

Delinquent Habits

"Western Ways, Pt2 - Big Punisher"

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(Intro)

Yo what up, yeah yeah, that's so it determine
Delinquent habits and the Puerto Rican bandit
"Big Pun" yo check it out yo

(Big Punisher)

Yo now thats the last straw
I ain't wanna shatter your glass jaw
I rather blast it to levels that's past yours
And left you all alone among the dumb
How you gone win a one on one were I'm from
That's like throwing Pun a gun and trying to run
With no equal-belia, I turn a mil-lion, now its really on
Squeeze a mil-lion, freeze is killin'em
leave'em chillin' in front of a buildin-on
Squinting like he swallow hel-ium, the streets of
Vietnam
An I'm the perfect weapon, who wanna learn they
lesson
I burn they vest in less than thirty seconds
Teflon the steal lets get it on for real
I penetrate any plate with the fifty-mack god-drunill
I'm hard to kill like Aids, ganja still I blaze
You want the real I'm craze, don't ever play around
I blaze you down like you weigh a pound
an spray the town with the mack hundred eighty rounds

(JuJu)

Zip the O.T., puffing on tron till I O.D.
Y'all mad cus all y'all hoes know me
Thugged out Dominican cat with a gold tee
Remotely resided here in Brooklyn till they deport me

Quote me "I'm nice with the hands don't provoke me"
Matter of fact bite off your arms if you owe me
Locally holding New York down like Olkaly
And openly demolish you vocally
See money ain't a issue I just spend it an laugh
Fill my pockets with shit never bend it in half
Fuck owning a car I just jump in a cab
Go to the Ave, heal my self buy me a bag
Back to the lab, doing it for Rick and for Gab

But all these niggas on my shirt tell living it drag
Isn't it sad, wishing you making me mad
Don't make me stab'em till they painfully shitting in bag

(Chorus)

All we wanna do is make the whole crowd bounce
We keep it moving shaking like they puff a whole ounce
All we wanna do is live our lifestyle fly
By merts to get me high by friends we get by, (2X)

(Ives)

Now the world way hand tech stretch
East to West todos pull up un street krons sketch
I bring bomb home grown from con seed
To some we all feel heads jump and get back to
something
Now who the fool that blew through
That said who you?
Somos delinquentes Big Pun, and Juju
So time to break up-roll and piggy puff y'all
You could bring a libra and it wouldn't be enough yo
Cus is a gun, clap your ribs up infested
Stick up, throw your clique up and get arrested
Cus when the sun sets the moon gone rise
With cheeky eyes with no surprise let the weed smoke
rise

(Kemo)

The hypothetical scenario straight the imperial lyrical
Blaxican el baron pistolero cyclone taps again
Cracking your dome piece shaking your bone piece
Heads banging will be slanging to you hating suckas
With a new role don't plan to complain
I wreck your frame
Bite your tongue before you mention my name
From L.A. to Nueva York where some vatos be slanging
coca
While others be moving mota
Keeping trucha from the chota
Me and my crew we break on through to the other side
Words spread like the hepatitis virus shit
I need like Cyrus my platoon through the traitorous
rains rise up
Proud of your name we had joy, fun, seasons in the sun
Put the wine in the zone like the season had begun
All but one in my son the latin seasons is upon us
With an open invitation to my sisters and my brothers

(Chorus)

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We keep it moving shaking like they puff a whole ounce

All we wanna do is live our lifestyle fly
By merts to get me high by friends we get by, (2X)

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