

## **Big Punisher "You Came Up"**

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Yo, what the deal baby? I see ya, awight?  
Still not a player but you still a hater  
Pun hater, where my horns at?  
Where my horns? That's right

Pun, you came up, what, what? Makin' it happen  
From rappin' on the corner of blocks we going platinum  
But when we roll, are you still ready to ride?  
Yo, I be ready to ride and I be ready to die

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Ay yo, my word is born, long as I'm alive, I'ma put it on  
Could'a gone to gee shit, thug nigga, till I'm gone  
Where to Bronx I'm flippin', five boroughs thoroughly  
reppin'  
Let's unite the city and step to the world as a weapon

'Cuz everybody's checkin' for Pun, second to none  
'Cuz Latins going platinum was destined to come  
The inevitable, heavenly better than whatever you do  
We eligible, GS's incredibly credible

For the revenue we getting', you open with lyrical dope  
And these breaths that are potent is like an injectional  
dose  
And it never quits, take it from TS's top terrorist  
Rapper slash hijacker bombin' tracks ever since

I was young, I wasn't always Big Pun  
It wasn't always this fun, ay yo, I rose from the slums  
I had to pay my due, lay a few but I ain't sayin' who  
Stayin' true to the game, no names, playin' it cool, just  
me and the crew

Holdin' it down long as we 'round  
We gonna keep sockin' it to you like Homey the Clown  
Goin' down like Pac ready to ride or die nigga  
La da la la la la la

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Ay yo ain't nothin' changed, I'm still the same  
The way you remembered me since the centipede  
Harder, big blacker back in the seventies  
Try to remember me from my aggressive will  
The way I kept it real is more important than any record  
deal

I used to chill on the block with Cuban and Seis  
I'm still do but now it's in the blue convertible eight fifty  
My true niggaz will always be with me  
The shifty kiss me, tell me they miss me, then try to dis  
me

'Cuz I'm rispy crispy for life, sixties the price  
Another fifty for the Cuban twisted in ice  
Niggaz is shiest but I psyche 'em out though they like to  
doubt  
I make them all believers once I let the Tyson out

'Cuz I can vouch for only a few, only the crew  
From the old school I consider loyally true  
I'm morally rude from a fool to a scholar  
Follow the rules on how to spot a plotta that's cool for a  
dollar

I wanna holla at my peeps that's reppin' the streets  
Wrestlin' the beast of chest restin' in peace  
Blessin' my seeds and watchin' over us 'til I die  
I'll align the souls of mine and shine for all of us

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[Incomprehensible]

For ma thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas

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