

# You Was Wrong

Big Punisher

What?  
T-S nigga  
Y'all don't know?

Aiyyo its on, I see how niggas didn't learn  
You is wrong, thought the fire didn't burn  
Its on, me and Pun ain't from the Bronx  
You's wrong, nigga we can get it on

Aiyyo, guns we toss 'em, and bodies we auction  
To his family we tell 'em he owed us a fortune  
Gimme forty-thou, you can have yo' child, you don't know  
What I had to go through, to clap this clown, check my background  
The last nigga to see you bleed, the last nigga to see you breath  
The last nigga you wish you shoulda believed  
And Drag move quick, blend right into a wall like a brick  
The only thing you see before I blow off ya shit is my wrist  
'Cuz my hand the gun is covered in  
Not this range, when I pump this pistol, its very rare I miss it  
Damn it on ya lips  
Y'all keep talkin like y'all teflon with no weap-ons  
Nigga I'm pumpin my four, I ain't throwin no more  
Nowadays niggas run upstairs, open they drawer  
My circumstance, you ain't got that chance mines in my draw, you get it?  
Thats means y'all walks for two dicks, so don't be stupid  
and make me use one unless you ?that bitch?

Aiyyo its one, you thought I was wack  
You was wrong, album double plat  
Yo its on, stop talkin shit  
You was wrong, get off my dick

How dare you doubt on the ??, Big Pun the undoubtable  
The only rapper that'll pull out a gun and slap the shit outta you  
You can't tell me nothin, I'll clonk you and stomp out ya belly button  
I'm too violent for this rap shit, I should be out somewhere killin som'thin  
Too quick to blast, some niggas talk shit and dash  
But I really will KICK YOUR ASS  
Juggernaut, I don't care if you a thug or not  
I'll get Jamaican on ya ass, boy, with the Bambaclad  
On your mark get ready, run, I'm sparkin everyone  
The one get locked stand back and watch where you from  
How dare you come and try to shit where I eat  
Fuck you nigga, literally  
Dick in your cheeks, you rich in the street  
But I'm still gon' hit cha'll niggas  
because up north you be tossin salads with maple syrup  
I know you hate to hear it, but everybody know this one  
Why you always gotta be right nigga, why can't you ever be wrong

Now its on, from the Bronx where its at  
You was wrong, me and Pun brought it back  
Now its on, stay on with the gat  
You was wrong, its the Don, Joey Crack

Who the fuck want beef with Joe Crack  
Make your body fold back

Lift his soul with the chrome mack  
I don't chat on the phone, 'cuz the phone tapped  
You heard theres money on the block we control that  
I got the work in the pot where that stove at  
Cook it up 'til its wack, get my dough back  
You niggas so wack, tryin'a compete  
I blind you with heat, I'm the reason crime on the street  
I die for my peeps, keep an open eye when I sleep  
Let you slide when I coulda put five in your Jeep  
Who's liver than me? I ain't know you really want it  
I'm like Christ, niggas beg for they life when they see me comin  
Ain't nobody gonna stop my shine, you out'cho mind  
Don't make me have to cock my nine, pop ya spine  
Neva did believe in the Don's  
since ninety-two I've been proving that y'all niggas was wrong

Aiyyo, its on, though I'd stay on the block  
You was wrong, now Remi on the rock  
So its on, thought I wasn't gonna drop  
You was wrong, I was right all along

I told these niggas, that I was the sickest bitch  
And everytime you spit, I'ma spit some sicker shit  
Ridiculous, I reminise when I blaze the track  
Tight shit, make a nigga wanna play ya back  
I'm hatin that, but I'ma make 'em all believers  
Fuck hot, I'ma come and straight drop a fever  
Cop a heater, turn around and pop your leader  
And for the followers, I'ma leave their heads hollower  
Make your wig twisted as if I was Oliver  
Layin in a hospital, hooked up the monitors  
Thats for the game, y'all lames just came to first  
'Cuz I ain't neva heard a bitch straight flame a verse  
I blame the church, how God let you lie like that  
Who scribed you for, 'cuz you ain't neva rhymed like that  
How the fuck you gon' tell me that chick is tight  
She ain't 'aight 'cuz she don't write, you wrong  
Yeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaah Baby