

Big Punisher "New York Giants"

Visit "[New York Giants](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

C'mon
Oh shit
Yeah yeah
Oh shit
Oh shit

C'mon c'mon
Uhh, yeah yeah yeah, this is the motherfuckin' uncut
Long time comin', ya heard?
M.O.P., Big motherfuckin' Punisher, c'mon
What'cha gon' do?
Terror Squad
Bronx, Brook-lawn collabo'
Yo, yo, yo
Ya heard me?

This is for my twenty-five to life bidders, pork fried rice eaters
New York, New York, ice rockin' tight wife beaters
We the truth, don't let yo' dead body be the proof
Leave your Wisdom rottin' with holes and I don't mean ya tooth

I'm hundred proof, that's perfect percentage
Since birth I inherit the gift to spit a verse that refers to ya parent
The spirit's born, here to bring light to the dawn
Made right where you starrin' from night to the mornin'
Plus the light that give light to Muhammad
Or Christ how you want it I got what you need
From God to the streets, c'mon motherfucker you talkin' to me

Big Pun! The papichulo out to screw you
Bastards do your own crap, hunchback, like Quasimodo

Set off the sirens
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn nigga
New York Giants, c'mon
Leave 'em brainless

Hit 'em with the stainless
It's the world's, world's, world's famous!

C'mon violence!
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn pa-pa
New York Giants
Leave 'em brainless
Hit 'em with the stainless
It's the world's, world's, world's famous!

I bring death to your front door like an escort from Hell
Or ring the bell like you wanna just talk, and just rock
your world
Like gotta believe me, my Squad get busy if you try to
diss me
Cock the glitzy give you one back word to 'Pac and
Biggie
'Cause my committee ain't only known for the flowin'
Put they holes in your colon send you rollin' like when
you're bowlin'

A perfect strike, let me show y'all niggaz what I learned
from Ike
I hurt your wife, put the strife ass in the earth aight? I'm
shootin' at you And that's off the top like Supernatural
[incomprehensible] turn his Moves to statue like
Medusa was lookin' at you clap you with your own Heat
by all means if this was L.A., I'd be a motherfuckin' O.G.

Set off the sirens
Form the alliance
South Bronx, Brook-lawn nigga
New York Giants
Leave 'em brainless
Hit 'em with the stainless
It's the world's, world's, world's famous!

Violence
Form the alliance
B.X.
Violence
B.K.
Violence

I breaks the world off with a bang
How about some, fuck that! Look nigga, you know the
name
It's the one slash, seven one eight, slash
M dot O dot P dot, first family dot

Boogie down, Brooklyn, damn you
Step the fuck back, before I get Big Pun to earth-slam
you
I rep for my cell block niggaz
And cats from Puerto Rico, Uptown screamin' out,
"Perrico!"

Yep, this nigga strike, I've survived mad nigga fights
Lil' Fame, insane brain, to fill your gigabytes
Mercy out on machines with loud pipes
Nigga bytes, six-double-oh's, and you watch your bikes

You want seven one eight Terror Squad
William Danze
First Fam
Easy soldier!

I'm not a killer, I just pop a lot
Grew up in Brownsville, in a brownstone, by a vacant lot
Stance got, my mind, my body, and my soul

I don't blame you, you switched your game plan
When you found out your main man was named Danze
Nigga, I'm filled with anger!
You fuckin' with a hooded soldier, Code Red your life is
in danger

First family style
All the way out
Bang, bang
Bang, bang
'Til your brains hang out

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.