

My World

Big Punisher

Uhh.. yes y'all baby
Yeah, yeah, work it out
Work it out dawg, work it out now
Uhh.. y'all motherfuckers, big dawgs in the house what?
Terror Squad what? Terror Squad what?
I ain't a rapper.. I just bust a lot, off the top
What, yo, yo

The penalty is death, especially when I'm mentally stressed
My enemies hang with me 'til I eventually flip
I never reject an offer to battle
Slap a coffin on the saddle
and rattle like a wooden horse to el barrio
Niggaz talk but they babble cause they ain't sayin nuttin
If ain't blazin somethin with the mac I'm in the shack bakin muffins
Fake the funk and get your rump roast
One dose of the toast'll make you jump if you come close
Pun spoke, ain't no more debatin; my Squad been waitin
for the perfect time to give you what you all been waitin
An orgi-nation of veterans built
with genuine skills to pay the heat, gas, and the rest of the bills
Invest in the real, don't get left in the hills
My tech and my steel turn your whole crew into vega-ta-bills
We blessed with the will to never surrender
cause my every agenda's in and out, unseen like I entered the ninja

It's my world girl, either love it or leave
If you was my girl, you'd be thuggin the weave
Suckin the blow pop, with a ring in your tongue
Baby don't stop, that's how you bring it to Pun
If this is my world, I'd be Tony the man
Call me The Godfather, controllin the fam'
Runnin the whole coast, I'd be a mafia king
Nothin but the finest diamonds in my watch and my rings

Stupid.. gimme yours
You be lookin bunny rabbit
Give your pants bunny rabbits, what you know about that?
I ain't about to pop you stupid

Fuck the small talk, niggaz know Pun keep the fo' cocked
Don't walk too fast, might pass through the wrong block
Don't stop, keep it movin, the streets'll ruin
the average man, faster than, the motherfuckin teamsters union
We doin dirt cause we gotta, five dolla a hour
Three kids and my motherfuckin big mamma
My sig sauer got different plans God knows I'm just a man
So hide your wrist if it's glistenin
Listen man, we just niggaz tryin to work it out
Listen friend, strictly biz it's nothin perso-nal
We thirsty now and I ain't drinkin out of plastic cups
Platinum plus (thorough) crystal glasses with the fancy cuts
Fancy us, livin life lavish
Drippin ice cabbage, livin in the six, with some white bad bitch
Tight package I gotta pass
I'm from the ghetto nigga, I like a lot of ass

Word life T. Squad holdin it down, y'knahmean?
Gettin this money.. by any means baby
Let me get the fuck up outta here, 'fore I break somethin