

Big Pun Feat. Ashanti "How We Roll"

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Something, I want to tell you
There's something I've been, thinking
That your crew should know
Big Pun be the largest thang
Straight out of the projects
And that's how we roll, roll

You know, I'm well known like Al Capone, fully blown
like Ton' Montana
In a zone, sittin' on chrome, stoned sippin' on
champagna
Rollin ganja up in bible papers, see how high the lye
can take us
Through the eyes of Christ, John, Elijah, Jacob

I make the kind of green a hustler dream
Bustin' out the custard cream Viper
Custom piped up with the mustard seams
Clustered green Fort Knox and hard [unverified]
medallions

Mockin' God even Italians see my batallion pull out the
broad
I got the Squad over-qualified, pullin' over Karl Kani
Range Rover tilted, three wheeled hydraulic slide
Sparkin' lye in the clouds and reppin' my housin'
Like the Wu do in Shaolin

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I keep my Desert Eagle cocked back in my tuxedo with
my top hat
What you broke motherfuckers know about that?
Lookin' fat in Marc and Pelle leather like Fonzarelli
Sparkin' Phillies with the Gods like Makaveli

On the Celly blown Benz, chrome rims

Shinin' like the stone gems on my gold rings
I got it sewn Twinz, I can't begin to tell you the story
That soared me from livin' poorly to a modern day
Cinderfella

I've been a killer and a drug dealer, a bugged nigga
But now I'm like Puffy 'cause money's thicker than
blood player
I'm still a threat but now I think before I flip
Call my connects together and figure which cleaner's
the best for the hit

I get the job done, Pun's handlin' business
Candlelight dinners, havin' a toast with the most
glamorous bitches
My road to riches was no Christmas
Now we blessed with gold Lazaruses
So expensive my whole family's religious

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Aiyyo, I want it all you can call me greedy and
superficial
Long as my crew's official and pulls they pistols soon
as I whistle
I'm tryin' to triple a million and split it three ways
Joe the God, Full Eclipse, and myself, that'll be the day

I need a way to get it already got the ambition
Start the ignition, watch for the NARCs in the marked
Expedition
I'm on a mission which requires a higher position
Desire and vision keeps the fire inside of me glistenin'

I'm infinite like math, so I'm gonna last
But you wanna laugh all day, bullshit and sittin' on your
ass
I'm all about cash and the power
A stash with the power that lasts like hittin' ass for an
hour

Let's get it locked, I want a watch with baguetted rocks
So I can clock hoes with the glow that never stops
Forget the cops, we got Deserts and glocks too
Ready to rock whoever tryin' to stop our cheddar from
stockin' forever

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Straight out of the projects
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Big Pun is the largest thang
Joey Crack be stayin' paid
Terror Squad from the projects man

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