

# Parental Discretion

## Big Punisher

Aiyyo, 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 niggaz 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 niggaz 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 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, 150 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 rearrange, 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 Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes  
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide  
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Little girls too, this ain't for you, it's for the thugs, honey  
 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, fricasee  
 in' your flesh  
 Be my guest, but I ain't cleanin' the mess  
 Me and TS, we testin' niggaz 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  
 Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes  
 Little kids, get out of here, this shifts 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  
 Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes  
 Little kids, get out of here, this shifts 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  
 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 niggaz

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