

# You Ain't A Killer

## Big Punisher

The harsh realities of life is takin' tolls

Even Jesus Christ forsake my soul

Please tell me what price to pay to make it home

Take control, I'm makin' dough, but not enough to blow

J.O.'s, they lust my flows, but aiyyo, I don't trust a soul

That's all I know or need to, these evil streets'll meet you

Halfway and eat you, I laugh tryin' to survive illegal

I leave you lost, bounce you on the cross, rip you like a horseSacrifice your life to a higher force

Then I stomp your corpse

It's the Bronx of course, recognize the accent?

One of the last livin' still in action, general assassin'

Catchin' any wreck, blastin' any tech

Smashin' any chest, passin' any test

Charles Manson in the flesh

Any last requests before you meet your maker?Sew what you reap a wake up

Shakin' up a storm like Anita Baker

I'll take you straight to hell and fill your heart with hate

Incarcerate your fate in Satan's fiery lake, then I lock the gate

Make no mistake, "The shit is real" as Joe

We follow the killer's code

When we come for you, tell me where will you go?

Nowhere to run, hide, I'll find you and and silence your screams

And even if you kill me I'll still be in your fuckin' dreamsYou ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk

From New York to Cali, all the real niggaz carry chalk

Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West crap

From Watts to Lefrak, it ain't where you're from

It's where's your gatYou made a grave mistake

Shouldn't of come here, you changed your fate

Your brains'll make the debut on the table when I raise the stakes

The pain is great but only for a second

It starts strong then lessens

Just when you restin the Armageddon sets in

Left him with so much stress, blessed him with no regrets

(T.S., yes)Welcome to Hell son, the threshold of death

Now face the serpent, I blaze your person

You get laced for certain

Even Jakes don't trace the work so close the case to curtains

I'm hurtin', head severely really tryin' to bring the pain

There's nuttin' mo' satisfyin' than when you cryin' screamin' my name

It's not a game, it's Purple Rain, floods and bloodstains  
Big Pun's my thug's name, bustin' my guns, that's my love thang  
I split the jug' vein and snatch your Adam's AppleJohn Madden tackle your corpse  
Then hoist it on the cross at the tabernacle  
That'll have to hurt, I'll work your body 'til it burst  
Then curse tu vida like a Brujeria verse  
I'm worse than anything you ever been through  
Sick in the head and mental  
Essentially meant to be the soul frenetic mental  
When you awaken, your manhood'll be taken

Fakin' like you Satan, when I'm the rhymin' abominationYou ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk  
From New York to Cali, all the real niggaz carry chalk  
Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West crap  
From Watts to Lefrak, it ain't where you're from

It's where's your gatYou ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk  
From New York to Cali, all the real niggaz carry chalk  
Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West crap  
From Watts to Lefrak, it ain't where you're from

It's where's your gatIt's hard to analyze which guys is spies, be advised people  
We recognize who lies, it's all in the eyes chico  
We read 'em and see 'em for what they are

Thieves in undercover cars, takin' my picture like I'm a fuckin' star  
I'm up to par, my game is in a smash  
With half a million in the stash  
Passport with the gas, first name and last  
Ask anybody if my men are rowdy

Give me the mini-shottie I body a nigga for a penny probablyI'm obligated to anything if it's crime related  
If it shine I'll take it, still in my prime and I finally made it  
I hate the fact that I'm the last edition  
Probably a stash magician

Could of went to college and been a mathematician  
Bad decisions kept me out the game  
Now I'm strictly out for cream

Doin' things to fiends I doubt you'll ever dreamMy team's the meanest thing you ever seen  
Measured by the heaven's King, down to the devil's mezzanine  
I never screamed so loud, I'm proud to be alive  
Most heads died by 25, or catch a quick 3 to 5  
So be advised, the streets is full of surprises  
It's not what crew's the liveliest

When the survivors who's the wisestYou ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk  
From New York to Cali, all the real niggaz carry chalk  
Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West crap  
From Watts to Lefrak, it ain't where you're from

It's where's your gatYou ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk  
From New York to Cali, all the real niggaz carry chalk

Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West crap  
From Watts to Lefrak, it ain't where you're from  
It's where's your gat

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