

Big Punisher **"My World"**

Visit "[My World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh, lotta money in here
Uh, terror squad, now and forever
Top of the world, tun, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

They call me Joey Crack, my name'll never be forgotten
Livin' in the NY City that's rotten
Niggas on the block still screamin' and plottin'
Wonderin' if my squad gon' stop bubblin'

But we not 'cuz we all still shinin'
You average, we floss four karat diamonds
Layin' up in the plushes suite
Wit' the thuggish freaks

She love to eat plus bust the heat
We touch the streets wit' the same principles
Everyday gotta get this cash
Know it makes sense to you

Joe Crack, one in a million
Get cash from drug deals
But still keep the weapons concealed
Build wit' the Gods

Todays mad fast cars
Who copped what and got shot comin' out the bar
My repitore is far beyond belief
Y'all ain't much to me, honestly you can't fuck wit' me

It's my life, my money, my world
My girls, let's electrify the sky like the third rail
Want us to fail 'cuz you on our dick
But as long as every song is rich you can't tell me shit

We been doin' this since prince was the bomb
Before he changed his name and started making wack
songs
Before the trigger talk and the heat wit' chalk
Was our last resort and niggas took it to the streets

I live the plush life

Nothing on my wrist but crushed ice
Bumpin' the heist in the wit' the bug lights
Just the life that the playa portrays

Lookin' laced in my FJ560s
It's many ways that we gon' get it
Look how many years we don' did it
Cop land and build a home in it

That's all I ever wanted dreamed of
Create a mean buzz
Slick C R E A M and show my team love
You see us on B E T

Rockin' ice blue suits pardon the jewelery
Is the same fat kid from the ave of trinity
It's been around three years since my last LP
But it gets no better than this

Consecutive hits
You on some jealous ones envy shit
Competitive bitch
I got my enemies mapped out, no doubt

Take the leer jet to Cali, there's a party up at Shaqs
house
You don't wanna compare counts, pull ya stash out
The ultraviolet from my ice will make you pass out
My niggas force black outs, shoot up ya skate key
You love to hate me

Pushin' the dope ass ride doin' a hundred-eighty
Yeah, gon' ride for you, yeah, uh, uh, uh
Gon' ride for you, gon' ride for you
Yeah, we gon' ride for you, we gon' ride for you
Yeah, we gon' ride for you, motherfuckin' gon' ride for
you

Ha, yeah, everybody in the struggle, hold ya head,
baby, uh
Yeah, Charli Rock Id, Big Surge, Big Frank, Big O
Huh, we gon' ride for you, best believe I'ma ride for
you
Ha, ha, yeah I'm gon' ride for you, best believe we gon'
ride for you

Terror squad, 9-8, new millennium
Joey Crack, realness
Tony Montana, yeah, what

