

Big Punisher "Off the Books"

Visit "[Off the Books](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey yo, it's all love but love's got a thin line
And Pun's got a big nine, respect crime
But not when it reflect mine
The shit I'm on is wrong but it lasts long

Pull a fast one, then Pun'll wake up
With the stash gone
I'm mad strong and my cream is fast
Smoke the greenest grass, my bitch got the meanest
ass

And a taste legit, I don't have to waste a whole case of
Crist'
All it takes is my pretty face and my gangsta wit
Lace the click 'cause we all share
It's all fair like love and war, thug galore with the long
hair

Big Pun, Pun the name that makes the kids run
Like spelling murder reverse it deliver redrum
Come one, come all, if you wanna brawl
I'm the mighty Thor clotheslining motherfuckers

Like Steven Seagal, 'cause all you gonna get
Is your ass kicked or up in a casket
That's it, that's it
(That's it?)

Punisher bash it, at last it's, rappers that really blast
shit
Cats getting Big Willie niggaz like Billy Bathgate
Up in Jimmy's Cafe, having caviar
Cracking Cristal at the bar, smoking cigars, living large

We rob and steal, run with the mob, doing jobs for bills
I'm hard to kill for real nigga guard your grill
I like to chill, spark an L and get high
I'm one hell of a guy, fly pelican fly

Whattup Duke-o, you know, politicking papi chuco
I'm out here, watching for Jake, getting this loot though
Shoot bro, I got a waterproof suit yo

Swerving like a A.K.A. in Beirut yo

Squeezing, out of automatic M3's and
Please, you ain't seen no thugs like these
I can tell you lots of things that'll make you believe
In Corona yo it's better to take than to receive

Your career's on life support and I'ma pull the plug
And have every thug shooting that Beatnut drug
In they blood, no escaping this
Niggaz is going over their favorite shit to be taping this
(For what?)

World premier, loud and clear
Lye and beer, get the dough, blow up the show
Disappear, jump in the Cavalier
Feeling marvelous, street pharmacist, twist arboles

For pleasure, bring your territory sever
Keep my workers under pressure got 'em saying fuck
Lester
But that's aight Duke-o, my heart nowadays too cold
Don't give a fuck where you been what you done

Where you go, you know, peep this favorite
In black shades like a secret, agent
We're night thieves, roll up on you sleeves
We light trees, bust these and stack cheese

It's off the hook this year
Making mad money off the books this year, ain't
nothing
But crooks in here
Getting mad money off the books this year

It's off the hook this year
Making mad money off the books this year, ain't
nothing
But crooks in here
Getting mad money off the books this year

Go, go, go
Go, go, go
Go, go, go
...

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