

## **Punisher Big**

### **"Carribean Connection"**

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Featuring Wyclef Jean]

[Wyclef] Warning!

[Big Pun]

Yo, wanna rumble with Pun hah?

\*loud farting noise\* Shit on the whole industry

Yo who puff more Owls than Pun? Pile on more styles  
than Pun?

Who the only one with over a thousand guns?

Runnin up in niggaz cribs like I paid the bill

Make you squeal the combination to the safe for wealth

I lace your grill with the firestarter

Hit your wife with the ? from the ?shower powers I  
devour?

I'm all about the fundamentals, like Pun and pencil

A piece of paper, a decent caper and someone to  
strafe you

My mental's compatible with the radicals

My oddessey type, qualities allow me to poli' with  
animals

Niggaz is canibals and the ghetto's a jungle

where you either bet all your bundles or struggle on the  
simple and

humble

My niggaz'll rumble with any man for a Benny Fran

Try to imagine what they can sacrifice for twenty grand

Niggaz'll slice you and dice you into a thousand pieces

and pound out we jettin to the ground Uptown

up in the Boogie Down, ? swallow the team, pile on the green

Surrounded in green like flowers in Spring

For now I'm a King, so it's more than money, all the honies

used to call me Punny cause my fam was always hungry

But now we rollin lovely, and you feel worse, want my money

Let your steel burst, cause I'd rather see you in hell first

Chorus: Wyclef and Pun

\*Wyclef sings something\*

[Pun] I'm selling perrico

[Clef] Yo what's the deally yo?

[Pun] I'm Uptown making moves just like Castro

(repeat all 2X)

[Wyclef Jean]

Yo, yo, yo keep the lights keep the camera all I want is the action

The battle's on, where I roam in composition

A hardcore crowd, waitin to see, if I break

like your first time in jail when you got fucked by an inmate

It'll never happen, I'm on balance like a Libra

And if I get murdered, Don't Cry For Me Argentina

Pour me a cup of vodka, bury me next to my father  
In three days, I rise like Christ and still sober  
Now my eyes open, in my hands I got the Gatling  
I'm looking for the guy that sent me to say hi to Satan  
Fists of fury, you wouldn't like me when I'm angry  
I turn Mr. Rogers Neighborhood topsy turvy  
Foes and enemies meaning the same in the dictionary  
This ain't Pictionary, all you see is the cemetery  
Bodies, from World War I and II is there  
You don't want a third war, that's nuclear warfare  
So Big Pun, count the stacks, make it fast  
Illegal money turns legal now we runnin a laundromat  
Your hunchbacked and wack rap is packed in your  
backpack  
Your better off in D.C. with the mayor smoking crack  
Yo, this ain't a diss, Wyclef bomb threat  
Run out of the building or get blast in your Guess  
Tec for Tec, or we can go text for text, oh  
I forgot, you don't read, so take this hole in your chest -  
blaow  
Hide the blood, give you the gun, run and hide  
So when the DT shows up, he thought it was a suicide  
Suicide it's a suicide...  
Chorus (fades out

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