

## **Big Pun**

### **"Carribean Connection"**

Visit "[Carribean Connection](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Big Pun]

Yo, wanna rumble with Pun hah?

\*loud farting noise\* Shit on the whole industry

Yo who puff more Owls than Pun? Pile on more styles  
than Pun?

Who the only one with over a thousand guns?

Runnin up in niggaz cribs like I paid the bill

Make you squeal the combination to the safe for wealth

I lace your grill with the firestarter

Hit your wife with the? from the?shower powers I  
devour?

I'm all about the fundamentals, like Pun and pencil

A piece of paper, a decent caper and someone to  
strafe you

My mental's compatible with the radicals

My oddessey type, qualities allow me to poli' with  
animals

Niggaz is canibals and the ghetto's a jungle

Where you either bet all your bundles or struggle on  
the simple and humble

My niggaz'll rumble with any man for a Benny Fran

Try to imagine what they can sacrifice for twenty grand

Niggaz'll slice you and dice you into a thousand pieces

And pound out we jettin to the ground Uptown

Up in the Boogie Down, ? swallow the team, pile on the  
green

Surrounded in green like flowers in Spring

For now I'm a King, so it's more than money, all the  
honies

Used to call me Punny cause my fam was always  
hungry

But now we rollin lovely, and you feel worse, want my  
money

Let your steel burst, cause I'd rather see you in hell first

Chorus: Wyclef and Pun

\*Wyclef sings: mucho trabajo poquito dinero\*

[Pun] I'm selling perrico

[Clef] Yo what's the deally yo?

[Pun] I'm Uptown making moves just like Castro

(Repeat all 2X)

[Wyclef Jean]

Yo, yo, yo keep the lights keep the camera all I want is  
the action

The battle's on, where I roam in composition

A hardcore crowd, waitin to see, if I break

Like your first time in jail when you got fucked by an  
inmate

It'll never happen, I'm on balance like a Libra

And if I get murdered, Don't Cry For Me Argentina

Pour me a cup of vodka, bury me next to my father

In three days, I rise like Christ and still sober

Now my eyes open, in my hands I got the Gatling

I'm looking for the guy that sent me to say hi to Satan

Fists of fury, you wouldn't like me when I'm angry

I turn Mr. Rogers Neighborhood topsy turvy

Foes and enemies meaning the same in the dictionary

This ain't Pictionary, all you see is the cemetery

Bodies, from World War I and II is there

You don't want a third war, that's nuclear warfare

So Big Pun, count the stacks, make it fast

Illegal money turns legal now we runnin a laundromat

Your hunchbacked and wack rap is packed in your  
backpack

Your better off in D.C. with the mayor smoking crack

Yo, this ain't a diss, Wyclef bomb threat

Run out of the building or get blast in your Guess

Tec for Tec, or we can go text for text, oh

I forgot, you don't read, so take this hole in your chest -  
blaow

Hide the blood, give you the gun, run and hide

So when the DT shows up, he thought it was a suicide

Suicide it's a suicide...

Chorus (fades out)

Visit [Big Pun](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.