

Big Punisher

"Classic Verses Medley Drop It Heavy"

Visit "[Classic Verses Medley Drop It Heavy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Album: Endangered Species

(feat. DJ Clue)

[Verse One -- from the Show & A.G. "Full Scale EP"]

[Verse Two -- from the DJ Clue CD "The Professional"]

[Verse One]

Yo, my squad is honored like Elijah Muhammad
But I'm God-retarded, ain't no righteousness in this
heart of violence
Hard as diamond but I'm in the ruff, listen up
If you ever see me with the Feds you can bet it's in the
cuffs
Ain't no snitch in us, bitch in us
Unofficial-ness, everything we outside you wish you
was
Official thugs in the drug profession
Drug connections, drug addictions
Still seein the judge for drug possession
The four-D's, all these is more reas'
to either get big, or leave and let live
We the best there is T.S., ain't nobody else
We probably Dove, cause we all way on top of the shelf
I'm lockin your wealth with the master keys, freeze
Don't try to breeze, or I'ma squeeze and blast the back
of your knees
Just pass the cheese, please don't test the toaster
My tech'll roast ya body faster than Ferrari's Testarossa
You're gettin closer to death, Reaper's got a hold on
your breath
You goin straight to hell as you sell your soul for your
flesh
You was posin a threat, now you froze in the bed
Minute ago, you was poppin shit, holdin ya dick
Now what's the problem, you ain't nuttin like you said
on your album
I thought you was wildin bustin your guns and runnin
the island
You was't violent, you was silent tryin to get college
credits

How pathetic, did it to get out of the calisthetics
I'm +Dianetics+ combined with lyrics
My matureness is my insurance
Kill my appearance, I'm a shinin spirit
You gotta fear it, cause every last gem is poison
You gotta cheer it, you can't win you better join em
I'm head-annointin niggas like the Holy Gospel
I'm the only vato loco to smoke you with fire-blowin
nostrils
Watch for the toast, when you see it, you better draw
yours
Warlords, callin The Giant, it's all yours

[Verse Two]

Fuck all y'all non-believers; I roll with God, the Squad
and T.S.
Out with the B.S. we platinum, they even doubted Jesus
Niggas is 85%, I'm 400 solid
Brain-bolic with knowledge, cock-diesel scholars
Holdin it down, walkin around with gold by the pound
Frozen and drowned with diamond boulders all in the
crown
Talk of the town, soakin you down wit toast 'til you
drown
Ghost you and pound your corpse with a force that'll
open the ground
Save the jokes for the clowns, I'm on the serious tip
You keep playin.. and I get furious quick
And now I take you for a walk through the ghetto
Either spark your metal or get outlined in chalk by the
devil
I rep the borough that mothered this rap shit, I used to
clap shit
Now I just lay back and mack on some mack shit
I used to have to pack a mac in back of the Ac(ura)
Now I relax and stack platinum plaques in my shack
It's like that, but don't think I won't counter act
My niggaz is strapped and quick to lay a bitch on his
back
I'm swift with the mac, quicker than Kung Fu with the
reflexes of a cat, and the speed of a mongoose

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