

John Blaze

Big Punisher

My stripes show like regiments, military intelligence
Murder game, I leave no evidence credentials
Go ask my pre-school, even talk to my old principal
He'd tell you how you I used to pack a number two pencil
Stabbin students, grabbin' teachers, Catholics, preachers
In the school staircase, cuttin' class, passin' my reefer
In my own class, operation return, they tried to say
I was incompetent, not able to learn
The table turned now, got my own label to earn
Like that nigga said in "Dead Presidents", money to burn
Queensbridge, pay homage, respect Nas is the vet
Acknowledge the rep, polish baguettes, niggaz is dissin' that
I'm just the best, puttin' all violence to rest
Between Latin Kings the blood "los sangres", blood in Spanish
So many thugs vanish, unite the system
To fight with inner street wisdom, to help teach a prison
My crew puff lye, anyone test the Pun must die
Just give me one try "Now you know you done fucked up right?"
Hah, you ain't got no wins in my casa
Que te pasa, you ain't even in my clasa
I hate a actor that plays a rapper
I'm Terror Squad beta kappa everybody's favorite rapper
Grand imperial college material insane criminal
The same nigga who known to blow out your brain mineral
I reign subliminal inside your visual
Try to supply your physical with my spiritual side of this lyrical
I'll appear in your dreams, like Freddie do, no kidding you
Even if I stuttered I would still sh-sh-sh-shit on you
Soon as I chitter chatter you shitter shatter, I'm the kid
Out of Bronx, that'll stomp you to death like it didn't matter
I'm even better than before, iller metaphors
Killers bet it all on Pun, cause one verse, dead em all [Chorus]
J-J-J-John Blaze
Ja-Ja-ah-John Bla-Blaze
J-Ja-J-Ja, John Blaze
"Johnny Blaze ain't a damn thing changed!" Aye yo my attitude is subject to change, I mess around
And spit twelve at the driver's side door of your Range
Six hit you, the other six, up in your dame
Mafia style, leave you with your watch and your chains
Take heed that, not only can I flow I can aim

Cause y'all misdemeanor niggas can't stand the reign
 Better believe that, whenever I see y'all I'ma test ya
 Only cause I know that fagots respect pressure
 Hardcore, like shit you get, kicked out the yard for
 'Kiss ain't the cops, but I lock niggas up
 You could meet me in my cell I soak and sock niggas up
 Far as the flow go, you could let your dough show
 Put your money on the table, we could battle on cable
 Y'all hot dog niggas get Nathans
 Fuck around with Jason, that shorty from The Lox, John Blazin'
 My son cool out (what) don't beef yo, throw the
 tool out
 Let's run these niggas, kidnap they work, make em move out
 Crushed hash, hands is like glass, keep the heat
 In the dash, did some dirt for some work, caught a gash
 The flicker blocker, wicked sneaker rocker footwear
 Strike me out God, stackin' up joints, rack em like Footlocker
 This is raw, raw like fuck kid, represent
 Here to Crenshaw, hold my words stronger than a Benz stall
 Relentless, the anthology consolidated
 With the quickness, dress up in the wig and blouse, killer sickness
 Lex, imagination large, gold cards
 Beat the bogus squad brains that connect put on the Older God
 Specialist, iciclist, Woolridge collar
 Feelin' the rich, work for every dollar don't snitch, that's why
 Broke niggas who got heart God, sign em up
 Start the wind up, we John Blazin', Don up in the line up
 [Chorus] It's simple mathematics, you gotta love us
 Cause Joey Crack plus gat equals a lotta dead motherfuckers
 Just when you thought I was done, I recruited Pun
 Terror Squad Enterprise, undisputed Dunn
 I'm from the slums where it's worse, bust with guns til it hurts
 For fuckin' with my funds on the first
 And go to church like a mobster
 Discuss your death over shrimp and lobster, with my Cuban partners
 Lucas with the cartridge, twenty shot
 Run up on any block, disrespect any cop
 Used to run many spots, now I own shops
 Gortex with the lot, five sixty-four bills a pop
 I'm hot, who wanna get burned?
 I fire one in your knot and watch your whole fuckin' head turn
 You best learn to parlay, I've had a hard day
 Fuck around with the Don and get John Blazed
 [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

PHILLIPS, JASON T/CARTAGENA, JOSEPH ANTHONY/JONES, NASIRPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUB

GROUP, DELLA MUSIC PUBLISHING, LLC, JELLYBEAN MUSIC GROUP, SONY ATV MUSIC PUB
LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>