

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

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