

New York Giants (Featuring: "M.O.P.")

Big Punisher

C'mon
Yeah yeah, uh, uh-huh
(Oh shit!)
Hehehe (Oh shit!)C'mon (yeah yeah) c'mon!
Uh, yeah, this is the motherfuckin' uncut
Long time comin', ya heard?
M.O.P. (c'mon, uh)
Big motherfuckin' Punisher
What'cha gon' do?
Uh Terror Squad (yeah)
Bronx, Brook-lawn collabo'
Yo, yo, yo
Ya heard me?This is for my twenty-five to life bidders, pork fried rice eaters
New York, New York, ice rockin' tight wife beaters
We the truth, don't let yo' dead body be the proof
Leave your Wisdom rottin' with holes, and I don't mean ya tooth
I'm hundred proof, that's perfect percentage
Since birth I inherit the gift to spit a verse that refers to ya parent
The spirit's born, here to bring light to the dawn
Made right where you starrin' from night to the mornin'
Plus the light that give light to Muhammad
Or Christ how you want it I got what you need
From God to the streets, c'mon motherfucker you talkin' to me
Big Pun! The papichulo out to screw you
? hunchback, like Quasimoto[Chorus]
Set off the sirens
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn nigga
New York Giants (c'mon!)
Leave 'em brainless
Hit 'em with the stainless
It's the,
"World's, world's, world's famous!"
C'mon, violence!
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn pa-pa
New York Giants
Leave 'em brainless
Hit 'em with the stainless

It's the,
 "World's, world's, world's famous!" I bring death to your front door like an escort from Hell
 Or ring the bell like you wanna just talk, and just, rock your world
 Like ? believe me, my Squad get busy if you try to diss me
 Cock the glizzy give you one back word to 'Pac and Biggie
 Cause my committee ain't only known for the flowin'
 Put they holes in your colon send you rollin' like when you're bowlin'
 A perfect strike, let me show y'all niggas what I learned from Ike
 I hurt your wife, put the trife ass in the earth aight?
 I'm shootin' at you, and that's off the top like Supernatural
 ? turn his moves to statue like Medusa was lookin' at you
 Clap you with your own heat, by all means
 If this was L.A., I'd be a motherfuckin' O.G. Set off the sirens
 Form the alliance
 South Bronx, Brook-lawn nigga
 New York Giants (c'mon!)
 Leave 'em brainless
 Hit 'em with the stainless
 It's the,
 "World's, world's, world's famous!"
 C'mon, violence! Violence
 Form the alliance
 B.X.
 Violence
 B.K.
 Violence I breaks the world off with a bang (bang!)
 "How about some" fuck that! Look nigga, you know the name
 It's the One slash, Seven One Eight, slash
 M dot O dot P dot, First Family dot
 Boogie Down, Brooklyn (damn you)
 Step the fuck back, before I get Big Pun to earth-slam you
 I rep for my cell block niggas
 And cats from Puerto Rico, Uptown screamin' out, "Perrico!"
 Yep, this nigga strike, I've survived mad nigga fights
 Lil' Fame, insane brain, to fill your gigabytes
 Merc out on machines with loud pipes
 Niggabytes, six-double-oh's, and ? bikes You want Seven One Eight Terror (squad)
 William (danze)
 First (fam) easy soldier!
 I'm not a killer, I just pop a lot
 Grew up in Brownsville, in a brownstone, by a vacant lot
 Seance got, my mind, my body, and my, soul
 Oh! I don't blame you, you switched your game plan
 When you found out your main man was named Danze
 Nigga, I'm filled with anger!

You fuckin' with a hooded soldier, Code Red your life is in danger

(First family style) all the way out

Bang (Bang) Bang (Bang) til your brains hang out

Songwriters

MCLAREN, MALCOLM ROBERT ANDREW / DUDLEY, ANNE JENNIFER N / GRINNAGE, JAMAL

GERARD N / LEEPER, IMSOMIE N / MURRY, ERIC N / RIOS, CHRISTOPHER N

Published by Lyrics © Peermusic Publishing, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, JELLYBEAN MUSIC GROUP,

Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>