

You Came Up

Big Punisher

Yo, what the deal baby? I see ya, awight?
Still not a player but you still a hater
Pun hater, where my horns at?
Where my horns? That's right

Pun, you came up, what, what? Makin' it happen
From rappin' on the corner of blocks we going platinum
But when we roll, are you still ready to ride?
Yo, I be ready to ride and I be ready to die

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Ay yo, my word is born, long as I'm alive, I'ma put it on
Could'a gone to gee shit, thug nigga, till I'm gone
Where to Bronx I'm flippin', five boroughs thoroughly reppin'
Let's unite the city and step to the world as a weapon

'Cuz everybody's checkin' for Pun, second to none
'Cuz Latins going platinum was destined to come
The inevitable, heavenly better than whatever you do
We eligible, GS's incredibly credible

For the revenue we getting', you open with lyrical dope
And these breaths that are potent is like an injectional dose
And it never quits, take it from TS's top terrorist
Rapper slash hijacker bombin' tracks ever since

I was young, I wasn't always Big Pun
It wasn't always this fun, ay yo, I rose from the slums
I had to pay my due, lay a few but I ain't sayin' who
Stayin' true to the game, no names, playin' it cool, just me and the crew

Holdin' it down long as we 'round
We gonna keep sockin' it to you like Homey the Clown
Goin' down like Pac ready to ride or die nigga
La da la la la la la la

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Ay yo ain't nothin' changed, I'm still the same
The way you remembered me since the centipede
Harder, big blacker back in the seventies
Try to remember me from my aggressive will
The way I kept it real is more important than any record deal

I used to chill on the block with Cuban and Seis

I'm still do but now it's in the blue convertible eight fifty
My true niggaz will always be with me
The shifty kiss me, tell me they miss me, then try to dis me

'Cuz I'm rispy crispy for life, sixties the price
Another fifty for the Cuban twisted in ice
Niggaz is shiest but I psyche 'em out though they like to doubt
I make them all believers once I let the Tyson out

'Cuz I can vouch for only a few, only the crew
From the old school I consider loyally true
I'm morally rude from a fool to a scholar
Follow the rules on how to spot a plotta that's cool for a dollar

I wanna holla at my peeps that's reppin' the streets
Wrestlin' the beast of chest restin' in peace
Blessin' my seeds and watchin' over us 'til I die
I'll align the souls of mine and shine for all of us

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For ma thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas