

Hot 97 Freestyle

Big Punisher

Ay-yo my murderous rap verbal attack is actual fact
Tactical tracks match perfectly with graphical stats
Half of you lack the magical dap of tragical rap
That tackles you back and shackles and laughs at you
That's... mathematical madness I'm on, the savage, the strong
The marriage, a bond of havoc and song
This massacre's on as if Picasso laced you
There's lotsa hateful skeletons locked
In the closet of my castle of Grayskull
I'm possum at grade school, that's how I have to debate you
Raps are like cables, snatchin' you fatal
That's how master degrades you
I'm battlin' Jesus if he passes through my label
Snatchin' his halo
God I pray that you send my father back as an angel
Language is fatal and it's hypnotizin'
I'm only emphasizin', I'm still all about business and enterprisin'
I'm super lyrical, a brain boosts the chemicals
That's used contenicals inside of my mental projectable

Just call me Baby Jesus cuz lately niggaz is praisin' me
Just for the way I blaze to be crazily, tape to CD lasery
It pays to be amazingly flavery
Gaze Into my eyes that basically hypnotize you occasionally
Plus I'm hard to talk to, if you live I probably thought you stalked you
Where you walked to at night, caught you then tried to extort you
New York niggaz is trigger happy, Pataki scared
This town ain't big enough for both of us (And we ain't Goin' Nowhere)
There it is, plain and simple like Jigga my game is mental
While slow niggaz better know I blow their brains out they temples
I'm into black magical torture romantic dramatical author
Compatible with the average New Yorker
A fast talker, like Tony when gas whores I'm the masked enforcer
Out for the cash and the cho-cha
Smash the coca, bottle it up watch the fiends gobble it up
If I roll up, you do what? Swallow the stuff
I don't give a fuck any more, I'm only twenty-four years old
And I've already broken every law
I'm horrorcore, this is for the heads
Runnin up in your crib, knot if you still hot in under the bed

(Yeah) yeah one more yo, I'm gonna give one more for Montana
Yo yo yo
Yo yo yo

Ay-yo I shatter dreams like Jordan, assault and batter your team
Your squadron'll be barred from rap like Adam & Eve from the garden
I'm carvin' my initials on your forehead
So every night before bed you see the "BP" shine off the (board head)
Reverse that, I curse at the first wack nigga with the worst rap
Cuz he ain't worth jack
Hit 'em with a thousand pounds of pressure per slap
Make his whole body jerk back, watch the earth crack
Hand him his purse back
I'm the first Latin rapper to baffle your skull
Master the flow, niggaz be swearin' I'm blacker than coal
Like Nat King, I be rapping and tongue's packing

The ones, magnums, cannons and gatling guns
It's Big Pun! The one and only son of Tony... Montana
You ain't promised manana in the rotten manzana
C'mon-pana we need more rhymers
Feel the marijuana snake bite anaconda
I'm in Ivana with wine-a, try to match my persona
Sometimes rhyming I blow my own mind like Nirvana
Comma, and go the whole nine like Madonna
Go try to find another rhymer with my kinda gramma