

## Big Pun "Brave In The Heart"

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[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"  
"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"  
"Amazingly smart..."  
"... remember Pun?", "That's the ghetto God"  
"We brave in the heart, playin a part, amazingly smart"  
"Big Pun..." "... for-EVER!"

[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!"

[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

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