

## **Big Pun**

### **"The Dream Shatterer"**

Visit "[The Dream Shatterer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Big Pun)

Ay-yo I shatter dreams like Jordan, assault and batter  
your team

Your squadron'll be barred from rap like Adam & Eve  
from the garden

I'm carvin' my initials on your forehead

So every night before bed you see the "BP" shine off  
the board head

Reverse that, I curse at the first wack nigga with the  
worst rap

Cuz he ain't worth jack

Hit 'em with a thousand pounds of pressure per slap

Make his whole body jerk back, watch the earth crack

Hand him his purse back

I'm the first Latin rapper to baffle your skull

Master the flow, niggaz be swearin' I'm blacker than  
coal

Like Nat King, I be rapping and tounge's packing

The ones, magnums, cannons and gatling guns

It's Big Pun! The one and only son of Tony... Montana

You ain't promised manana in the rotten manzana

C'mon-pana we need more rhymers

Feel the marijuana snake bite anaconda

A man of honour wouldn't wanna try to match my  
persona

Sometimes rhymin' I blow my own mind like Nirvana

Comma, and go the whole nine like Madonna

Go try to find another rhymer with my kinda gramma

(Chorus)

When you awaken, your manhood'll be taken

Fakin' like you Satan when I'm the rhymin' abomination

(2x)

(Big Pun)

I'm pure adrenaline, uncut, straight to your gut,  
medicine

Raw cure for pain I coat your brain like polyurathane

Simple and plain, I'll explain it in layman terms

If you came to learn how to make fire, I'm-a make it  
burn!

Higher and hotter than lava this scholar

Is 'bout just as smart as MacGyver  
To put honor inside the heart of a lion  
Revolved in a life of crime (crime! )  
Fuck it I like the shine (shine! ), Up in the white and lime  
(lime! )  
Comes with the pipe design  
Plushed out! (No doubt! ) Both pockets about to bust  
out  
If you not in it for the spinach, GET THE FUCK OUT!  
Take a hike, we can even battle to make it right  
Go 'head lace the mic, you finished? Say good night...  
Head to head in the street, I'll leave you dead in your  
feet  
Settlin' beef, I'll even let you rhyme to the Benjamin  
beat  
But it won't matter, you dreams still gon' shatter  
It's a long ladder to climb and mine is on the stagger  
So get outta town, 'fore I hit you  
With the loudest sound you ever heard  
Desert bird player you outta bounds

Chorus (3x)

(Big Pun)

You need the Pun to dis you if your whole steez is  
unofficial  
I'll come and get you and let the desert eez tounge kiss  
you  
With one pistol and two clips, I'll make your crew do  
flips  
Like acrobatics, I'm charismatic, my gat is magic  
It makes rappers disappear, whipser in your ear  
Crystal clear, come here, let me kiss your tears  
Everything you fear is here, you ain't got to search  
further  
The first murder's the worst now I thirst further for  
reverse birth  
Every verse hurts, every curse word's already more  
offending  
Than Eddie Murph's worst  
I thirst for blood like a vampire, any man claimin' his  
game's tighter  
IS A GOD DAMN LIAR!  
I set 'em on fire, retire your train of thought  
Drain a quart of blood out your brain and leave you  
insane in the dark  
The king of New York! Lays his crown in the Boogie  
Down  
And sprays the town, with a Mac hoodied down  
I'm no joke! (Yuh! ) I soak your face with a sweeper  
Dying disgrace, I'll face your death through the

speaker

Chorus (4x) to fade out

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.