

## **Big Punisher "That's How We Roll"**

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Something, I want to tell you  
There's something I've been thinking  
That your crew should know  
Big Pun be the largest thang  
Straight out of the projects  
And that's how we roll, oh, oh

You know I'm well known like Al Capone  
Fully blown like Ton' Montana  
In a zone, sittin' on chrome, stoned sippin' on cham-  
pagna  
Rollin' ganja up in bible papers, see how high the lye  
can take us

Through the eyes of Christ, John, Elijah, Jacob  
I make the kind of green a hustler dream  
Bustin' out the custard cream  
Viper custom piped up with the mustard seams

Clustered green Fort Knox  
And hard [unverified] medallions  
Mockin' God even Italians see  
My batallion pull out the broad

I got the Squad over-qualified, pullin' over Karl Kani  
Range Rover tilted, three-wheeled hydraulic slide  
Sparkin' lye in the clouds and reppin' my housin'  
Like the Wu do in Shaolin

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I keep my Desert Eagle cocked back in my tuxedo with  
my top hat  
What you broke motherfuckers know about that?  
Lookin' fat in Marc and Pelle leather like Fonzarelli  
Sparkin' Phillies with the Gods like Makaveli

On the celly  
(Blown Benz, chrome rims)  
Shinin' like the on my  
(Stone gems, gold rings)  
I got it sewn Twinz, I can't begin' to tell you the story  
That soared me from livin' poorly to a modern day  
Cinderfella  
I've been a killer and a drug dealer, a bugged nigga

But now I'm like Puffy, 'cause money's thicker than  
blood player  
I'm still a threat but now I think before I flip  
Call my connects together  
And figure which cleaner's the best for the hit

I get the job done, Pun's handlin' business  
Candlelight dinners, havin' a toast with the most  
glamorous bitches  
My road to riches was no Christmas  
Now we blessed with gold Lazaruses  
So expensive my whole family's religious

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Aiyyo, I want it all you can call me greedy and  
superficial  
Long as my crew's official and pulls they pistols soon  
as I whistle  
I'm tryin' to triple a million and split it three ways  
Joe the God, Full Eclipse and myself, that'll be the day

I need a way to get it already got the ambition  
Start the ignition, watch for the NARCs in the marked  
Expedition  
I'm on a mission which requires a higher position  
Desire and vision keeps the fire inside of me glistenin'

I'm infinite like math, so I'm gonna last  
But you wanna laugh all day, bullshit and sittin' on your  
ass  
I'm all about cash and the power  
A stash with the power that lasts like hittin' ass for an  
hour

Let's get it locked, I want a watch with baguetted rocks  
So I can clock hoes with the glow that never stops

Forget the cops, we got Deserts and glocks too  
Ready to rock whoever tryin' to stop our cheddar from  
stockin' forever

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And that's how we roll, oh, oh

Big Pun is the largest thang  
Joey Crack be stayin' paid  
Terror Squad from the projects man  
And that's how we roll, oh, oh

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