

# 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  
Untertainment, L.O.X., Terror Squad  
This shit is fucking official

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