

# You Ain't A Killer

Big Punisher

The harsh realities of life is takin tolls  
Even Jesus Christ forsake my soul  
Please tell me what price to pay to make it home  
Take control, I'm makin dough, but not enough to blow  
J.O.'s, they lust my flows, but ayyo, I don't trust a soul  
That's all I know or need to, these evil streets'll meet you  
halfway and eat you, I laugh tryin to survive illegal  
I leave you lost, bounce you on the cross, rip you like a horse  
Sacrifice your life to a higher force  
Then I stomp your corpse it's the Bronx of course recognize the accent?  
One of the last livin still in action, general assassin  
Catchin any wreck, blastin any tech  
Smashin any chest, passin any test, Charles Manson in the flesh  
Any last requests before you meet your maker?  
Sew what you reap a wake up, shakin up a storm like Anita Baker  
I'll take you straight to hell and fill your heart with hate  
Incarcerate your fate in Satan's fiery lake, then I lock the gate  
Make no mistake, "The Shit is Real" as Joe, we follow the killer's code  
When we come for you, tell me where will you go?  
Nowhere to run, hide, I'll find you and and silence your screams  
And even if you kill me I'll still be in your fuckin dreams

You ain't a killer, you still learnin how to walk  
From New York to Cali all the real niggaz carry chalk  
Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West crap  
From Watts to Lefrak, it ain't where you're from it's where's your gat

You made a grave mistake  
Shouldn't of come here, you changed your fate  
Your brains'll make the debut on the table when I raise the stakes  
The pain is great but only for a second  
It starts strong then lessens  
Just when you restin the Armaggedon sets in  
Left him with so much stress (T.S.) blessed him with no regrets (yes)  
Welcome to Hell son, the threshold of death  
Now face the serpent, I blaze your person you get laced for certain  
Even Jakes don't trace the work so close the case to curtains  
I'm hurtin, head severely really tryin to bring the pain  
There's nuttin mo' satisfyin than when you cryin screamin my name  
It's not a game, it's Purple Rain, floods and bloodstains  
Big Pun's my thug's name, bustin my guns, that's my love thang  
I split the jug' vein and snatch your Adam's Apple  
John Madden tackle your corpse  
then hoist it on the cross at the tabernacle  
That'll have to hurt, I'll work your body 'til it burst  
Then curse tu vida, like a Brujeria verse  
I'm worse than anything you ever been through  
Sick in the head and mental  
Essentially meant to be the soul frenetic mental  
When you awaken, your manhood'll be taken  
Fakin like you Satan, when I'm the rhymin abomination

It's hard to analyze which guys is spies, be advised people  
We recognize who lies, it's all in the eyes chico  
We read 'em and see 'em for what they are  
Theives in undercover cars, takin my picture like I'm a fuckin star  
I'm up to par, my game is in a smash

With half a million in the stash  
Passport with the gas, first name and last  
Ask anybody if my men are rowdy  
Give me the mini-shottie I body a nigga for a penny probably  
I'm obligated to anything if it's crime related  
If it shine I'll take it, still in my prime and I finally made it  
I hate the fact that I'm the last edition  
Probably a stash magician  
Could of went to college and been a mathematician  
Bad decisions kept me out the game  
Now I'm strickly out for cream  
Doin things to fiends I doubt you'll ever dream  
My team's the meanest thing you ever seen  
Measured by the heaven's King, down to the devil's mezzanine  
I never screamed so loud, I'm proud to be alive  
Most heads died by twenty-five, or catch a quick 3 to 5  
So be advised, the streets is full of surprises  
It's not what crew's the livest  
One that survive is who's the wisest