

## **Big Punisher "You Was Wrong"**

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[Drag-On]

What?

T-S nigga

Y'all don't know?

[Drag-On]

Aiyyo it's on, I see how niggas didn't learn

You is wrong, thought the fire didn't burn

Its on, me and Pun ain't from the Bronx

You's wrong, nigga we can get it on

Aiyyo, guns we toss 'em, and bodies we auction

To his family we tell 'em he owed us a fortune

Gimme forty-thou, you can have your child, you don't know

What I had to go through, to clap this clown, check my background

The last nigga to see you bleed, the last nigga to see you breath

The last nigga you wish you shoulda believed

And Drag move quick, blend right into a wall like a brick

The only thing you see before I blow off ya shit is my wrist

"cause my hand the gun is covered in

Not this range, when I pump this pistol, it's very rare I miss it

Damn it on ya lips

Y'all keep talkin like y'all teflon with no weap-ons

Nigga I'm pumpin my four, I ain't throwin no more

Nowadays niggas run upstairs, open they drawer

My circumstance, you ain't got that chance mines in my draw, you get it?

That's means y'all walks for two dicks, so don't be stupid

And make me use one unless you ?that bitch?

[Big Pun]

Aiyyo it's one, you thought I was wack

You was wrong, album double plat

Yo it's on, stop talkin shit

You was wrong, get off my dick

How dare you doubt on the ???, Big Pun the  
undoubtable  
The only rapper that'll pull out a gun and slap the shit  
outta you  
You can't tell me nothin, I'll clonk you and stomp out ya  
belly button  
I'm too violent for this rap shit, I should be out  
somewhere killin som'thin  
Too quick to blast, some niggas talk shit and dash  
But I really will KICK YOUR ASS  
Juggernaut, I don't care if you a thug or not  
I'll get Jamaican on ya ass, boy, with the Bambaclad  
On your mark get ready, run, I'm sparkin everyone  
The one get locked stand back and watch where you  
from  
How dare you come and try to shit where I eat  
Fuck you nigga, literally  
Dick in your cheeks, you rich in the street  
But I'm still gon' hit y'all niggas  
Because up north you be tossin salads with maple  
syrup  
I know you hate to hear it, but everybody know this one  
Why you always gotta be right nigga, why can't you  
ever be wrong

[Fat Joe]

Now it's on, from the Bronx where it's at  
You was wrong, me and Pun brought it back  
Now it's on, stay on with the gat  
You was wrong, it's the Don, Joey Crack

Who the fuck want beef with Joe Crack  
Make your body fold back  
Lift his soul with the chrome mack  
I don't chat on the phone, 'cause the phone tapped  
You heard there's money on the block we control that  
I got the work in the pot where that stove at  
Cook it up 'til it's wack, get my dough back  
You niggas so wack, tryin'a compete  
I blind you with heat, I'm the real crime on the street  
I die for my peeps, keep an open eye when I sleep  
Let you slide when I coulda put five in your Jeep  
Who's liver than me? I ain't know you really want it  
I'm like Christ, niggas beg for they life when they see  
me comin  
Ain't nobody gonna stop my shine, you out your mind  
Don't make me have to cock my nine, pop ya spine  
Neva did believe in the Don's  
Since ninety-two I've been proving that y'all niggas was  
wrong

[Remi Martin]

Aiyyo, it's on, though I'd stay on the block  
You was wrong, now Remi on the rock  
So it's on, thought I wasn't gonna drop  
You was wrong, I was right all along

I told these niggas, that I was the sickest bitch  
And everytime you spit, I'ma spit some sicker shit  
Ridiculous, I reminisce when I blaze the track  
Tight shit, make a nigga wanna play ya back  
I'm hatin that, but I'ma make 'em all believers  
Fuck hot, I'ma come and straight drop a fever  
Cop a heater, turn around and pop your leader  
And for the followers, I'ma leave their heads hollower  
Make your wig twisted as if I was Oliver  
Layin in a hospital, hooked up the monitors  
That's for the game, y'all lames just came to first  
"cause I ain't neva heard a bitch straight flame a verse  
I blame the church, how God let you lie like that  
Who scribed you for, "cause you ain't neva rhymed like  
that  
How the fuck you gon' tell me that chick is tight  
She ain't 'aight "cause she don't write, you wrong

Yeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaah Baby

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