

## **Big Pun**

# **"Capital Punishment"**

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[Big Pun]

It's mine; it's all mine you understand?  
At least me and my peoples  
Can you dig that?  
21st century thought I'd never see it  
Right around the corner, baby  
Ours for the taking

Verse one: Big Pun

Yo; I've seen child blossom to man,  
Some withered and turned to murderers  
Led astray by the liars death glorifiers observin us  
Watching us close, marking our toast?  
Purposely overtaxin the earnings  
Nervous, burning down the churches  
They're scared of us, rather beware than dare to trust  
Always in jail, million dollar bail, left there to rust  
Let's call in order, give ourselves a chance to enhance  
broader  
Advance to where minorities are the majority voter  
Holdin my own, I'm livin alone in this cold world  
My sister just bought a home without a loan, you go  
girl!  
She's an exception, some people can leap to the  
impression  
See, me myself, I start flippin and fall victim to deep  
depression  
I'm stressin the issue here, so we can cross the fiscal  
year  
Tired of gettin fired and hired as a pistol-eer  
There's no longevity living off negativity  
Fuck it, I'd rather sell reefer than do pizza delivery  
That's how the city be, everybody gettin they hustle on  
Judge singin death penalty like it's his favorite fuckin  
song  
Word is bond, takin my life you know they lovin it  
God 'F' the government and it's fuckin capital  
punishment!

Chorus: Prospect

Capital punishment, given by the government  
System so organized they get to you and who you  
runnin with  
Can't live alone, watch for the spies and tapped phones  
Totin the llello for life, the rightful heir to the throne  
We come from Kings and Queens, people with dreams,  
Gods and Earths  
For what it's worth, we benefit the Earth with infinite  
worth  
First it's turnin tables, open our own labels  
Disable the Republicans, then reverse capital  
punishment

#### Verse Two: Big Pun

I've seen it all up close, shit out the movies you'd be  
buggin  
My cousin Juje, barely a juve', lost it and turned on the  
oven  
He wasn't playin, blew out the flame and started inhalin  
Barin a secret too deep to keep on the street for sharin  
Wearin the virus, Acquired Immune Deficiency  
Dishin his dick in every thick promiscuous fish in the  
sea  
Listen to me, shit is rough in the ghetto  
You bluff, blow your head off, fuck a snuff, we bust  
lead off!  
Get off your high horse, or die off like an extinction  
Boriquans are like Mohicans, +The Last of the  
Po'Ricans+  
We need some unity, fuck all the jeeps and jewelry  
The maturity, keeps me six feet, above obscurity  
The streets are deadly and everybody's a desperado  
I guess the motto we promise to let you homage in  
death your motto  
Like Zorro, I mark my territory with a symbol  
Not with a Z, but a P, cause Punishment's what I  
resemble!  
I lend you this if it expands yours, for you and yours  
A real man can't fall, he stands tall  
The Man's claws are diggin in my back, I'm tryin to hit  
him back  
Time to counteract, where my niggaz at?

#### Chorus

#### Verse Three: Prospect

You like that, it's Pun and Prospect  
We hold nines, own more treasure than gold mines,  
makin progress

With Don Juan's, there's rules to be made, crews to be  
sprayed  
Dues to be paid, nuttin y'all can do to behave  
We laid in the slums, made a cake out of crumbs  
Even though the government, tryin to take out our sons  
Rudy Gulliani trying to blind me, but I see reality  
Was raised with the street mentallity  
My strategy's why my battery never die  
The ghetto kept me wise, so I would never fall to the  
lies  
It's no surprise, but do or die if you want the glamour  
Yeah, I want the glamour, laid up with cheese and trees  
in Atlanta  
While Cuban's smoked out like Ronald Isley with  
Havanas  
The hammer in the palm, never shaky, calm handlers  
This renegade blow through barricades like grenades  
I turn the sun to shade, then the night back to day  
Like the twenty-four hour rotation  
I know the location, it's just a little in-for-mation  
From the Squad, bringing the Terror for the nine-era  
And let it rain on your fine leather, nigga, what?

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