

# Twinz (Deep Cover 98)

## Big Punisher

Ready for war Joe, how you wanna blow they spot  
I know these dirty cops that'll get us in if we murder some wop  
Hop in your Hummer, the Punisher's ready  
Meet me at Vito's with Noodles, we'll do this dude while he's slurping spaghetti  
Everybody kiss the fucking floor, Joey Crack  
Buck em all if they move, Noodles shoot that fucking whore  
Dead in the middle of Little Italy little did we know  
That we riddled some middlemen who didn't do diddlyIt'll be a cold day in hell the day I take an L  
Make no mistake for real I wouldn't hesitate to kill  
I'm still the fat one that you love to hate  
Catch you at your mother's wake, smack you then I whack you with my snub trey-eightI rub your face off the  
Earth and curse your family children  
Like Amityville I drill the nerves in your cavity filling  
Insanity's building a pavilion in my civilian  
The cannon be the anarchy that humanity's dealing  
A villain without remorse, who's willing to out your boss  
Forever and take all the cheddar like child supportI support Pun in anything he does, anything he loves  
My brother from another mother sent from the above  
A thug nigga just like me, one of the best -- might be  
Even better leaving niggas kneeling on they right kneeSpike Lee couldn't paint a better picture  
You small change, I'm blowing out your brains getting richerHit you with the Mac, smack your bitch, nigga  
what?  
You getting stuck, my trigger finger's itchy as a fuck!Truck jewels, cruising in the Land, pumping "Cash Rules"  
Last crew to want it caught a hundred trying to pass throughThat's true (So who the next to get it?)  
TS the best that did it (Get it off your chest kid admit it and it's)Yeah, and you don't stop!  
(Twenty shot Glock with the cop killers fill 'em to the top)  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
Joey cracks the rock, and Big Pun keeps the guns cocked)  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
(We'll make it hot nigga, what bring it I blow your whole spot  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
It's still one-eight-seven on an undercover copFuck the police, I squeeze first, make em eat dirt  
Take em feet first through the morgue, then lodge 'em in the deep earth  
The street's cursed, the first amendment's culturally biased  
Supposed to supply us with rights, tonight I hold my rosary tight as I can  
I'm one man against the world, just me and my girl  
Black Pearl Latina mas fina but keeps it real  
You know the deal, we steal from the rich and keep it  
Peep it it's no secret, watch me and Joe go back and forth and freak itCreep with me, as I cruise in my Beemer

All the kids in the ghetto call me Don Cartagena  
Kicking ass as I blast off heat, and  
You never see me talk to police, though  
You should know that I really don't care  
Pull you by the hair, slit your throat, and I'll leave you right there  
So beware it's rare that niggas want beef, Big Pun speak  
And let these motherfuckers know how we run the streets Fuck peace, I run the streets deep with no compassion  
Puerto Ricans known for slashing catching niggas while they sleeping  
No relaxing, keep your eyes open, sharp reflexes  
Three techses in the Jeep Lexus just in case police test us  
Street professors, Terror Squad, ghetto scholars  
Full-a-clips mob, inflicts the fear of God when the metal hollers  
Better acknowledge or get knocked down until I'm locked and shot down  
Heather B. couldn't make me put my Glock Down We lock towns like rounds in the chamber  
Boogie Down major like Nine, I bust mine  
Every time plus I'm the crime boss of New York  
Where we taught to walk the walk, all my niggas carry chalk  
And stalk, I prey like the Predator  
Whoever want it, go and get it set it baby and I'mma bury ya  
So remember the Squad that I'm repping  
I fill a clip of my weapon and Punish niggas 'til it's armageddon Yeah, and you don't stop!  
(Twenty shot Glock with the cop killers fill 'em to the top)  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
Joey cracks the rock, and Big Pun keeps the guns cocked)  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
(We'll make it hot nigga, what bring it I blow your whole spot  
Yeah, and you don't stop!  
It's still one-eight-seven on an undercover cop

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