

## **Punisher Big**

### **"Capital Punishment"**

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Featuring Prospect]

[Big Pun]

It's mine, it's all mine you understand? Just me and my  
peoples. Can

you dig

that? 21st century, but I never see it. Bottom of the  
corner, baby.

Ours

for the taking.

Verse one: Big Pun

Yo; I've seen child blastin a man, some with them are  
turning to

murderers

Let us stray by the liars' death clause, fires observing  
us

Watching us close, marking our toast ??? is purposely  
overtaxing the

earnings

Nervous, burning down the churches

They're scared of us rather beware than dare to trust

Always in jail, million dollar bail, left there to rust

Lets call in order, give ourselves a chance to enhance,  
broader

Advance where the minorities are the majority voter

Holding my own, I'm living alone in this cold world

My sister just bought a home without a loan, you know  
girl

She's an exception, some people can leap to the  
impression

See, me, myself I start flippin and fall victim to deep  
depression

I'm stressing the issue here, so we can cross the fiscal  
year

Tired of getting fired and hired as a pistol-eer

There's no longevity living off negativity

Fuck it, I'd rather sell reefer than do pizza delivery

That's how the city be, everybody gettin they hustle on

Judge singin death penalty like its his favorite fucking  
song

Word is bond, taking my life you know they lovin it

Got off the government and its fuckin capital  
punishment

Chorus: Prospect

Capital punishment, given by the government

Systems they organized they get to you and who you  
running with

Can't live alone, lets spread our spots and tap phones

So when they came, yo, for life, the rifle ?hit in they  
zone?

We came from kings in Queens, people with dreams

Gods and herbs, for what its worth

We gonna fit the Earth with infinite worth

First its turning tables, open our own labels

They say vote the Republicans, they reverse capital  
punishment

Verse two: Big Pun

I've seen it all up close, shit without the movies you'd  
be buggin

My cousin Juju, barely a juve' lost it and turned on the  
oven

He wasn't playin, blew out the flame and started inhalin

Baring a secret too deep to keep on the streets for  
sharin

Wearing the virus, Acquired Immune Deficiency  
Syndrome

Is dickin every thick premiscuous ?? seed

Listen to me, shit is rough in the ghetto, you bluff, blow  
your head

off

Fuck a snuff, we bust lead off!

Get off your high horse, or die off like an extinction

Boriquans are like Mohicans, The Last of the Mohicans  
(Mohicans)

We need some unity for all the deep security

The maturity, keeps me six feet, above obscurity

The streets are deadly and everybody's a desperado

I guess the motto we promise to let you ??? your motto

Like Zorro, I mark my territory with a symbol

Not with a Z, but a P, cause punishment's what I  
resemble!

I lend you this if it expands yours, for you and yours

A real man can't fall, he stands tall

The Man's claws are diggin in my back, I'm trying to hit

him back

Time to counteract, where my niggaz at?

Chorus

Verse three: Prospect

You like that, It's Pun and Prospect

We hold nines, own more treasure than goldmines,  
making progress

With Don Juan's, there's rules to be made, crews to be  
sprayed

Dues to be payed, nothing y'all can do to behave

We laid in the slums, made a cake out of crumbs

Eventhough the government, trying to take out our  
sons

Rudy Gulliani trying to blind me, but I see reality

Was raised with this street mentality

My strategies wide, my battery never die

The ghetto kept me wise, so I would never fall to the  
lies

Its not surprise, but to or die if you want the glamour

Yeah, I want the glamour, laid up with cheese and trees  
in Atlanta

My Cubans smoked out like Ronald Easley with Havanas

The hammer hit em in the palm, never shaky, calm  
'halers

This renegade blow throught barracades like grenades

I turn the sun to shade, then the night back to day

Like the twenty-four hour rotation

I know the location, its just a little in-for-mation

Here come the Squad, bringing the Terror for the nine-

era

And let it rain on your fine leather, nigga, what?

\*beat to fade

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