

Heavyweights

Big Punisher

Yeah (y'all niggas is crazy)
Don carta' bomb harder (we makin' a bomb mayne)
Terror squad, what, what? (hey yo, uh, ye-yo, terror squad)
Don carta' bomb harder (suave house) what the fuck?
Violator, violator! yeah, uh, yo

No heart, that's why them other niggaz foul
Eight hit me in the cell, said to meet him in the a.t.l.
At 12 up in the gentelman's club
Where you ain't fuckin' nothin' less you givin' up dubs
Feelin' the love, from tha killers and thugs
Players and pimps, ladies and gents, swift in the butt
Not givin' a fuck, that's the life I live
Trife like this, blow you up wit yo wife and kids
I dislike my bitch, but I still gotta deal wit her
16 shot meal getter, that's why I'm still wit her
For real nigga, you couldn't possibly lock with me
My squad be bringin' more "havoc" than "prodigy"
Ain't no stoppin' me, I got killers that'll pop for me
Run up in my stash and give that ass more beef than broccoli
With no apology, yo blocks'll be my property
Cop a seat and watch the terror squad prophecy

(this is for the heavyweights)
Make no mistakes
Thirty six O's is my favorite kind of cake
(this is for the heavyweights)
We runnin' from jail
Stackin' that mail, tippin' the scale
(this is for the heavyweights)
Aiiyo we live large, big cars, 3-d ice
I'm so big, niggas see me twice
(this is for the heavyweights)
We three guys, that don't play those games
You got beef with us, nigga say our names
(this is for the heavyweights)
Hey yo we live large, big cars, 3-d ice
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Yeah, yeah
Take it to the next level, Joe, crack and big ball
Blaze up the hay, one two, mic check y'all
All been warned, this heavyweight combination
Connected in the disclosed location
So niggas won't be runnin' up and make me have to slug at, above that
Part of yo' body where your bulletproof hug at
Rugrat, you better find some mo' kids to play with
Three titanic niggas, we ain't got to say shit
Our way shit, do some real make em pay shit
Them niggas wit me that don't rap, them the one's that spray shit
Pop pop, with the chop chop, out the drop top
Drip drip, goes a nigga blood, til his heart stop
Hard times made a nigga write a lot of hard rhymes
Hard lines from my mind took eightball big time

With fat joe and big pun
I guarantee don't none of y'all tricks want none

Yo, hey yo fuck you! fuck your whole crew for breathin'
Fuck your mother, your father, your kids, for no reason
I don't give a fuck if you da wildest nigga on earth
It's one planet and I'm the fattest motherfucker in the universe
You worse than a motherfuckin' snake in the grass
Fake for the cash, wait til you pass ? shake and you crash
You pay for yo' acts, and all the mistakes you made in yo' past
Hope you get raped in yo' ass while you, takin' a bath
Up north - you wouldn't last a day and a half
I'll bet my weight and my stack, a razor will slash, yo' face and yo' ass
Before you can say, "take me at last, I'm ready for death"
Now you just heavenly strapped
A cherry with lips, a fairy or bitch, you barely exist
You motherfuckers ready for this?
Grab your crucifix, tell God I'm coming for your juicy lips
You're a bitch, don't let me run up in yo crib with the ruthlessness
Bruising shit enough to hurt and pain I'll bring
Think y'all pray for pun, nigga say my name
I don't play those games, you picked the wrong nigga to fuck with
Punk bitch, that's why yo' mother suck dick!
What