Ms. Martin

Big Punisher

Yeah, sometimes you gotta fool 'em
Sometimes you gotta send a woman to do a man's job, nawmean?
In this case, my girl hit like a grown motherfucking man
Y'all niggas better lay low
Catch you in a hurtin', nawmean?
Blow your balls off, nigga
Yo
Where my girl at, quick to bust the mack, better believe that
She always got my back
Nigga twirl that about to blaze a sack, where the weed at
She don't know how to act
'Cuz that's my girl black with that monster rap, better believe that
You know the Bronx is back
She represent that 'cuz Terror Squad got her back, some say heed that
My niggas love to scrap
I inhale the deepest, cock back and bust rhymes at your speakers
I'm troubled, shoot out the air bubbles in your sneakers
The type to cop a Range along with all the features
Then take the back streets to avoid the leeches
A pregnant bitch talk shit, I'ma destroy her fetus
Her dead baby popped this pussy, and his boys can't beat us
Straight strong armin, bombarding, and bogarding
Remi don't write her own rhymes, nigga, I beg your pardon
It's Ms. Martin I done broke night in the studio writin'
While fraud broads don't get no publishin', still be bitin'
They kill me lyin', like they the ones doin' the scribin'
When you can hear the ghostwriter, all up in they rhymin'
I flows like water, got this drizzle with little C
Catch me with Pun eatin' skittles in the middle of Little Italy
Y'all don't know diddly, I spit hot, and drop shit
Every time I kick a rhyme, Pun I burn my lip
Take another pull, bust another shot, y'all can't stop me
Come through in a jail suit, and the new Beef 'n' Broccolis
Doin' it, if I'm havin' a good time and you ruin it
I seen a nice casket that'll look good with you in it
New improved shit, the year start with a 2 shit
Next millennium, sell a million, clue shit
Exclusive to tell the truth, y'all useless
'Cuz I'm a dime that could rhyme you still on the deuce list

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Remi Martin, dash, reminisce, slash
Remi, cash like a check in a stash
Me without rhymes is like a flint with no flash
Stripper with no ass, car with no gas
Tryin' to go fast, I love to hear the guns go blast
I love the sounds of the shells fallin' down
Love to smoke weed, stay blowin' trees, fuck liquor
When shit get thick, I love to hear my bitches raise his clique up
You sick, but I'm sicker, plus our guns is bigger
If you really wanna kill us, do it nigga, pull the trigga
How you figure, you could really come and take what's mine
And all I gotta do is send a little letter to Rah
He'll send the troops out
My brother don't hesitate to pull a tool out
And I'm his little sis, so he taught me the same shit
Quick to flip, but your name should be Prickless
'Cuz every time you open your mouth, you suckin' my dick
Talkin' shit as if you a soldier, nigga
When you a no cash, low class, doja nigga
Y'all rock rocks, we bling bling boulders, nigga
Look over your shoulder I'm in the Rover, it's over, nigga
Inhale, cock back and bust, just because
I know none of y'all busters is touchin' us
I got the thoroughest thugs and baby reminisces
That don't give a fuck with a aim that never misses
Hugs and kisses, never, just slugs and stitches
Thugs and bitches forever, check the mugshot pictures
Fuck the weather, I still got my tan Timbs on
Just copped the pink mink and winter been gone
I been on this thug shit y'all can't seem to fuck wit'
My shit is hot dogs, to top it off, still spittin' mustard
No fair, 'cuz I don't care I go to war wit a musket
Just give me some oreos, a jar of dro and two dutches
'Cuz Pun be the nicest motherfucker on the market
Now he got the nicest bitch, what? Remi Martin
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