

Big Pun "Watch Those"

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[Big Punisher]

Earth to Pun... come in Pun...

{*some whining noise*}

Yeah yeah yeah...

The levels the levels the levels be good?

Levels is good, levels is good?

Yeah...

Chorus: Big Punisher (repeat 2X)

You got to watch those, jokers who pop those

You know those, crusty-lipped snot-nosed

Indeed I spot those, actin rah rah, talkin bla-bla

That's ca-ca, chill pa-pa, no ah-ahh (ah-ahh)

[Big Punisher]

I'm quick to dumb out, run up in yo' crib with the guns
out

Spray your peeps, smack the baby teeth out your son
mouth

Who can stop me? I told shorty I'ma shoot you papi

Caught him in the crapper with the clapper;

While he was doin caci

I'll probably die in jail - make it through life and fry in
hell

Either way I'ma lead the way, cause only time'll tell

I rhyme for real, not that imaginary vocabulary

I really will stab you and every one of my adversaries

There's no remorse - fuck these thug niggaz, show me
the boss

Gimme a hustle worth the risk of goin up North

I love my freedom, and you know I love my bein

So sometimes I gotta get ugh and mug for my per
diem

I'll see him in hell, we'll settle it there, better it there

No innocent bystanders to get hit with a spare

Like I really care who catches strays from the Mac

Like I really care who you paid to rap on your track

Nigga you wack - you ain't bringing nuttin for us

I got songs with the Devil and Jesus singin on the
chorus

You can't ignore us, nigga you know how we roll

Sixteen in the clip and one in the hole

Chorus

[Big Punisher]

Can't no comp come at me, this battle the Bronx'll back
me
Got the nicest niggaz alive talkin bout, "Papi's nasty"
Cocky crafty like Rocky sassy Puerto Rock Apache
Posse not even the cops could catch me
I'm too fast - four-hundred pounds, but I move ass
Soon as you spoke, I already smoked you with two jabs
My game is tight - you wanna play, just name your price
Fame to ice, your brains your life, the game is sheist
And I'm the trifest on the field
Even in school I was nominated the most likeliest to kill
This bastard steal, a full clip and a extra
And I'ma blast ya til your whole click respeta
Leave you muerta, it ain't me it's the metra
'Tate quieta, the bitch got a bad temper
Don't surrender - you ain't got a chance
You be lucky to leave here half-dead, in an am-bu-
lance
So take a chance, but expect the worst
Put my foot so far up your ass
The sweat on my knee'll quench your thirst

{OOOOOH! *long slurrrrrrrp*... "Thanks Pun!"}

Chorus

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