

Big Punisher "Carribean Connection"

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Warning

Yo, wanna rumble with Pun hah?
Shit on the whole industry
Yo who puff more Owls than Pun? Pile on more styles
than Pun?
Who the only one with over a thousand guns?

Runnin' up in niggaz cribs like I paid the bill
Make you squeal the combination to the safe for wealth
I lace your grill with the fire starter
Hit your wife with the sawed-off from the shower
powers I devour

I'm all about the fundamentals like Pun and pencil
A piece of paper, a decent caper and someone to
strafe you
My mental's compatible with the radicals
My odyssey type, qualities allow me to poli' with
animals

Niggaz is cannibals and the ghetto's a jungle
Where you either bet all your bundles
Or struggle on the simple and humble
My niggaz'll rumble with any man for a Benny Fran
Try to imagine what they can sacrifice for twenty grand

Niggaz'll slice you and dice you into a thousand pieces
And pound out we jettin' to the ground uptown
Up in the Boogie Down, bitches swallow the team, pile
on the green
Surrounded in green like flowers in Spring

For now I'm a King, so it's more than money, all the
honies
Used to call me, Punny 'cause my fam was always
hungry
But now we rollin' lovely, and you feel worse, want my
money
Let your steel burst, cause I'd rather see you in hell first

Mucho trabajo, poquito dinero

I'm selling perico
Yo, what's the dilly yo?
I'm uptown making moves just like Castro

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Yo, yo, yo, keep the lights keep the camera all I want is
the action
The battle's on, where I roam in composition
A hardcore crowd, waitin' to see, if I break
like your first time in jail when you got fucked by an
inmate

It'll never happen, I'm on balance like a Libra
And if I get murdered, 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina'
Pour me a cup of vodka, bury me next to my father
In three days, I rise like Christ and still sober

Now my eyes open, in my hands I got the Gatling
I'm looking for the guy that sent me to say hi to Satan
Fists of fury, you wouldn't like me when I'm angry
I turn 'Mr. Rogers Neighborhood' topsy turvy

Foes and enemies meaning the same in the dictionary
This ain't Pictionary, all you see is the cemetery
Bodies, from World War I and II is there
You don't want a third war that's nuclear warfare

So Big Pun, count the stacks, make it fast
Illegal money turns legal now we runnin' a laundromat
Your hunchbacked and wack rap is packed in your
backpack
Your better off in D.C. with the mayor smoking crack

Yo, this ain't a diss, Wyclef bomb threat
Run out of the building or get blast in your guess
Tec for tec, or we can go text for text, oh
I forgot, you don't read, so take this hole in your chest,
blaow

Hide the blood, give you the gun, run and hide
So when the DT shows up
He thought it was a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicide

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