

Big Punisher

"Bet Ya Man Can't"

Visit "[Bet Ya Man Can't](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Blam, bang, bang baby
Yeah, Terror Squad style
Trizzie, check it out now

Yo, I'm rated X in sex
I flex like Lex Luger
So who's next to get
Scooped up by this roughneck from Cuba?

We do maneuvers like Super Dave
Always with a group of babes
Sayin', "Mami's out"
Like Sugar Ray

'Cause Cuban Link don't play miss
I flip and do some strange
(Shit)
Witchu like hit you
With the whips and chains, check it

I get you naked like I'm mystic
'Cause this is thick as a brick
(Dick)
Raw with big that bend it
(Balls)
Now let's get, physical, my jiggable pie

Let this lyrical guy scuba dive
Right between your thighs
I satisfy like a Snickers bar
'Cause I'm the bigger bar

That'll stick you quicker than
A 'spic will strip a car
My repertoire holds a four star
Performance with all women

Hittin' more skins than Alec Baldwin
You're fallin' in love and you can't get up
Now check the cut, I stripped ya
Now you can't strut, word up

Bet ya man can't do it like that
(Like that?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like that
(Like that?)
I make you scream papa
(You the best dada)

Bet ya man can't do it like that
(Like that?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like that
(Like that?)
I make you scream papa
(You the best dada)

Yeah, uh, uh, yo
Paradin' in the Palladium
All eyes on my presence
Poppin' the crist', sportin' the chick
Straight out of essence

Word up, patch thug
Three quarter front Polo jiggy
Be like, "Who is he?
Lookin' like a grizzly"

While your girl watch me
You're busy drink pissy
Wanna lay your love
But your love wanna kiss me, huh

I got a fly team, me and my guys
Gleam like high beams
Makin' the killin' off
Of friends with pipe dreams

It might seem, like
I'm conceited with the cream talk
But I got the kind of green
That could bribe a Supreme Court

And when we talk
The whole world listen
Turn your back to T.S. for one second
And find your girl missin'

Baby, make me holla

Take it off, I give you dolla
We can party till manana
Ain't nobody gotta know nada

Word to Allah
Give me some Mississippi massana
I'll be in the sauna
Troopin' the naga like the chupacabra

Cool it mama, you gettin' too hot
Bust a shot, boo-ya, rub it up and down
Like my oo-wops, Suscia, show me your dirty dance
The way you work the pants make
Any man wanna jerk his gnads

Bet ya man can't do it like that
(Like that?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like that
(Like that?)
I make you scream papa
(You the best dada)

Yo, my official like it in
(Shit's)
You like, Keith Murray
Bury my beef, gettin' your sweet cherry
Every week if necessary

I'm very nasty like Nas, did you ask me?
Pass me those, cheeks
(Ass)
And I'll bring you joy like Black Street
In the backseat of my jeep
We can chill or creep like TLC but don't sleep

I keep it real, what the deal mami?
You wanna feel on my steel salami?
Come and try me, I'll sign my name
All over your punani

Ohh mami, you comin' home with me?
All night in my tub drinkin' Hennessey
Gettin' layed up with your thighs up
I'ma surprise her when I rise up, inside her

Yippie kay yay, I'ma ride her
And guide her straight to the triz
Where we goin', straight to the crib
Pun in here and Cuban and Seis

You know what time it is?
Soon as we walk in the crib
Let's get biz, triz, triz, triz
Triz, triz, triz, triz, triz
(Okay)

Since ya man can't do it like Link
(Like Link?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Seis
(Like Seis?)
I make you scream papa
(You the best dada)

Bet ya man can't do it like Crack
(Like Crack?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Pun
(Like Pun?)
I make you scream papa
(You the best bana)

Bet ya man can't do it like Link
(Like Link?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Seis
(Like Seis?)
I make you scream papa
(You the best dada)

Bet ya man can't do it like Crack
(Like Crack?)
He can't work the middle
'Cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Pun
(Like Pun?)
I make you scream papa, adios mama

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