

Rolling ganja up in Bible paper

A high that will take us through the eyes of Christ, John, Elijah, Jacob

I make the kind of green that hustler's dream

Busting out that custard cream

Piper cause I'm piped up with the mustard team

Plus the queen Fort Knox and hearts

King of medallions Monty Guard

Even Italians see my battalion prop the broad  
I got the squad over qualified pulling over Karl Kani  
Range Rover tilted three wilted hydraulic slide  
Spark the Live in the crowd ripping trough housings  
Like the Wu do in Shaolin  
John Blazing on a pound of buddha and all the mami chulas,  
They want to ride on my Honda scooter  
You know the red one from the video  
But really though she ain't coming and she ain't running the  
Trizzie yo!  
[Chorus 2x][Big Pun:]Disrespect the Don word's bond I'm gonna shoot ya  
We can get it on maricon hijo'de gran puta  
Who you fucking' wit?  
Bitch ass nigger you ain't running' up on shit  
Talking' like you gonna bust yo clip  
Nigger you ain't no fucking threat  
You talk a lot but you ain't never realized that if you walk that block  
Cock that Glock, think I'm pussy oh shit man! Big Punisher's off his rocker  
What you got? Beef wit' me? Aight then papi, Sheik's with me  
Thought you cats were gonna creep on me  
without some type of an injury.  
[Chorus 2x][Sheik:]I see coward in yours, what you up in my eyes?  
Big dick between mine, What the fuck between your thighs?  
Pussy, If I shoot, are you gonna shoot back?  
I don't think so, your man's the thug you ride piggy-back  
You're the one that passed the gat, told your man to bust that  
You ain't making no money, you're a broke-ass cat  
And once these pop, cops bring the chalk  
and the mop to get the rest of you off the sidewalk. what!  
[Chorus 2x]

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