

Twinz (Deep Cover '98)

Big Punisher

Ready for war Joe, how you wanna blow they spot
I know these dirty cops that'll get us in if we murder some wop
Hop in your Hummer, the Punisher's ready; meet me at Vito's
with Noodles, we'll do this dude while he's slurping spaghetti
Everybody kiss the fucking floor, Joey Crack, buck em all
If they move, Noodles shoot that fucking whore
Dead in the middle of Little Italy little did we know
that we riddled some middleman who didn't do diddily

It'll be a cold day in hell the day I'll take an L
Make no mistake for real I wouldn't hesitate to kill
I'm still the Fat One that you love to hate, catch you at your mother's wake
Smack you then I wack you with my snub trey-eight

I rub your face off the Earth and curse your family children
like Amityville drill the nerves in your cavity filling
Insanity's building up pavilion in my civilian
The cannon be the anarchy that humanity's dealing
A villain without remorse, who's willing to out your boss
Forever and take all the cheddar like child support

I support Pun in anything he does, anything he loves
My brother from another mother sent from the above
A thug nigga just like me, one of the best -- might be
Even better leaving niggas kneeling on they right knee

Spike Lee couldn't paint a better picture
You small change, I'm blowing out your brains getting richer

Hit you with the Mac (Mac), smack your bitch, nigga what?
You getting stuck, my trigger finger's itchy as a fuck!

Trunk jewels (jewels), cruising in the Land, pumping 'Cash Rules'
Last crew to want it caught a hundred trying to pass through

That's true, so who the next to get it?
TS is the best that did it (get it off your chest kid admit it)

And it's
Here, and you don't stop!
Twenty shot glock with the cop killer fill em to the top
Yeah, and you don't stop!
Joey Crack's the rock, and Big Pun keeps the guns cocked
Yeah, and you don't stop!
We'll make it hot nigga, what bring it I blow your whole spot
Yeah, and you don't stop!
It's still one-eight-seven on an undercover cop!

Fuck the po-lice, I squeeze first, make em eat dirt
Take em feet first through the morgue, then launch 'em in the T-bird
The street's cursed, the first amendment's culturally biased
Supposed to supply us with rights, tonight I hold my rosary
tight as I can, I'm one man against the world, just me and my girl
Black Pearl Athena my sena who keeps it real
You know the deal, we steal from the rich and keep it
Peep it it's no secret, watch me and Joe go back and forth and freak it

Creep with me, as I cruise in my Beemer
All the kids in the ghetto call me Don Cartagena
Kicking ass as I blast off heat, and
you never see me talk to police, so
you should know that I really don't care
Pull you by the hair, slit your throat, and I'll leave you right there
So beware it's rare that niggas want beef, Big Pun speak
and let these motherfuckers know how we run the streets

Fuck peace, I run the streets deep with no compassion, Puerto Ricans
known for slashing catching niggas while they sleeping, no relaxing
Keep your eyes open, sharp reflexes
Three techses in the Jeep Lexus just in case police ask us
Street professors, Terror Squad, ghetto scholars
Fill the clips off, inflicts the fear of God when the metal hollers
Better acknowledge or get knocked down until I'm locked and shot down
Heather B couldn't make me put my Glock Down

We lock towns like rounds in the chamber
Boogie Down major like Nine, I bust mine
everytime plus I'm the crime boss of New York
When we talk to walk the walk all my niggas carry chalk
and stalk, I prey like The Predator, whoever want it
go and get it set it baby and I'm gonna bury you
So remember the Squad that I'm repping
I pull a clip for my weapon and Punish niggas till it's Armageddon