

## **Punisher Big**

### **"You Aint A Killer"**

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Verse 1:

The harsh realities of life is takin' toll

For even Jesus Christ forsake my soul

Please tell me the price to pay to make it home

Take control, I'm makin' doe, but not enough to blow

J O's, they lust my flows, but A-yo

I don't trust a soul, I know I need to

These evil streets will meet you

Halfway than eat you, alive

Tryin' to survive illegal, I leave you lost

Bounce you on the cross, rip you like a horse

Sacrifice your life to a higher force

Than I stomp your corpse, it's the Bronx of course

Recognize the ascent, one of the last livin' still in action

General assassin', catchin' an erect, blastin' any tech

Smashin' any chest, passin' any test

Charles Manson in the flesh, any last requests

Before ya meet your maker, so would your reaper wake  
up

Shakin' up a storm, like Anita Baker

I'll take ya straight to hell and fill your heart with maden

Incareate your fate in Satan's firey lake

Than I lock the gate, make no mistake

The Shit Is as Real as Joe, we follow the killers code

One becomes the you, tell me, where do you go?

Nowhere to run, hide or find you

In silence you scream and even if you kill me

I'll still be in your fuckin' dreams

Hook:

You ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk

From New York to Cali all the real niggas carry chalk

Mark you for death, won't even talk that East and West  
crap

Watch the left rack, It ain't where you're from it's  
where's your gat

Verse 2:

You made a grave mistake, shouldn't of come here

You changed your fate, your brains will make a debut  
on the table

When I raise the stakes, the pain is great

But only for a second, is starts strong your lesson

Is when your restin'

The Armaggedon set in, left him with so much stress  
(B.S.)

Left him with no regrets (yes)

Welcome to hell son, the threshold of death

Face the serpent, I blaze the person

You get laced for certain

Even Jakes don't trace the work

So close the curtain, I'm hurtin', head serverly

Really tryin' to bring the pain

There's nothing more satisfying then when you cryin'  
screamin' my name

It's not a game, it's Purple Rain

Floods and blood stains, Big Puns my thugs name

Bustin' my gun, that's my love thang

Slit the jug vein, snatch your Adam's apple

John Madden tackle your corpse

Then hoist it on the cross at the Tabernacle

That'll have to hurt, I'll work your body till it burst

The curse of Viva, slangin' ? first,

I'm worse than anything you ever been through

Sick in the head and mental, essentially meant to be so  
?

When you awaken, your manhood will be taken

Faken like you Satan, when I'm the rhythmin' abomination

Hook (X2)

Verse 3:

It's hard to analyze, which guys is spies

Be advised people, we recognized who lies

It's all in the eyes chico

We read 'em and see 'em for what they are

Thieves in undercover cars, takin' my picture like I'm a  
fuckin' star

I'm up to par, my game is in a smash

Stash a million in the stash

Passport with the gas , first name and last

Ask anybody if my men are rowdy

Give me the mini shottie, I body a nigga for a penny  
probably

Im obligated to anything, if it's crime related

If it shine I'll take it, sill in my prime and I finally made it

I hate the fact that I'm the last addition

Probably stash magician, could of went to college and  
been a

mathmatician

Bad decisions kept me out the game

Now I'm strickly out for cream, doin' things to fiends

I doubt you'll ever dream, my teams the meanest thing  
you ever seen

Measured by the heavens King, down to the devls  
mesimean

I never scream so loud, I'm proud to be alive

Most heads died by 25, or catch a quick 3 to 5

So be advised, the streets is full of surprises

It's not what crews the livest, when the survivors who's  
the wisest

Hook (X2)

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