You Was Wrong

Big Punisher

What?
T-S nigga
Y'all don't know?
Ai yo its on, I see how niggas didn't learn
You is wrong, thought the fire didn't burn
Its on me and pun ain't from the Bronx
You's wrong, nigga we can get it on
Ai yo, guns we toss 'em, and bodies we auction
To his family we tell 'em he owed us a fortune
Gimme forty thou, you can have yo' child, you don't know
What I had to go through to clap this clown, check my background
The last nigga to see you bleed, the last nigga to see you breath
The last nigga you wish you shoulda believed
And drag, move quick, blend right into a wall like a brick
The only thing you see before I blow off ya shit is my wrist
'Cuz my hand the gun is covered in
Not this range, when I pump this pistol, it's very rare I miss it
Damn it on ya lips
Y'all keep talkin' like y'all teflon with no weap-ons
Nigga, I'm pumpin' my four, I ain't throwin' no more
Nowadays niggas run upstairs, open they drawer
My circumstance, you ain't got that chance
Mines in my draw, you get it
Thats means y'all walks for two dicks, so don't be stupid
And make me use one unless you, that bitch
Ai yo its one, you thought I was wack
You was wrong, album double plat
Yo its on, stop talkin' shit
You was wrong, get off my dick
How dare you doubt on the [Incomprehensible]?
Big Pun the undoubtable, the only rapper that'll pull out a gun
And slap the shit outta you, you can't tell me nothin'
I'll clonk you and stomp out ya belly button
I'm too violent for this rap shit
I should be out somewhere killin' somethin'
Too quick to blast, some niggas talk shit and dash
But I really will kick your ass
Juggernaut, I don't care if you a thug or not
I'll get Jamaican on ya ass, boy, with the bambaclad

On your mark get ready, run, I'm sparkin' everyone
The one get locked stand back and watch where you from
How dare you come and try to shit where I eat, fuck you nigga, literally
Dick in your cheeks, you bitch in the street
But I'm still gon' hit cha'll niggas
Because up north you be tossin' salads with maple syrup

I know you hate to hear it, but everybody know this one
Why you always gotta be right, nigga, why can't you ever be wrong?
Now its on from the Bronx where it's at
You was wrong, me and Pun brought it back
Now its on, stay on with the gat
You was wrong, its the Don, Joey Crack
Who the fuck want beef with Joe Crack
Make your body fold back
Lift his soul with the chrome mack
I don't chat on the phone, 'cuz the phone tapped
You heard there's money on the block we control that
I got the work in the pot where that stove at
Cook it up 'til it's wack, get my dough back
You niggas so wack, tryin'a compete
I blind you with heat, I'm the reason crime on the street
I die for my peeps, keep an open eye when I sleep
Let you slide when I coulda put five in your jeep
Who's liver than me? I ain't know you really want it
I'm like Christ, niggas beg for they life when they see me comin'
Ain't nodoby gonna stop my shine, you out'cho mind
Don't make me have to cock my nine, pop ya spine
Neva did believe in the Don's
Since '92 I've been proving that y'all niggas was wrong
Ai yo, its on, though I'd stay on the block
You was wrong, now Remi on the rock
So its on, thought I wasn't gonna drop
You was wrong, I was right all along
I told these niggas, that I was the sickest bitch
And everytime you spit, I'ma spit some sicker shit
Ridiculous, I reminisce when I blaze the track
Tight shit, make a nigga wanna play ya back
I'm hatin' that, but I'ma make 'em all believers
Fuck hot, I'ma come and straight drop a fever
Cop a heater, turn around and pop your leader
And for the followers, I'ma leave their heads hollower
Make your wig twisted as if I was Oliver
Layin' in a hospital, hooked up the monitors
Thats for the game, y'all lames just came to first

'Cuz I ain't neva heard a bitch straight flame a verse
I blame the church, how God let you lie like that
Who scribed you for, 'cuz you ain't neva rhymed like that
How the fuck you gon' tell me that chick is tight
She ain't aight 'cuz she don't write, you wrong
Baby

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