

## **Big Pun "Who Is A Thug"**

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[Big Punisher]

Yeah... 6430... Ty Fyffe where you at?

Aww shit... smooth it out

Where my chick tonight? Thug style

Knock em out Pun!

I pull your motherfuckin plug like a thug's supposed ta

Hold a loaded toast, who want the pistol smoke

Cause I'll initial on my shoulder holster

You know the culture when it's East coast, we run the  
streets most

Who want beef? Turn your peeps into meatloaf

You know the steez, when it's murder in third degrees

We reserve the breeze, and move with the wind like  
birds and bees

Word to G's, Christ I'm nice, g'head roll the dice

You know the price, your kid and your crib, like I'm

+Poltergeist+

I'm cold as ice, control your life with the mic

And then take your crown, break you down like liquid  
nitrogen

Invite your men, I strike your chin while you rappin

If you're on some thug shit, fill my clip and start clappin

Make your heart flatten, stop actin retarded

All you flea hearted villains, build your rhythm over  
restart it

The streets are God and heavenly, where the vinyls  
doubles

Forty-fives and shovels ready in the five livest  
boroughs

[6430] Who is a thug? Are you for sure?

[Pun] Big Pun baby, I'm a thug for life

I'm a thug for life, I'm a thug for life

[6430] Who is a thug? Are you for sure?

[Pun] Aiiyyo my word is bond, long as I'm alive I'ma put  
it on

Coulda gone legit shit, thug nigga til I'm gone

[Big Punisher]

Yo, I'm a thug to the heart, bugged from the start ever  
since a child

I've been livin wild, chillin with illest crowds  
Splittin thous' on my connect in the street  
Twenty-percent protection, expected at the end of the week  
Never we sleep, a thug doesn't rest  
Cause a wise man said, it was a cousin of death  
If it wasn't the stress, it was one to your chest  
There's many ways to die, in the slums when you stressed  
But not me, Big P, cause I'm the son of the devil  
Run up in your cribbo and suffocate your son with a pillow  
You know I'm comin to kill you when you hear the heavy breathin  
Give you a wedgie deep? with a butcher machete greetin  
Thinkin of Madison Square, I'll battle you there  
Carry you clear 'cross the planet just to challenge you here  
Embarass you where it hurts, and sandwich you in a hearse  
God sent you with a curse, that's why your parachute didn't work  
Dead in the dirt (yup) with the bugs and the mice  
That's the price, frontin like a thug for life

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[Big Punisher]  
Cuban Link -- you a thug like me  
My nigga Funk Flex -- you a thug like me  
My man Sunkiss -- you a thug like me  
Crazy Roland -- you a thug like me  
My niggaz RMS -- y'all thugs like me  
My girl Big Lils -- you a thug like me

Yo, me and my man are plannin to handle these two broads  
Thought he was Rambo a vandal his brand a Lambor' Countache  
With ammo that scrambled his brains and luxury ducats  
Harder with somethin hard to sharpen  
In the driver's box of the glove compartment  
Rotten lowdown dirty sheisty kind of conniver

Ex nine-to-fiver, ready to die as long as I'm the driver  
Supplyin buyers of flyers in bundles stacked dope  
Humble prices on ices twice as nice as crumbled crack  
coke  
I hope it lasts long, word bond, I bring my brothers with  
me  
Definitely, and start off my own thug committee

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[Pun]...  
Big Pun baby...  
[6430] Who is a thug? Are you for sure?

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