

Big Punisher

"Verbal Murder 2"

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Yo, Terror Squad, Pete Rock collabo'
From git-go, yo yo

Aiyyo it's such a shame
All these dick riders tryin' to corrupt the game
But what it bring, nuttin' but pain
and one in your fuckin' brain

Ain't nuttin' changed since the album I'm still whylin'
I'm still violent I've been waitin' for this moment
like Phil Collins, for all my life I've been trifer than trifer
Hyper than hype, when fightin' to fight
It's like, tonight is the night

And I ain't even tryin' to let a nigga slide
I've been dyin' to get a gat
I dared to try now prepare to die
I rush your crib like Jehovah's Witness, blow up any

Soldiers, infants, hold up, did you notice my heroic
entrance?
I'm so relentless in this field of rap, everything is real in
fact
Fully backed by bullies who be peelin' caps
I sack the rapper like linebackers, play my rhyme
backwards

You can hear the Devil
Speak his mind with fine graphics
Things get drastic, Express for my plastic
I pack clips, between my nuts and my fat dick

Grab a hold 'cause you never heard a
Verbal murder like this
Cash comes before soul, so watch your shit
Every cat wanna be enormous
Plottin' on the next one
Murder one

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Aiyyo my whole circle, make you feel it like the color
purple
My niggaz comin' through and still hurt you
Wipe y'all Kleenex cats who stay full of germs
We hit Fifth Ave, while y'all still hit Stern's

Don't really care 'bout y'all, really hear 'bout y'all
Yo on our side we do our thing, play the cut
Let the phone ring, Pete Rock connect team
From M-V to L-C, my thugs straight thuggin' it
Snatchin' niggaz out of the booth, unpluggin' it

Strange Fruit, my niggaz live to shoot
Yo it's a strange thing, a nigga never had a suit
Yo so bust what happen?, Remember the unknown's a
clap-man
Cat stackin', move out the hood that's in Manhattan

Got big headed, misleded, then dreaded
Yo the beef deaded, his whole squad afraid to set it
Yo I heard son, son is rockin' iceberg Dunn
Got up out the hood, wouldn't believe that, this cat
would

Head mad swollen, flamboyant this man golden
Yo the Senator, crime sinister, John Dillinger
Better respect my words or I'm the minister
What?

Verbally I catch bodies
Let's separate the men from the boys, guru
Verbal attack, Cappadon
Big Pun, Punisher, Noreaga, nore, Pete Rock
Common Sense, com

Yo, we just begun the story, Com, Pun and Nore
Look to the sun for glory as time runs before me
I'm after the day of judgment I'm still before the
Jury, explainin' why I was in a gun orgy

He was fuckin' wit me, I ain't no duckin' MC
With the knowledge there's a little thug blood in me
This stud bumped into me, beef it was fin' to be
My appetite for destruction is finicky

He was an industry type, influenced by magazines and

snipes
Rocked Adidas but he had no stripes
I could tell in high school that he had no fights
Hold dick better than he hold mics

He spiked his punchlines
With current events, called for backup
Like one time when he heard it was Sense
That deliver words with intents to kill

Whether the hip-hop type, country rapper, or big wheel
I peeled some raps back, that peeled his cap back
Fucker thought I was Abstract
Now his life is backtracked

In the center of the party
His crew identified the body
Left him signin' the wait-list sayin'
"I can't take this fake shit"

Yo, Yo
Big Pun, Noreaga
Com Sense for the nine eight
Get it straight

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