

# Firewater

## Big Punisher

That's how the east side gets down, word up 4:30 in the morning, Mira, you know what I mean, Mira

Let's get this money sorted and counted, word

Know what I mean, dame te culo mami

Give me my shit back, Mira, hey yo

Fat Joe and them is here now, word

Shine like marbles, collects diamonds

The remix, add on son, politic for the real ones We get knots, like stockbrokers who own Marriotts

Blast shots for all my niggas who splash cops

The rich Corleone camp is here, thousand and one

Corner son, fake a jack, you be a goner Yo, control this rap like Napoleon

Half-Mongolian, hold it, you owe me in

Rock 'em like linoleum, yeah

Lex, diamonds, shinin' like you rhymin'

929'n, Titanium glass, time to play that ass

Whirlwinds of French, come movin' intense

Time to pull again, release the shell Well, make 'em yell again, so sleek but I'ma be maxin' in suites

Countin' your paper and countin' your sheeps

Hittin' your chick in Jeeps

Miraculously, attack your faculty, who wanna tackle me?

You jack mack, kidnap 'em for free

What? You got heat, you better pop those

We movin' like gestapos, through underground potholes That rock those, much land discoveries

Chrome rims, sippin' bubbly

Who livin' lovely, half a brick to cover me

So dissin' me, come on now listen G, you's a dime I'm a key

Thun, thun straight out of Sicily, now, back to the stash crib

Joey Crack baggin' up cracks, one love, give 'em Jeep bags, Kid We get knots, like stockbrokers who own Marriotts

Blast shots for all my niggas who splash cops

The rich Corleone camp is here, thousand and one

Corner son, fake a jack, you be a goner Word, life, I'll be the infamous

Who leaks the witnesses, crack's the wickedest

Run up in your crib, blast your kids

Ain't no myth in this, shit's official

I'll pistol-whip you with my Smith and Wesson

'Cuz my investin' was sendin' rappers to heaven

Gives me an erection

You need protection from the smooth assassin Who really moves at action, blastin' mothafuckas

Execution fashion, now who's the fat one that you love to hate

Catch you at your mother's wake, smack you  
 Then I'll wack you with my snub 38  
 It doesn't take much to make me restless  
 Look at my face and definite lose your breath  
 Truck, my face is Lexus You want to test this, so really?  
 I'll make one call and have the whole WU comin' on the ferry  
 I'm very dangerous and well connected  
 I puff an L with Method, then try to  
 Decide who's next to fill his neck slit  
 So respected and admired the boss, retired your lost  
 Wu Tang, your terror squad, vaya con Dios We get knots, like stockbrokers who own Marriotts  
 Blast shots for all my niggas who splash cops  
 The rich Corleone camp is here, thousand and one  
 Corner son, fake a jack, you be a goner You guys despise guys like us  
 Guys like us, disgust like Spartacus  
 You cuss and claim a bust  
 You lust for a part of us, you thrust but can't touch  
 Plus we far from any type of fellas you can trust  
 Put the pressure on the mic, I biz  
 Press to your chest, sound like sweat on my back  
 We're having sex, tight-ass flex  
 Pretty Pocahontas pussy sweet, like my new TekSis' got curves like a GS, 300 Lex  
 My body's 95% alcohol, 5% cancer  
 Sosa diamonds, Getty, Lucci, blaze it up like Bonanza  
 Catch me in the cut, easy G's is burnin' my gut  
 As I remember my menage au trois was mired by sluts  
 I questionmark your heart, punctuate your fate  
 All your version predicates, done as well as you pronounce  
 In the [unverified], we're gonna break you off the isle  
 (West)  
 Take C.O.s hostage Arab style, no surrender We get knots, like stockbrokers who own Marriotts  
 Blast shots for all my niggas who splash cops  
 The rich Corleone camp is here, thousand and one  
 Corner son, fake a jack, you be a goner Yo, I'm all about business and enterprisin'  
 Advisin' financial advisors on franchisin' the wider than horizons  
 Divicin' ideas with master minders  
 Movin' on a stash of diamonds  
 First we get the cash, then we laugh like miners  
 Don't get me wrong I'm a funny bastard  
 But when it come to money, son, I'm not the one to laugh with  
 I'm after for what cash can bring me brothers  
 Me and my demon lovers blast and laugh at hyenas Back to Ringling Brothers believe them others  
 You's the best, yet, and still  
 I'm investin' mils on a hunch over lunch  
 Puffin' on a Chesterfield, who wants to test

The real scandalous  
I'm at the Sands in Los Angeles  
Plannin' hits with an anonymous philanthropist  
Spanish kids, close to God, like evangelists  
Choppin' niggas up and makin' sandwichesBig shout to my man Raekwon, word is bond

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