Yeah.. 6430.. Ty Fyffe where you at? Aww shit.. smooth it out Where my chick tonight? Thug style Knock em out Pun!

I pull your motherfuckin plug like a thug's supposed ta Hold a loaded toast, who want the pistol smoke cause I'll initial on my shoulder holster You know the culture when it's East coast, we run the streets most Who want beef? Turn your peeps into meatloaf You know the steez, when it's murder in third degrees We reserve the breeze, and move with the wind like birds and bees Word to G's, Christ I'm nice, g'head roll the dice You know the price, your kid and your crib, like I'm +Poltergeist+ I'm cold as ice, control your life with the mic and then take your crown, break you down like liquid nitrogen Invite your men, I strike your chin while you rappin If you're on some thug shit, fill my clip and start clappin Make your heart flatten, stop actin retarded All you flea hearted villains, build your rhythm over restart it The streets are God and heavenly, where the vinyls doubles forty-fives and shovels ready in the five livest boroughs

Who is a thug? Are you for sure?
Big Pun baby, I'm a thug for life
I'm a thug for life, I'm a thug for life
Who is a thug? Are you for sure?
Aiyyo my word is bond, long as I'm alive I'ma put it on
Coulda gone legit shit, thug nigga til I'm gone

Yo, I'm a thug to the heart, bugged from the start ever since a child I've been livin wild, chillin with illest crowds Splittin thous' on my connect in the street Twenty-percent protection, expected at the end of the week Never we sleep, a thug doesn't rest Cause a wise man said, it was a cousin of death If it wasn't the stress, it was one to your chest There's many ways to die, in the slums when you stressed But not me, Big P, cause I'm the son of the devil Run up in your cribbo and suffocate your son with a pillow You know I'm comin to kill you when you hear the heavy breathin Give you a wedgie deep ?? with a butcher machete greetin Thinkin of Madison Square, I'll battle you there Carry you clear 'cross the planet just to challenge you here Embarass you where it hurts, and sandwich you in a hearse God sent you with a curse, that's why your parachute didn't work Dead in the dirt (yup) with the bugs and the mice That's the price, frontin like a thug for life

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My nigga Funk Flex -- you a thug like me
My man Sunkiss -- you a thug like me
Crazy Roland -- you a thug like me
My niggaz RMS -- y'all thugs like me
My girl Big Lils -- you a thug like me

Yo, me and my man are plannin to handle these two broads
Thought he was Rambo a vandal his brand a Lambor' Countache
with ammo that scrambled his brains and luxury ducats
Harder with somethin hard to sharpen
in the driver's box of the glove compartment
Rotten lowdown dirty sheisty kind of conniver
Ex nine-to-fiver, ready to die as long as I'm the driver
Supplyin buyers of flyers in bundles stacked dope
Humble prices on ices twice as nice as crumbled crack coke
I hope it lasts long, word bond, I bring my brothers with me
Definitely, and start off my own thug committee

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Who is a thug? Are you for sure?

Big Pun baby..
Who is a thug? Are you for sure?