

Big Punisher feat. Terror Squad

"Brave in the Heart"

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Brave in the Heart
"Remember Pun?"
Terror Squad..

[Triple Seis]

I'll battle ya all, from the charts to ghetto stars
Face Triple Seis the God of War like Mars
that leave MC's smashed but my Squad, is odd
Y'all never seen relish, but always seem jealous
of my extreme fellas, rockin the (?) sweaters
The ones who paid with they life
I rock for forty days and forty nights, and every verse
is tight
Better than before; rough, rugged, and raw
Chainsaw metaphor that leave your brain sore
This ain't a game, I'll leave you maimed
Allow me to explain I thrive on the pain while robbin
your chain
Knahmean? Do him and the fiend, grab his wallet
Leave a trail-blazin like (Rasheed Wallace)
What's today's knowledge? Hold your heat like The
Peacemaker
I walk the same streets the police take us
Livin on the corner so won't speak it out my mouth
Respect and got the money son that's all that it's about
No doubt, silence of code, violence of mode
Under control, can tell my real niggaz really roll
On the low tryin to blow trees
And for no reas', we hit a nigga up for mo' cheese
Better relate and start to think, or be the missin link
I got my +Hustle+ on like Larry Flynt

[Big Pun]

We brave in the heart, playin a part, amazingly smart
Razor sharp, futuristic raps, state of the art
Takin New York cats past the stars
First it was Nasty Nas now watch me turn a Apple into
Macintosh
Computer chip locomotion flow, la cosa nostra dough

Hold your toaster low, business never personal
Just some words to know - if you run the streets
come in peace or leave in pieces
Even Jesus was killed by the polices
They crucified him now they inject us with juice to fry
'em
Depends on the state if death is my fate then cool I'm
dyin
If that's my destiny it's meant to be
Just remember to bury the motherfucker that bent me
right next to me
Aight crew? (No doubt Pun!) Aight then, let's fight then
I'm hypened, comin with the thunder and the lightning
Invitin the comp, ice on the arm
Nights when I storm, snipin your moms, right from the
Bronx
Mic in the palm it's the ghetto God
I rip a nigga heart out his frame while I scream TERROR
SQUAD
Be larger than life, my initials carved in my wife
She said she'd starve on a diet instead I'm a God in her
eyes
The father of Christ, sure to be immortal
Guzzlin beer bottles by the dozen with Devin that's mi
hermano

"Big Pun.." ".. will be here, forever" -> KRS
"We brave in the heart.."
".. p-p-p-playin a part"
"Amazingly smart.."
".. remember Pun?", "That's the ghetto God"
"We brave in the heart.."
".. p-p-p-playin a part"
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".. remember Pun?", "That's the ghetto God"
"We brave in the heart, playin a part, amazingly smart"
"Big Pun.." ".. for-EVER!" -> KRS

[Prospect]

You ain't understand how I push your wig back quick
A little quiet nigga wouldn't think I did that shit
I'm from where the guns love to introduce theyself
Reduce your health, little bulletproofs get felt
Who mind ready, for this big dog who hold a nine
steady
I'm John Blazin when you see the arms razin
Shit crime heavy already, I keep it sharper than the
long 'chette
Far from a snitch nigga who call Teddy
I click triggers how you more ready and switch bigger
than more berry I'm a cherry you a strawberry

If you lost that mean I'm on top of the whip
You plottin to flip, fuck around and get shot in the lip
You stop with the quick and never make another move
Even your mother lose, I hurt up your pops to pay your
brother dues

"Big Pun.."

"Forever.. do you understand? FOREVER!" -> KRS

[Fat Joe]

Make way for krill, I don't play I spray for real
Blow your top with the glock, that's my favorite kill
Blaze your crib with like thirty shots
I'm already hot, but my last one is with some dirty cops
I play the streets with toast cause the thieves is close
Wanna keep your post then don't beef with Joe
Still niggaz think I won't bring the heat out
That's like sayin Puff ain't never beat up Steve Stoute
Truth first, Terror Squad, shoot first
War with me and you guaranteed to leave the earth
I'm, dressed to kill, my niggaz rep for real
Joe Crack's back like I never had a deal
Hungry and shit, it don't get more lovely than this
Blow a hole through your ribs just for runnin your lips
The street's a trip; either you deep or you sleep with the
fish
I keep a fifth for them niggaz that's seekin to flip

"We brave in the heart.."

".. p-p-p-playin a part"

"Amazingly smart.."

".. remember Pun?", "That's the ghetto God"

"We brave in the heart, playin a part, amazingly smart"

"Big Pun.." ".. for-EVER!" -> KRS

"Do you understand? FOREVER!" -> KRS

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