

## Wrong Ones

Big Punisher

Yeah.. no more runnin  
Hahah..  
Yeah no more America's Most and all that shit there  
Rockin the mic now  
Runnin with my nigga Pun Boogie baby  
Lot of niggaz fronted  
Said they gonna put me on, help me and shit like that there  
But you kept it golden with me my nigga  
That's right, you fuckers  
Dead, and still killin shit!

I'm the wrong one to fuck with  
Fuck with me and you'll get stuck quick, fuck you suck dick, hah  
You ain't got no wins in mi casa  
Que te pasa, you ain't even in my clasa  
I'm the wrong one to fuck with  
Drivebys in the truck quick, fuck you suck dick, hah  
You ain't got no wins in mi casa  
Que te pasa, hah ha..

I'm as wicked as Hitler first born  
Cause of me, lot of old ladies purse gone  
"Kill Niggaz Softly" but not with her song  
Matter of fact I kill em viciously, brutally  
Strip them clowns down to nudity  
Shove the chrome where they doodoo be  
It's a stick up, don't try to get brave  
Don't even chance it Duke  
I want y'all motherfuckers strippin like you dance for Luke  
Don't stop, give it give it - or you gon' get it get it  
Get your fuckin Yankee fitted splitted when I spit it spit it  
Y'all faggot rappers funny as Saturday Night Live  
Creep through in a white 5 and snipe five  
Y'all got some trife wives  
Show me where y'all re' at, where the ki' at  
Sleep eat shit and pee at, park your 3 at  
Spark like Vietnam, tell your mom through the intercom,  
"UPS ma'am sign here," send a bomb  
Leave that bitch - roasted and toasted like a chestnut  
And if I run out of milk, for cereals, I leave her breasts cut  
Got this pitbull and I feed him fresh guts - sick em Cujo!  
Steal your bitch and dick the culo  
Slam yo' ass and I don't know a lick of judo  
Fly to P.R. - stick Menudo  
Come back, cop a 6 with two-do'  
Cop a brick from you know who, Julio Crew  
from Washington Heights in jail I had niggaz washin my Nike's  
Now I'm squashin the mic, extortionist type  
Harsh with a knife  
I'm flossin yo' ice on some Bronx shit tonight

Cannibalism is livin in my metabolism  
Givin em spasms and aneurisms at baby baptisms  
That's all my thugs thinkin bout, drinkin your blood  
Boriquans love flooded rugs bloody and bloated mugs  
Leavin the reverand decap' and severn when I'm beheadin  
The Armageddeon is lettin demons slip into Heaven

Goin back to spiritual ritual times  
What you gon' find - shiftings of Satan in critical bind  
Nevermind, I do that often, I've risen often  
Bust out my coffin, I'm a livin abortion  
Battled the Devil and deaded his demons  
Trained other beings to be in his different levels of Hell,  
still screamin  
Seein bodies bloody and babies bloated corroded  
Know the Chinese exploded  
Know they run with Gotti who know it (check it)  
I never run I never ran, the fattest motherfuckin man  
I roll with Cuban makin junk to jams  
That's all I'm knowin and I'm never kneed  
All on your soul I feed, I'm lettin punk motherfuckers bleed  
Fuckin with me, better hide yo' seed  
Better think twice, before you ride on me  
Cause I'ma lift your weight,  
then I'm droppin you in the incinerator  
Then I'm hittin the hospital and poppin two in the incubator  
That's how we do it pana, hardcore, no more goo-goo ga-ga  
Oh I'm sorry pa-pa, was you the da-da?