

Glamour Life

Big Punisher

(Cuban Link) Glamour life style baby, bottle the rocks
Lose the ice, 100 mil kid, money, money, money, mo
Platinum status, yeah, what up, what up?
(Big Punisher) Stick around Yo, I plan to live a life a-glamour
Like my man Tony Montana
Stand and pose in front of cameras
With my golden silk pajamas on
Smoking havanas, drinking Don P
Thinking beyond deeper than Ghandi, while I'm in the Diamante
Counting my G's, I'm out to be a millionaire
Dipped in gear, flickin' hundred dollar bills in the air
Oh yeah, Cuban Link is into getting benjamins
'Cause if doesn't make dollars, then it doesn't make sense
I represent, I'm in to be the king of New York
Went from living in tenements to up in house resorts
I'm the latino, that'll take you to war like Al Pacino
Even De Niro know not to gamble in my casino
Vino wanna rock, slaps, to dinners with mobsters
I got shit locked from Prospect Ave. to the tropics
Sitting on top of the world like the sun
A living legend from the Bronx, second to none, unless it's Pun[Chorus]
It's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the wife
Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they sacrifice
Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice
And get ready for the glamour life Ripped off from the Infiniti
Dump the body an' the shottie down the lake, leaving no identity
Just the memory, a casualty as I casually make move on my rivalries
All eyes I be, on the quest for loot
Pushing a Lexus coupe, to pursuit them troops, against the big-joker
Sipping alimoca, playing poker with some chocha
Heard an approacher, must be fam', but damn I had to smoke Pun
(Get the motherfucking gun)
Since ? become the one wanted for a lump sum of G's
Dirty rats pack gats for cheese
Bullets of breeze at light speed
Taking your pretty wife life and sacrificing your seeds
Indeed, we let him bleed for 50 G's
Ship his body to the states, filled with 50 keys
Please, no remorse for your two face

Inside a symbol, my life throughout the motherfucking suitcase
 You about to take who's place? Not Seis
 Your body'll be laced, and left without a trace
 The glamour life, the glamour life, yo[Chorus]Yo, It's the
 motherfucking Don Cartagena
 The leader, Terror Squad cleaner
 Leave your family crying for you like Argentina, mira
 Sweet dreamer like Nas, my entourage is thick
 Camouflaging this bitch, so God forbid you start some shit
 My squad's equipped with an arsenal of ammunition
 Hollow tips an', cop killers with the ?
 Accounts in Switzerland for rainy days
 Nigga I'm staying paid, you's a joke
 Always broke with your lazy ways
 Anyway, back to the subject, in the bub-Lex
 In the back seat, having rough sex
 I love this glamorous life I live, having the ice and shit
 Think twice, I give Christ your kids
 I live life for gifts, keep the five burning while the tires turning
 I blaze an L and seek a higher learning
 Kaiser's learnin' everything illegally
 We could be friend for years, cross me once that's theivity[Chorus]Yo, the dough, the rap, the audience, party
 heavy till the 40's in
 Ill like the Yakuza run the Orient
 Take all the rent, and no man wept the path his daughter went
 Dicks with the fallopian, wide as auditorium
 She fuck for dough for opium, prostitute emporium
 500 Benz, 500 friends sell Cambodian
 8's cup of vodka, four cup of juice for sodium
 Money, money, sweet as the smell of magnolia
 It's get you down, but you spitting image of Appalonia
 Now how can I go broke, pumping twenties of coke
 Plus songs I wrote, milkin' dumb honeys I poke
 The young blood sat on the bench in Vant Courtland, slingin'
 Singing how he trying to get cash for Jordans
 Another cat toss his Beamer to get the insurance
 Currency's gonna murder me, it's never enough
 Breakin' my ass gettin' it, just as fast as I spend the stuff
 Calling Uncle Sam's bluff dun, taxes don't bite us, bite us
 My life[Chorus]The glamour life, play precise, defense is tight
 I'm out to settle the score, let's do it right
 Enough for looking at grave, It's paying back tonight
 Yo Twin pass the lah, pass the light
 The glamour life, this life I live is trife as shit
 Least my wife and kid got somewhere nice to live
 I used to live in the gutter, me and my mother

Now she's fifty years old, pushing a hummer
The glamour life, hand me a knife I'll slice and dice
Mini-mize, send them to Christ in the after life
Pass the mic down the line, let them hear it
Let them fear it, send it screaming to the Holy Spirit
Glamour life, the glamour life, the glamour life
It's the glamour life, yo it's the glamour, it's the glamour life
Glamour life, glamour life, glamour life
Cock the hammer, in this motherfucking life, bitch

Songwriters

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