

# Big Punisher "Whatcha Gon Do"

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[Cuban Link]

Yeah, the foundation, L.G.P.

Latins Goin Platinum baby!

Yeah yeah, yeah..

Uhh, year 2000

Terror Squadians (Terror Squad)

We rock the party and (you won\\'t like me when I\\'m  
angry)

(I guarantee you, you won\\'t like me when I\\'m  
angry)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.. Terror Squadians

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (uhh, yeah)

We rock the party and..

YEAH! I tear the club up, pull up in the Hummer with Pun  
my fuckin brother, makin motherfuckers run for cover  
The number runner son, I\\'m nothin but a hustler  
Burnin rubber with drugs, stuffed up in the muffler  
Shut the fuck up! Bust a slug through your jugular  
Plus suckers get fucked up with golf clubs, never front  
on us

T.S. baby, straight out the B.X. baby

So if they B.S., we deeper than the U.S. Navy

You ain\\'t crazy - laid up in the club like WHAT?

With all the ladies - showin us nothin but LOVE

Guzzlin 80 - proof to truth, straight to the GUT

In a Mercedes - Coupe fucked up doin a BUCK

If Jakes chase me - I\\'m cuttin off trucks, pressin my  
LUCK

It\\'s all gravy - puffin the blunt, blazin it UP

Maybe you hate me - cause your baby mom\\'s on my  
NUTS

She wanna rape me - just because I\\'m sexy as FUCK  
So nigga WHAT?

[Chorus: Pun and Cuban Link]

[Pun] Tear the club up!

[Link] Cause we don\\'t care

[Pun] E\\'rybody strip

[Link] Yeah we don\\'t care

[Pun] Shoot the place up!

[Link] Yeah we don\\'t care (nuh-ah)  
We don\\'t care (nuh-AH!)  
We don\\'t care!! (NAHHHAHH!)  
[Link] Yeah we don\\'t care  
[Pun] T. Squaders  
[Link] Yes, yeah we don\\'t care  
[Pun] Fuck you nigga!  
[Link] Nah we don\\'t care (nuh-ah)  
We don\\'t care (nuh-AH!)  
We don\\'t care!! (NAHHHAHH!)

[Big Punisher]  
Yo, I\\'m livin in mansions, give me the Spanish props  
I got to have it  
Loadin and bustin a mac, did shit in the past  
Was grabbin the girls on they asses  
Duck when the mac hits or be dead before your body  
falls  
Cause when my shotty roars we ignore Guiliani laws  
My trigger got no heart nigga, I\\'m blowin apart liver  
and holdin the glocks, call to the cops, I\\'m blowin the  
spot  
Baby better head for the hills, my niggaz wild for the  
night  
My lead ready to peel this shit really real  
My clip fillity fill your chick with a chill  
My dick quick to kill, we fittin to ill  
No survivors, frozen Godivas or roses and flowers  
Sour the grapes for those opposin the Squaders  
Thrown in the garbage, like funky pajamas, word to my  
junkie mama  
I\\'ma keep it funky for homies livin tomorrow  
You fuckin with scholars, street knowledge  
Carter kids stuck to the projects  
Go ahead keep checkin that mall  
and me and Cuban gon\\' keep doublin our chips  
Keep talkin that dumb shit like you want it  
Yeah when are you gonna buck shit  
?? this mug shit

[Chorus]

[Cuban Link]  
Uhh..  
Yeah..  
Big Punisher..  
Cuban Link..  
Terror Squad..  
Y\\'all wanna party? Gon\\' party our way..  
Anything goes..  
The code of the streets, WHAT WHAT? ..

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