

Banned From T.v.

Big Punisher

N.O.R.E, the movie, coming soon
(Timbaland, shut the fuck up)
Trying to be out in '98, you know [unverified]
(I'm trying to watch this movie)
This the real shit
(Shut the fuck up)
'98, it's ours
Ay yo, ay yo, regardless of rain or snow, sleet or hail
I kick street tales, choking niggas like I'm sprewell
Golden state, holding your fate in the palm of my hand
Blow you away like it's part of the plan
I gotta call it like I see it, talk it like I be it
Walking my walk, thugged out orthopedic
'Cause I'm soon to be up, give me room watch me heat up
Niggas try to stick me like Abdul Lerima, follow the leader
Make me go extra hard, yo Nore should I hold back
Or show the repertoire, quit at 16
Or throw in extra bars just for the non-believers
I show them why it's so hard to reach us
I get pussy with my fathers features
Puff heavenly, see me at 6'1" weigh a buck 70
Catch me in spots y'all niggas never be
Packed in like green bay, Harlem week to Queen's day
Performing acapella, no DJ, 98 live, no replays
Make it seem easy, so tell a friend to tell a friend
That it's them again, nature Norega, wild gremlins
Yo, yo, champagne on the rocks, pour on the fort Knox lazura
Shark salad with cabbage, pork chops and apple sauce
Twin connection, disrespect watch your body cave in
Pump the shotty guaging, hit the shorty while he potty training
I ain't playing, I'm truly the worst
Simply the first to get his whole body fully reversed
Uzi it hurts, leave you double-dead
I'ma a bubble-head, I never listen to nothing my mother said
Ay yo, I hold niggas ransom for money
Like Johnny handsome been sonning niggas for so long
I think I got a grandson, my passion is money
A stash and a honey that won't ask questions but will blast anybody
That's my kind of girl, kinda of world I want to live in

Not a cell or a prison or in hell's Armageddon
Just a little ghetto where my niggas control the middle
We know the riddles of life where others know only a little
Yo, yo been in rich places, sick places
Seen my story on 6,666 pages, wages, I wrote six aces
And at the same dice games, I caught six cases
All over big faces, now it's tipped laces
Ready to dig faces but the bang it ain't
Bitch spaces, niggas loading up they rib cages
Cats like to rip places
Bloody lip tastes but the Cam is in big races?
But I stay in import the pig places
But the world know the girl though
I fuck her off a furlough, she'll be up, hook me up
All your sales could be luck, only question for these ducks is
Baby girl, can we fuck? You the type that need a wife
Thought L.O.X. told y'all the key to life
Asshole, yo I don't play around, I lay it down
Fuck around, I spray around
Flick a biscuit, nigga risk it
My ass, you can kick or kiss it
Ain't no niggas in the world more thorough than this
(Bust off)
And sit the hot barrel dead on your lips
Like 2 thirds of a brick
(Paniero and 'Kiss)
And kiss the crystal white fluffy part in the
(Back of a whip)
(See the plan is to stash all)
And cash y'all
(The weed so strong)
They gotta put it glass jars
Niggas try to smoke me out
(Mope me out)
'Cause the rims on my new joint be poking out
(I'm about to have no feelings, shit is deep)
Do they dance with the devil when they sleep
(I wake up gripping the air, wishing the hit)
Shit that they kick in ya ear when your soul be drifting in air
My gift is half-rotten when I spit it tears
That shit'll drop down my eye, I'm too tired to cry
(And I ain't never seen a nigga that too live to die)
(They say you get what you ask for)
So get it 'cause you asked for it
(If a nigga ain't a thief)

Then he better have the cash for it and we gonna
Be around 'til ya body rot and if the feds bring us in
We get the same time Gotti got
What, what, what, what
Yo, yo, ay yo, there's two ways into the hood, one plain
The other smoke chronic like straight to the brain
Ay yo, let's get loose, Hennessey straight with tomato juice
Queens stallion, my guns, fully Italian
Now y'all niggas recognize medallions
I play the best hood, o-t with Tim Westwood
Used to be on section 8, now my section is good
Thugged out niggas, we eat as much as we could
And I don't give a fuck what, yo, I save my shit
And I don't give a fuck what, you can save your shit
Y'all niggas like extra skin on my dick
Listen to Bob Marley, you funny niggas like Steve Harvey
Fronting live with a weak army
I play the nice guy too, I'll smoke wit you
But the realness, I ain't got no love for you
That's why I never do a song with you
Not even if your baby's mom fucked the crew
And promised to give us head and swallow too
I still say no, no is no, no can doe
Ya, niggas drinking Hennessey, drinking my flow
Yo, thug shit thug shit, what, what?
What the fuck is the deal? Thugged out entertainment
Entertainment, L.O.X., Terror Squad
This shit is fucking official

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