

Parental Discretion (ft. Busta Rhymes)

Big Punisher

Aye yo I'm hard to talk to, if you live I probably thought you stalked you
Where you walked to at night, caught you then tried to extort you
New York niggas is trigger happy, got Pataki scared
This town ain't big enough for both of us and I ain't goin' nowhere
There it is, plain and simple like Jigga my game is mental
While slow niggas better know I blow their brains out they temples
I'm into black magical torture romantic dramatical author
Compatible with the average New Yorker
A fast talker, like Tony when gas whores I'm the masked enforcer
Out for the cash and the cho-cha
Smash the coca, bottle it up watch the fiends gobble it up
If I roll up, you do what? Swallow the stuff
I don't give a fuck anymore, I'm only twenty-four years old
And I've already broken every law
I'm horror core, this is for the heads

Runnin' up in your crib, knot if you still hot in under the bed[Chorus]
Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes
Little kids, get out of here! This shits is homicide!
Drugs and money, this ain't no Bugs Bunny!

Little girls too; this ain't for you it's for the thugs honey! Hey yo my shit's the truth, one fifty proof no question
Parental discretion advised, keep out the eyes of the youth
It's too explicit, bullshit! I challenge the statistics
Violence existed before our music was even suggested
Arrested on sight, it's like there's no rights
That's why I rhyme so aggressive and bring every message to life
I fight the power, spite the power the 90 percent
Keep 10 and feed Twin half for personal reasons
The seasons change things re-arrange, but I stay the same
Play the game, for the wealth, until I've made myself a name
So blame it all on the gangster rapper, thanks to Joey Crack
For the chance to do it my way like Frank Sinatra
I ain't a actor so it's all facts, strictly raw rap
Totally intended for yours dressed in all black
With the ski mask, or the pantyhose makin' cameos

In liquor store cameras with the twin Calico's[Chorus: x2] So forget the boom, one look, you shook, you know
I'm stickin' you

Liftin' you off the ground, look down, that's where I'm puttin' you
Look in my eyes and remember me, how does it feel mentally
Havin' the enemy be the last thing you ever see?

The recipe is death and I'm the chef, fricaseein' your flesh
Be my guest, but I ain't cleanin' the mess
Me and TS we testin' niggas faith, just to see they face
Expression when destined to states, that death be in the case
I'm in the state of grace, in the hated race, by the pagan face
Couldn't fight us, made a virus, gave us AIDS
I paint the wake 'cause they ain't get me yet, wet me
Or reflect me yet, I know they comin' they just tryin to let me sweat
I wreck it like when I was just a boy, eatin Chips Ahoy!
Wasn't allowed to raise my voice, now I'm makin' noise
No more toys, strictly Mac's and missiles, shorties with forties
Packin pistols catchin bodies make sure we'll get you
So they say, I pray there's a better way
My kids don't do as I do, they do as I say, 'cause daddy don't play [Chorus: x2] Word is bond
One thing about MC's is that we don't conceal the truth
We present real pictures about the positive and the negative
So don't blame the hip-hop
When your seed is learnin' the real life from us
Do your duty at home and raise your child in the house parents
You don't do your job
We gonna put your children to bed at nine o'clock
Past your bedtime
You get your ass in bed
You ain't 'posed to be hearin' this shit word up
Punishment motherfuckers!
By the Punisher, and Busta Rhymes, hah
Terror Squad! Flipmode Squad niggas!

Songwriters

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