

## **Big Pun "My Turn"**

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[Big Punisher]

Uhh... psssh... it's my turn, y'knahmean?

Get this motherfuckin money y'know?

Shit...

Yeah I went double, y'know?

Niggaz goin triple... five... ten platinum

Can't do what I do

This is my game, this is me...

(T. Squaders) Y'know?

Chorus: Big Punisher

Yo it's my turn, I demand my respect

Give me my burn, or get slammed in your neck

Cause it's my turn, I'ma reach to the top

Gimme my burn, I'ma speak with the glock

Cause it's my turn, don't make me turn your wig

Gimme my burn, don't make me burn yo' crib

I'ma rhyme it right, and keep the ghetto in a trance

But when the time is right, me and the Devil gon' dance

[Big Punisher]

Fuck you and yours; make way - I'm comin through the door

And screw the law - breakin the rules ain't nothin new at all

I'm true to all the shit that I done, check the clip in my gun

Respect the click that I'm from, or get lifted and stunned

Dunn, you just a small fry, fuckin with the fall guy

Big Pun, The Honorable, all rise

Sky's the limit, nuttin less if my guys is in it

For the right price, even Christ could get it

Fast life we live it - all my memories are vivid

I remember only minutes

That's how I mentally get rid of all the enemies

The spirits that definitely mimic my every melody

And lyric which so heavenly rhythmic

In magic do I build, but math do be equally compatible

And secretively battle you to reach my peak in

equilateral

I'm from the streets deep in the bottom yo ain't no  
Mario Brothers  
Official Bronx niggaz, quick to body yo' mother (ouch)

#### Chorus

[Big Punisher]

Jesus H. Christ, how many times I gotta pay the price?  
You scared to death I'll make you twice as afraid of life  
I bring sight to the game for every night you  
complained  
You couldn't see the light - I was bright in your brain  
Ignitin the flame, keepin your third lid  
Speak and observe with the mind  
What are blind sleep til they worth shit  
I'm earth wind and fire, the first one to fire  
Reppin T. Squad since birth til I retire  
I wire your jaw, wire the walls with plastique explosives  
And riot the halls at the malls where all the crackers?  
live  
Keep flappin yo' gibs and I'ma come back with those  
kids  
From the back of the bridge  
I think two and touch means tackle the bitch  
I rap for the chips, but I'm truly assassin  
Four hundred pounds, six feet tall, brutally handsome  
That's the pro - got beef with Pun, you gots to go  
Mafia style - tear you a new ass-a-hole  
Flash your dough, but you too cool for the captain  
Cause I don't give a fuck if I was quadruply platinum  
And to the 50 Cent rapper, very funny, get your nut off  
Cause in real life, you don't know  
I'll blow your motherfuckin head off (ooh yeah)

That's my motherfuckin word, you understand?  
Thought we was a fuckin joke? Shit  
Terror Squad nigga, you don't know me  
You don't know my name, don't say it, you understand?  
Told you before I ain't no motherfuckin rapper  
understand?  
Shit, I don't make no songs about rappers I don't like  
If I'ma make a song,  
It's gon' be how I beat yo' motherfuckin ass  
understand?  
That'll be the name of the motherfucker  
"That's Why I Had to Beat Your Motherfuckin Ass"  
Featuring Tony Sunshine  
T. Squaders, T. Squaders, T. Squaders

