

You Was Wrong

Big Punisher

[Drag-On]

What?

T-S n****

y'all don't know?[Drag-On]

Aiyyo its on, I see how n****s 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, n**** we can get it onAiyyo, 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 n**** to see you bleed, the last n**** to see you breath

The last n**** 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 s*** is my wrist

'cause 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

N**** I'm pumpin my four, I ain't throwin no more

Nowadays n****s run upstairs, open they drawer

My circumstance, you ain't got that chance mines in my draw, you get it?

that's means y'all walks for two dicks, so don't be stupid

and make me use one unless you that b****[Big Pun]

Aiyyo it's one, you thought I was wack

You was wrong, album double plat

Yo its on, stop talkin s***

You was wrong, get off my dickHow dare you doubt on the ???, Big Pun the undoubtable

The only rapper that'll pull out a gun and slap the s*** 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 s***, I should be out somewhere killin som'thin

Too quick to blast, some n****s talk s*** and dash

But I really will KICK YOUR A**

Juggernaut, I don't care if you a thug or not

I'll get Jamaican on ya a**, 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 s*** where I eat

F*** you n****, literally

Dick in your cheeks, you rich in the street
But I'm still gon' hit cha'll n****s
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 n****, why can't you ever be wrong[Fat Joe]
Now it's on, from the Bronx where it's at
You was wrong, me and Pun brought it back
Now it's on, stay on with the gat
You was wrong, it's the Don, Joey Crack Who the f*** want beef with Joe Crack
Make your body fold back
Lift his soul with the chrome mack
I don't chat on the phone, 'cause 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 its wack, get my dough back
You n****s 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, n****s beg for they life when they see me comin'
Ain't nobody gonna stop my shine, you out'cho mind
Don't make me have to c*** my nine, pop ya spine
Neva did believe in the Don's
Since ninety-two I've been proving that y'all n****s was wrong[Remi Martin]
Aiyyo, it's on, though I'd stay on the block
You was wrong, now Remi on the rock
So it's on, thought I wasn't gonna drop
You was wrong, I was right all along I told these n****s, that I was the sickest b****
And everytime you spit, I'ma spit some sicker s***
Ridiculous, I reminisce when I blaze the track
Tight s***, make a n**** want to play ya back
I'm hatin that, but I'ma make 'em all believers
F*** 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
That's for the game, y'all lames just came to first
'cause I ain't neva heard a b**** straight flame a verse
I blame the church, how God let you lie like that
Who scribed you for, 'cause you ain't neva rhymed like that
How the f*** you gon' tell me that chick is tight
She ain't 'aight 'cause she don't write, you wrong Yeeeeeeaaaaaaah Baby

Songwriters

GOMEZ, MICHAEL A./SMALLS, MEL/RIOS, CHRISTOPHER/SMITH, RPublished by
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