

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 Baretas and Amarettas, butter leathers and mad cheddar

Where're my niggas with the big dicks?

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Where're my niggas living better?

We want Baretas 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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Tone Montana

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 Baretas 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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 eyes?

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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Songwriters

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