

## **Big Punisher "Watch Those"**

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Earth to Pun, come in Pun  
Water Boy, yeah yeah yeah  
The levels, the levels, the levels be good?  
Levels is good, levels is good? Yeah

You got to watch those, jokers who pop those  
You know those, crusty-lipped snot-nosed  
Indeed I spot those, actin' rah rah, talkin' bla-bla  
That's ca-ca, chill pa-pa, no ah-ahh

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I'm quick to dumb out, run up in yo' crib with the guns  
out  
Spray your peeps, smack the baby teeth out your son  
mouth  
Who can stop me? I told shorty I'ma shoot you papi  
Caught him in the crapper with the clapper, while he  
was doin' cacì

I'll probably die in jail, make it through life and fry in  
hell  
Either way I'ma lead the way, cause only time'll tell  
I rhyme for real, not that imaginary vocabulary  
I really will stab you and every one of my adversaries

There's no remorse, fuck these thug niggaz, show me  
the boss  
Gimme a hustle worth the risk of goin' up North  
I love my freedom, and you know I love my bein'  
So sometimes I gotta get ugh and mug for my per  
diem

I'll see him in hell, we'll settle it there, better it there  
No innocent bystanders to get hit with a spare  
Like I really care who catches strays with the Mac  
Like I really care who you paid to rap on your track

Nigga you wack, you ain't bringin' nuttin' for us

I got songs with the Devil and Jesus singin' on the  
chorus  
You can't ignore us, nigga you know how we roll  
Sixteen in the clip and one in the hole

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Can't no comp come at me, this battle the Bronx'll back  
me  
Got the nicest niggaz alive talkin' bout, "Papi's nasty"  
Cocky crafty like Rocky sassy Puerto Rock Apache  
Posse not even the cops could catch me

I'm too fast, four-hundred pounds, but I move ass  
Soon as you spoke, I already smoked you with two jabs  
My game is tight, you wanna play, just name your price  
Fame to ice, your brains your life, the game is sheist

And I'm the trifest on the field  
Even in school I was nominated the most likeliest to kill  
This bastard steal, a full clip and a extra  
And I'ma blast ya til your whole click respeta  
Leave you muerta, it ain't me it's the metra  
'Tate quieta, the bitch got a bad temper

Don't surrender, you ain't got a chance  
You be lucky to leave here half-dead, in an ambulance  
So take a chance, but expect the worst  
Put my foot so far up your ass  
the sweat on my knee'll quench your thirst  
Ooh, "Thanks Pun"

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