

# Brave in the Heart (feat. Terror Squad)

## Big Punisher

"Remember Pun?"

Yeah, check me out

"Remember Pun?"

Terror Squad I'll battle ya all, from the charts to ghetto stars

Face Triple Seis the God of War like Mars

That leave MC's smashed but my Squad, is odd

Y'all never seen relish, but always seem jealous

Of my extreme fellas, rockin' the ? sweaters

The ones who paid with they life

I rock for forty days and forty nights, and every verse is tight

Better than before; rough, rugged, and raw

Chainsaw metaphor that leave your brain sore

This ain't a game, I'll leave you maimed

Allow me to explain I thrive on the pain while robbin' your chain

Knahmean? Do him and the fiend, grab his wallet

Leave a trail-blazin like (Rasheed Wallace)

What's today's knowledge? Hold your heat like The Peacemaker

I walk the same streets the police take us

Livin' on the corner so won't speak it out my mouth

Respect and got the money son that's all that it's about

No doubt, silence of code, violence of mode

Under control, can tell my real niggas really roll

On the low tryin' to blow trees

And for no reas', we hit a nigga up for mo' cheese

Better relate and start to think, or be the missin' link

I got my Hustle on like Larry Flynt We brave in the heart, playin' a part, amazingly smart

Razor sharp, futuristic raps, state of the art

Takin' New York cats past the stars

First it was Nasty Nas now watch me turn a Apple into Macintosh

Computer chip locomotion flow, la cosa nostra dough

Hold your toaster low, business never personal

Just some words to know, if you run the streets

Come in peace or leave in pieces

Even Jesus was killed by the polices

They crucified him now they inject us with juice to fry 'em

Depends on the state if death is my fate then cool I'm dyin'

If that's my destiny it's meant to be

Just remember to bury the motherfucker that bent me right next to me

Aight crew? (No doubt Pun!) Aight then, let's fight then

I'm hypened, comin' with the thunder and the lightning  
 Invitin' the comp, ice on the arm  
 Nights when I storm, snipin' your moms, right from the Bronx  
 Mic in the palm it's the ghetto God  
 I rip a nigga heart out his frame while I scream TERROR SQUAD  
 Be larger than life, my initials carved in my wife  
 She said she'd starve on a diet instead I'm a God in her eyes  
 The father of Christ, sure to be immortal  
 Guzzlin' beer bottles by the dozen with Devin that's mi hermano "Big Pun " " will be here, forever"  
 "We brave in the heart "  
 " p-p-p-playin' a part"  
 "Amazingly smart "  
 " remember Pun?", "That's the ghetto God"  
 "We brave in the heart "  
 " p-p-p-playin' a part"  
 "Amazingly smart "  
 " remember Pun?", "That's the ghetto God"  
 "We brave in the heart, playin' a part, amazingly smart"  
 "Big Pun " " for-ever!" You ain't understand how I push your wig back quick  
 A little quiet nigga wouldn't think I did that shit  
 I'm from where the guns love to introduce thyself  
 Reduce your health, little bulletproofs get felt  
 Who mind ready, for this big dog who hold a nine steady  
 I'm John Blazin' when you see the arms razin'  
 Shit crime heavy already, I keep it sharper than the long 'chette  
 Far from a snitch nigga who call Teddy  
 I click triggers how you more ready and switch bigger  
 Than more berry I'm a cherry you a strawberry  
 If you lost that mean I'm on top of the whip  
 You plottin' to flip, fuck around and get shot in the lip  
 You stop with the quick and never make another move  
 Even your mother lose, I hurt up your pops to pay your brother dues "Big Pun "  
 "Forever do you understand? FOREVER!" Make way for krill, I don't play I spray for real  
 Blow your top with the glock, that's my favorite kill  
 Blaze your crib with like thirty shots  
 I'm already hot, but my last one is with some dirty cops  
 I play the streets with toast 'cause the thieves is close  
 Wanna keep your post then don't beef with Joe  
 Still niggas think I won't bring the heat out  
 That's like sayin' Puff ain't never beat up Steve Stoute  
 Truth first, Terror Squad, shoot first  
 War with me and you guaranteed to leave the earth  
 I'm, dressed to kill, my niggas rep for real  
 Joe Crack's back like I never had a deal  
 Hungry and shit, it don't get more lovely than this

Blow a hole through your ribs just for runnin' your lips  
The street's a trip; either you deep or you sleep with the fish  
I keep a fifth for them niggas that's seekin' to flip "We brave in the heart "  
" p-p-p-playin' a part"  
"Amazingly smart "  
" remember Pun? ", "That's the ghetto God"  
"We brave in the heart, playin' a part, amazingly smart"  
"Big Pun " " for-ever!"  
"Do you understand? forever!"

Songwriters

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