Caribbean Connection

Big Punisher

Yo, wanna rumble with Pun hah?
Shit on the whole industry
Yo who puff more Owls than Pun? Pile on more styles than Pun?
Who the only one with over a thousand guns?
Runnin' up in niggas cribs like I paid the bill
Make you squeal the combination to the safe for wealth
I lace your grill with the fire starter
Hit your wife with the ? from the ? shower powers I devour?
I'm all about the fundamentals, like Pun and pencil
A piece of paper, a decent caper and someone to strafe you
My mental's compatible with the radicals
My oddessey type, qualities allow me to poli' with animals
Niggas is canibals and the ghetto's a jungle
Where you either bet all your bundles or struggle on the simple and humble
My niggas'll rumble with any man for a Benny Fran
Try to imagine what they can sacrifice for twenty grand
Niggas'll slice you and dice you into a thousand pieces
And pound out we jettin' to the ground Uptown
Up in the Boogie Down, ? swallow the team, pile on the green
Surrounded in green like flowers in Spring
For now I'm a King, so it's more than money, all the honies
Used to call me Punny 'cause my fam was always hungry
But now we rollin lovely, and you feel worse, want my money
Let your steel burst, 'cause I'd rather see you in hell first

[Chorus: x2]
Mucho trabajo poquito dinero
I'm selling perrico
Yo what's the deally yo?
I'm Uptown making moves just like Castro

Yo, yo, yo keep the lights keep the camera all I want is the action
The battle's on, where I roam in composition
A hardcore crowd, waitin to see, if I break
Like your first time in jail when you got fucked by an inmate
It'll never happen, I'm on balance like a Libra
And if I get murdered, Don't Cry For Me Argentina
Pour me a cup of vodka, bury me next to my father
In three days, I rise like Christ and still sober

Now my eyes open, in my hands I got the Gatling
I'm looking for the guy that sent me to say hi to Satan
Fists of fury, you wouldn't like me when I'm angry
I turn Mr. Rogers Neighborhood topsy turvy
Foes and enemies meaning the same in the dictionary
This ain't Pictionary, all you see is the cemetary
Bodies, from World War I and II is there
You don't want a third war, that's nuclear warfare
So Big Pun, count the stacks, make it fast
Illegal money turns legal now we runnin' a laundromat
Your hunchbacked and wack rap is packed in your backpack
Your better off in D.C. with the mayor smoking crack
Yo, this ain't a diss, Wyclef bomb threat
Run out of the building or get blast in your Guess
Tec for Tec, or we can go text for text, oh
I forgot, you don't read, so take this hole in your chest, blaow
Hide the blood, give you the gun, run and hide
So when the DT shows up, he thought it was a suicide
Suicide it's a suicide

[Chorus]

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