

Glamour Life

Big Punisher

Glamour life style baby, bottle the rocks
Lose the ice, 100 mil kid, money, money, money, mo
Platinum status, yeah, what up, what up?
Stick around

Yo, I plan to live a life a-glamour
Like my man Tony Montana
Stand and pose in front of cameras
With my golden silk pajamas on
Smoking havanas, drinking Don P
Thinking beyond deeper than Ghandi, while I'm in the Diamante
Counting my G's, I'm out to be a millionare
Dipped in gear, flickin' hundred dollar bills in the air
Oh yeah, Cuban Link is into getting benjamins
Cuz if doesn't make dollars, then it doesn't make sense
I represent, I'm in to be the king of New York
Went from living in tenements to up in house resorts
I'm the latino, that'll take you to war like Al Pacino
Even De Niro know not to gamble in my casino
Vino wanna rock, slaps, to dinners with mobsters
I got shit locked from Prospect Ave. to the tropics
Sitting on top of the world like the sun
A living legend from the Bronx, second to none, unless it's Pun

It's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the wife
Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they sacrifice
Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice
And get ready for the glamour life

Ripped off from the Infiniti
Dump the body an' the shottie down the lake, leaving no identity
Just the memory, a casualty as I casually make move on my rivalries
All eyes I be, on the quest for loot
Pushing a Lexus coupe, to pursuit them troops, against the big-joker
Sipping alimoca, playing poker with some chocha
Heard an approacher, must be fam, but damn I had to smoke Pun
(Get the motherfucking gun)
Since ?? become the one wanted for a lump sum of G's
Dirty rats pack gats for cheese
Bullets of breeze at light speed
Taking your pretty wife life and sacrificing your seeds
Indeed, we let him bleed for 50 G's
Ship his body to the states, filled with 50 keys
Please, no remorse for your two face
Inside a symbol, my life throughout the motherfucking suitcase
You about to take who's place? Not Seis...
Your body'll be laced, and left without a trace

The glamour life, the glamour life, yo

Yo, I'ts the motherfucking Don Cartagena
The leader, Terror Squad cleaner
Leave your family crying for you like Argentina, mira
Sweet dreamer like Nas, my entourage is thick
Camouflaging this bitch, so God forbid you start some shit
My squad's equipped with an arsenal of ammunition
Hollow tips an', cop killers with the ??

Accounts in Switzerland for rainy days
Nigga I'm staying paid, you's a joke
Always broke with your lazy ways
Anyway, back to the subject, in the bub-Lex
In the back seat, having rough sex
I love this glamorous life I live, having the ice and shit
Think twice, I give Christ your kids
I live life for gifts, keep the five burning while the tires turning
I blaze an L and seek a higher learning
Kaiser's learnin' everything illegally
We could de friend for years, cross me once that's theivity

Yo, the dough, the rap, the audience, party heavy till the 40's in
Ill like the Yakuza run the Orient
Take all the rent, and no man wept the path his daughter went
Dicks with the fallopian, wide as auditorium
She fuck for dough for opium, prostitute emporium
500 Benz, 500 friends sell Cambodian
8's cup of vodka, 4 cup of juice for sodium
Money, money, sweet as the smell of magnolia
It's get you down, but you spitting image of Appalonia
Now how can I go broke, pumping twenties of coke
Plus songs I wrote, milkin' dumb honeys I poke
The young blood sat on the bench in Vant Courtland, slingin'
Singing how he trying to get cash for Jordans
Another cat toss his Beamer to get the insurance
Currency's gonna murder me... It's never enough
Breakin' my ass gettin' it, just as fast as I spend the stuff
Calling Uncle Sam's bluff dun, taxes don't bite us, bite us....

My life...my life...

The glamour life, play precise, defense is tight
I'm out to settle the score, let's do it right
Enough for looking at grave, It's paying back tonight
Yo Twin pass the lah, pass the light
The glamour life, this life I live is trife as shit
Least my wife and kid got somewhere nice to live
I used to live in the gutter, me and my mother
Now she's fifty years old, pushing a hummer
The glamour life, hand me a knife I'll slice and dice
Mini-mize, send them to Christ in the after life
Pass the mic down the line, let them hear it
Let them fear it, send it screaming to the Holy Spirit

Glamour life, the glamour life, the glamour life
It's the glamour life, yo it's the glamour, it's the glamour life
Glamour life, glamour life, glamour life
Cock the hammer, in this motherfucking life, bitch