

# Glamour Life (feat. Fat Joe & Terror Squad)

## Big Punisher

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Glamour life style baby, bottle the rocks  
Lose the ice, 100 mil kid, money, money, money, mo  
Platinum status, yeah, what up, what up?  
Stick aroundYo, I plan to live a life a-glamour like my man Tony Montana  
Stand and pose in front of cameras  
With my golden silk pajamas on smoking Havanas, drinking Don P  
Thinking beyond deeper than Gandhi, while I'm in the DiamanteCounting my G's, I'm out to be a millionaire  
Dipped in gear, flickin' hundred dollar bills in the air  
Oh yeah, Cuban Link is into getting Benjamin's  
'Cuz if doesn't make dollars, then it doesn't make senseI represent, I'm in to be the king of New York  
Went from living in tenements to up in house resorts  
I'm the Latino, that'll take you to war like Al Pacino  
Even De Niro know not to gamble in my casinoVino wanna rock, slaps, to dinners with mobsters  
I got shit locked from Prospect Ave. to the tropics  
Sitting on top of the world like the sun  
A living legend from the Bronx, second to none, unless it's PunIt's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the  
wife  
Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they sacrifice  
Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice  
And get ready for the glamour lifeRipped off from the infinity  
Dump the body an' the shottie down the lake, leaving no identity  
Just the memory, a casualty as I casually make move on my rivalries  
All eyes I be, on the quest for lootPushing a Lexus coupe, to pursuit them troops, against the big-joker  
Sipping alimoca, playing poker with some chocha  
Heard an approacher, must be fam, but damn I had to smoke Pun  
(Get the motherfucking gun)  
Since [unverified] become the one wanted for a lump sum of G'sDirty rats pack gats for cheese bullets of breeze  
at light speed  
Taking your pretty wife life and sacrificing your seeds  
Indeed, we let him bleed for 50 G's  
Ship his body to the states, filled with 50 keysPlease, no remorse for your two face  
Inside a symbol, my life throughout the motherfucking suitcase

You about to take who's place? Not Seis  
Your body'll be laced, and left without a traceThe glamour life, the glamour life, yo  
It's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the wife  
Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they sacrifice  
Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice  
And get ready for the glamour lifeYo, it's the motherfucking Don Cartagena  
The leader, Terror Squad cleaner  
Leave your family crying for you like Argentina, Mira  
Sweet dreamer like Nas, my entourage is thickCamouflaging this bitch, so God forbid you start some shit  
My squad's equipped with an arsenal of ammunition  
Hollow tips an', cop killers with the [unverified]  
Accounts in Switzerland for rainy daysNigga I'm staying paid, you's a joke  
Always broke with your lazy ways  
Anyway, back to the subject, in the bub-Lex  
In the back seat, having rough sexI love this glamorous life I live, having the ice and shit  
Think twice, I give Christ your kids  
I live life for gifts, keep the five burning while the tires turning  
I blaze an L and seek a higher learning  
Kaiser's learnin' everything illegally  
We could be friend for years, cross me once that's theivityIt's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the wife  
Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they sacrifice  
Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice  
And get ready for the glamour lifeYo, the dough, the rap, the audience, party heavy till the 40's in  
I'll like the Yakuza run the Orient  
Take all the rent, and no man wept the path his daughter went  
Dicks with the fallopian, wide as auditoriumShe fuck for dough for opium, prostitute emporium  
500 Benz, 500 friends sell Cambodian  
8's cup of vodka, 4 cup of juice for sodium  
Money, money, sweet as the smell of magnoliaIt's get you down, but you spitting image of Appolonia  
Now how can I go broke, pumping twenties of coke  
Plus songs I wrote, milkin' dumb honeys I poke  
The young blood sat on the bench in Vant Courtland, slingin'Singing how he trying to get cash for Jordan's  
Another cat toss his Beamer to get the insurance  
Currency's gonna murder me, it's never enough  
Breakin' my ass gettin' it, just as fast as I spend the stuff  
Calling Uncle Sam's bluff dun, taxes don't bite us, bite usMy life, my life  
It's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the wife  
Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they sacrifice  
Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice  
And get ready for the glamour lifeThe glamour life, play precise, defense is tight  
I'm out to settle the score, let's do it right  
Enough for looking at grave, it's paying back tonight  
Yo Twin pass the lah, pass the lightThe glamour life, this life I live is trife as shit  
Least my wife and kid got somewhere nice to live  
I used to live in the gutter, me and my mother

Now she's fifty years old, pushing a hummer  
The glamour life, hand me a knife I'll slice and dice  
Minimize, send them to Christ in the after life  
Pass the mic down the line, let them hear it  
Let them fear it, send it screaming to the Holy Spirit  
Glamour life, the glamour life, the glamour life  
It's the glamour life, yo it's the glamour, it's the glamour life  
Glamour life, glamour life, glamour life  
Cock the hammer, in this motherfucking life, bitch

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