

## **Chocolate Boy F/ The Kid**

### **" 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 the new Beef 'n'  
Broccolis  
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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