

Big Punisher

"Get Your Grind On"

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But I would've loved to hear
A Big Pun and B.I.G. collabo
That shit would've been incredible

Aye yaknahmsayin', it was just happen
We have our day, you know? I seen him
I seen him, I seen him at the pearly gates,
yaknahmean?
We keep it, keep it, keep it going from there

Uhh, I dream filthy
My moms and pops mixed me
With Jamaican Rum and Whiskey
Huh, what a set up

Shoulda pushed 'em dead off, wipe the sweat off
Uhh, 'cause in this world I'm dead off, squeeze lead
off
Benz sped off, ain't no shook hands in Brookland
Army fatigue break up teams, the enemies

Look man, you wanna see me locked up, shot up
Moms crotched up over the casket, screamin' bastard
Cryin', know my friends is lyin'
Y'all know who killed 'em filled 'em with the Lugars
from they Rugers

Or they Desert, dyin' ain't the shit but it's pleasant
Kinda quiet, watch my niggaz bring the riot
Giving cats the opposite of diets
You gain thirty pounds when you die no lie, lazy eye

I was high when they hit me, took a few cats with me
Shit, I need the company
Apoligies in order, to T'Yanna my daughter
If it was up to me, you would be with me

Sorta like, Daddy Dearest, my vision be the clearest
Silencers so you can't hear it
Competition still fear it, shit don't ask me
I went from ashy to nasty to classy, and still

Nigga still gotta get his grind on
Come get introduced to my home, I grew up in the
crime zone
Soon as you grown, you on your own, you keep your
strap
You keep your chrome 'cause the streets is chilly
Now get your grind on

Come get introduced to my home
A nigga grew up in the projects, end up gettin mo'
stressed
Mo' money, mo' drama you know a nigga keep his
armor
'Cause the streets are killin', now get your grind on
Come get introduced to my home

Yo, yo, the penalty is death, especially when I'm
mentally stressed
My enemies hang with me 'til I eventually flip
I never reject an offer to battle, slap a coffin on the
saddle
And rattle like a wooden horse to El Barrio

Niggaz talk but they babble 'cause they ain't sayin'
nuttin'
If ain't blazin' somethin' with the mac I'm in the shack
bakin' muffins
Fake the funk and get your rump roast
One dose of the toast'll make you jump if you come
close

Pun spoke, ain't no more debatin' my Squad been
waitin'
For the perfect time to give you what you all been
waitin'
An orgination of veterans built
With genuine skills to pay the heat, gas, and the rest of
the bills

Invest in the real, don't get left in the hills
My tech and my steel turn your whole crew into
vegetabills
We blessed with the will to never surrender
'Cause my every agenda's in and out, unseen like I
entered the ninja

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I got that new F-N, call it that faggot nigga gun
Couple of hollow tips make you faggot niggaz run
Crack pull up, everybody clear out
Anybody pumpin' that rock is gettin' aired out

I'm in that caddy with my bitch in the pack
Your mommy got a body but she itchin' to clap
And I know you pitchin' purple but we switchin' the
packs
Listen, don't make me hurt you, I'm just givin' the facts

On that I 9-5 swirvin' to a town near you
My niggaz watch out for that Black Suburbans
And no it's not the Feds, man papi's home
And papi got it good, he could put you on

Listen, I done made abandoned blocks look hot
Nine to ten Benzes, a couple of drops
Couple of rubber bands from the corrupt cops
Just to see my niggaz eat and shit and huggin' the
blocks

Crack a chestize 'em, right besides 'em
In front of a hundred million viewers, shouldn't surprise
'em
We from the Bronx where the mayors lift up
And niggaz get shot in broad day 'cause we don't give
a

Fuck little niggaz on bike and just shoot you
All for a pair of some Nikes, the shits brutal
I done seen fiends O.D., shot the wrong pack
Then they call the shit the bomb smack

Word to Crack, the God body
The hard body, the realest ever
The John Gotti, this rap shit
Will it kill me? Never

This goes out to cats, fingers in they ass again

Fifty dollar half-a-men, daydreamin'
Fuck around get wet like semen, your whole team-and
Be Morgan than Freeman

I took the cream and, moved to new places new faces
Fuck the screwfaces, 'cause when I flip
I make the papers, dangerous, we Goodfellas
Niggaz can't bang with us, try to do me

My crew be unruly to old school cats that call gats
toolies
Call blacks moolies, think it's cool to smoke woolies
And fuck without rubbers, specialize in killin' wives and
grandmothers
Who ya trustin', shit when Frank start bustin', Frank
start somethin'

Killin' ya gently, God meant me to push a Bentley
Me and Sean Combs takin' broads home
On the phone with the chip, with these Cristal chicks
'Bout to make our own porno flicks, my life's the shit

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