

# Pina Colada

## Rupert Holmes

Vaya  
Come on  
Vaya  
A vailar

Where're my niggers with the big dicks? ah  
Where're my niggers with the hot whips? ah  
Where're my niggers living better?  
We want Baretas and Amaretas butter leathers and mad cheddar.

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(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  
Y'all the bitch niggers behind cars scared to death like "yo, who fighting?"  
How the fuck you teaching me I ain't got no obedience  
Y'all 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.

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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!

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Disrespect the Don word's bond I'm gonna shoot ya  
We can get it on maricon hijo'de gran puta  
Who you fucking' with?  
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 with' me? Aight then papi, Sheik's with me  
Thought you cats were gonna creep on me  
Without some type of an injury.

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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!

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