

## **Punisher Big**

### **"Ms Martin"**

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Intro: Big Pun

Yeah, sometimes you gotta fool em

Sometimes you gotta send a woman to do a man's job,  
nawmean?

In this case, my girl hit like a grown motherfucking man

Y'all niggas better lay low

Catch you in a hurtin, nawmean?

Blow your balls off nigga

HOOK: Big Pun

Where my girl at

Quick to bust the mack, better believe that

She always got my back, nigga twirl that

About to blaze a sack, where the weed at

She don't know how to act, cuz that's my girl black

With that monster rap, better believe that

You know the Bronx is back, she represent that

Cuz Terror Squad got her back, some say heed that

My niggas love to scrap

Verse 1: Remi Martin

I inhale the deepest, cock back and bust rhymes at  
your speakers

I'm troubled, shoot out the air bubbles in your sneakers

The type to cop a Range along with all the features

Then take the back streets to avoid the leeches

A pregnant bitch talk shit, I'ma destroy her fetus

Her dead baby popped this pussy, and his boys can't  
beat us

Straight strong armin, bombarding, and bogarding

Remi don't write her own rhymes, nigga, I beg your  
pardon

It's Ms. Martin I done broke night in the studio writin

While fraud broads don't get no publishin, still be bitin

They kill me lyin, like they the ones doin the scribin

When you can hear the ghostwriter, all up in they  
rhymin

I flows like water, got this drizzle with little C

Catch me with Pun eatin skittles in the middle of Little  
Italy

Y'all don't know diddly, I spit hot, and drop shit

Every time I kick a rhyme, Pun I burn my lip

Take another pull, bust another shot, y'all can't stop me

Come through in a jail suit, and a new B from Broccoli's

Doin it, If I'm havin a good time and you ruin it

I seen a nice casket that'll look good with you in it

New improved shit, the year start with a 2 shit

Next millenium, sell a million, clue shit

Exclusive, to tell the truth, y'all useless

Cuz I'm a dime that could rhyme you still on the deuce  
list

HOOK

Verse 2:

Remi Martin, dash, reminisce, slash

Remi, cash like a check in a stash

Me without rhymes is like a flynt with no flash

Stripper with no ass, car with no gas

Tryin to go fast, I love to hear the guns go blast

(Blau, blau, blau, blau) I love the sounds of the shells  
fallin down

Love to smoke weed, stay blowin trees, fuck liquor

When shit get thick, I love to hear my bitches raise his  
clique up

You sick, but I'm sicker, plus our guns is bigger

If you really wanna kill us, do it nigga, pull the trigga

How you figure, you could really come and take what's  
mine

And all I gotta do is send a little letter to Rah

He'll send the troops out

My brother don't hesitate to pull a tool out

And I'm his little sis, so he taught me the same shit

Quick to flip, but your name should be prickless

Cuz every time you open your mouth, you suckin my  
dick

Talkin shit, as if you a soldier nigga

When you a no cash, low class, doja nigga

Y'all rock rocks, we bling bling boulders nigga

Look over your shoulder I'm in the Rover, it's over  
nigga

Inhale, cock back and bust, just because

I know none of y'all busters is touchin us  
I got the thoroughest thugs and, baby reminisces  
That don't give a fuck, with a aim that never misses  
Hugs and kisses never, just slugs and stiches  
Thugs and bitches forever, check the mugshot pictures  
Fuck the weather, I still got my tan Timbs on  
Just copped the pink mink, and winter been gone  
I been on this thug shit y'all can't seem to fuck wit  
My shit is hot dogs, to top it off, still spittin mustard  
No fair, cuz I don't care I go to war wit a musket  
Just give me some oreos, a jar of dro and two dutches  
Cuz Pun be the nicest motherfucker on the market  
Now he got the nicest bitch, what, Remi Martin  
HOOK

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