

Off The Books

Big Punisher

Hey yo, it's all love but love's got a thin line
And Pun's got a big nine, respect crime
But not when it reflect mine
The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long
Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up
With the stash gone
I'm mad strong and my cream is fast
Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest ass
And a taste legit, I don't have to waste a whole case of Crist'
All it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta wit
Lace the click 'cause we all share
It's all fair like love and war, thug galore with the long hair
Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kids run
Like spelling murder reverse it deliver redrum
Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl
I'm the mighty Thor clotheslining motherfuckers
Like Steven Seagal, 'cause all you gonna get
Is your ass kicked or up in a casket
That's it, that's it
(That's it?)
Punisher bash it, at last it's, rappers that really blast shit
Cats getting Big Willie niggaz like Billy Bathgate
Up in Jimmy's Cafe, having caviar
Cracking Cristal at the bar, smoking cigars, living large
We rob and steal, run with the mob, doing jobs for bills
I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill
I like to chill, spark an L and get high
I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly
Whattup Duke-o, you know, politicking papi chuco
I'm out here, watching for Jake, getting this loot though
Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit yo
Swerving like a A.K.A. in Beirut yo
Squeezing, out of automatic M3's and

Please, you ain't seen no thugs like these
I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe
In Corona yo it's better to take than to receive
Your career's on life support and I'ma pull the plug
And have every thug shooting that Beatnut drug

In they blood, no escaping this
Niggaz is going over their favorite shit to be taping this
(For what?)
World premier, loud and clear
Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show
Disappear, jump in the Cavalier
Feeling marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles
For pleasure, bring your territory sever
Keep my workers under pressure got 'em saying fuck Lester
But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold
Don't give a fuck where you been what you done
Where you go, you know, peep this favorite
In black shades like a secret, agent
We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves
We light trees, bust these and stack cheese
It's off the hook this year
Making mad money off the books this year, ain't nothing
But crooks in here
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Go, go, go
Go, go, go
Go, go, go
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