

Watch Those

Big Punisher

Earth to Pun.. come in Pun..
Yeah yeah yeah..
The levels the levels the levels be good?
Levels is good, levels is good?
Yeah..

You got to watch those, jokers who pop those
You know those, crusty-lipped snot-nosed
Indeed I spot those, actin rah rah, talkin bla-bla
that's ca-ca, chill pa-pa, no ah-ahh (ah-ahh)

I'm quick to dumb out, run up in yo' crib with the guns out
Spray your peeps, smack the baby teeth out your son mouth
Who can stop me? I told shorty I'ma shoot you papi
Caught him in the crapper with the clapper;
while he was doin caci
I'll probably die in jail - make it through life and fry in hell
Either way I'ma lead the way, cause only time'll tell
I rhyme for real, not that imaginary vocabulary
I really will stab you and every one of my adversaries
There's no remorse - fuck these thug niggaz, show me the boss
Gimme a hustle worth the risk of goin up North
I love my freedom, and you know I love my bein
So sometimes I gotta get ugh and mug for my per diem
I'll see him in hell, we'll settle it there, better it there
No innocent bystanders to get hit with a spare
Like I really care who catches strays from the Mac
Like I really care who you paid to rap on your track
Nigga you wack - you ain't bringing nuttin for us
I got songs with the Devil and Jesus singin on the chorus
You can't ignore us, nigga you know how we roll
Sixteen in the clip and one in the hole

Can't no comp come at me, this battle the Bronx'll back me
Got the nicest niggaz alive talkin bout, "Papi's nasty"
Cocky crafty like Rocky sassy Puerto Rock Apache
Posse not even the cops could catch me
I'm too fast - four-hundred pounds, but I move ass
Soon as you spoke, I already smoked you with two jabs
My game is tight - you wanna play, just name your price
Fame to ice, your brains your life, the game is sheist
and I'm the trifest on the field
Even in school I was nominated the most likeliest to kill
This bastard steal, a full clip and a extra
and I'ma blast ya til your whole click respeta
Leave you muerta, it ain't me it's the metra
'tate quieta, the bitch got a bad temper
Don't surrender - you ain't got a chance
You be lucky to leave here half-dead, in an am-bu-lance
So take a chance, but expect the worst
Put my foot so far up your ass
the sweat on my knee'll quench your thirst