Pina Colada (feat. Big Pun)

Ruff Ryders

Vaya
Come on
Vaya
A vailarWhere're my niggas with the big dicks?
Where're my niggas with the hot whips?
Where're my niggas living better?
We want Barettas and Amarettas, butter leathers and mad cheddar
Where're my niggas with the big dicks?
Where're my niggas with the hot whips?
Where're my niggas living better?
We want Barettas and Amarettas, butter leathers and mad cheddar(Ayo Pun, I got you baby)
We play the front not the back, when there's beef I attack
Grab the guns and start lighting
Ya'll the bitch niggas behind cars scared to death like "yo, who fighting?"
How the fuck you teaching me I ain't got no obedience
Ya'll are made of shit I'm the thug's ingredients
And for my niggas I peel like fucked up paint jobs
Cover your block and put holes in you like old blankets
Fuck a bitch use a sock and wipe my nut what?
Run in your spot and use a Glock to get my cut what?
Smack you in public and embarrass you slut what?
Put you on punishment the same way I do to my son
And the only bullets by my stomach be the clip from my gun
And when my gun busts it's over so close the curtains
My silencer's like ch, ch, ch like birds was chirping
I like Boricuas ya know that Sheik be freaky
I put coke in their peepee then stuff the bras
Put some coke in the bras that look like coconuts
That's what's up don't have Sheik's click clack this up
Disload the back pack her bitch ass back me up
You know double R and Terror Squad niggas want they cutWhere're my niggas with the big dicks?
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In the zone sitting on chrome stoned sipping on Champana
Rolling ganja up in Bible paper
A high that will take us through the eyes of Christ, John, Elijah, Jacob
I make the kind of green that hustler's dream
Busting out that custard cream
Piper cause I'm piped up with the mustard team
Plus the queen Fort Knox and hearts
King of medallions Monty Guard
Even Italians see my battalion prop the broad
I got the squad over qualified pulling over Karl Kani
Range Rover tilted three wilted hydraulic slide
Spark the Live in the crowd ripping trough housings
Like the Wu do in Shaolin
John Blazing on a pound of buddha and all the mami chulas
They want to ride on my Honda scooter
You know the red one from the video
But really though she ain't coming and she ain't running the
Trizzie yo!Where're my niggas with the big dicks?
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We want Barettas and Amarettas, butter leathers and mad cheddarDisrespect the Don word's bond I'm gonna shoot ya
We can get it on maricon hijo'de gran puta
Who you fucking' wit?
Bitch ass nigga you ain't running' up on shit
Talking' like you gonna bust yo clip
Nigga you ain't no fucking threat
You talk a lot but you ain't never realized that if you walk that block
Cock that Glock, think I'm pussy oh shit man!
Big Punisher's off his rocker
What you got? Beef wit' me? Aight then papi, Sheik's with me
Thought you cats were gonna creep on me
Without some type of an injuryWhere're my niggas with the big dicks?
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Big dick between mine, What the fuck between your thighs?
Pussy, If I shoot, are you gonna shoot back?
I don't think so, your man's the thug you ride piggy-back
You're the one that passed the gat, told your man to bust that
You ain't making no money, you're a broke-ass cat
And once these pop, cops bring the chalk
And the mop to get the rest of you off the sidewalk. what!Where're my niggas with the big dicks?
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