

Fat Joe

"Heavyweights"

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Fat Joe]

Yeah (y'all niggaz is crazy)

Don Carta' bomb harder (we makin a BOMB mayne)

Terror Squad, what, what? (aiyyo, uh, ye-yo, Terror Squad)

Don Carta' bomb harder (Suave House) what the fuck?

Violator, Violator! Yeah, uhh, yo..

No heart, that's why them other niggaz foul

Eight hit me in the cell, said to meet him in the A.T.L.

At 12 up in the Gentelman's Club

where you ain't fuckin nothin less you givin up dubs

Feelin the love, from tha killers and thugs

Players and pimps, ladies and gents, swift in the butt

Not givin a fuck, that's the life I live

Trife like this, blow you up wit yo wife and kids

I dislike my bitch, but I still gotta deal wit her

16 shot meal getter, that's why I'm still wit her

For real nigga, you couldn't possibly lock with me

My squad be bringin more "Havoc" than "Prodigy"

Ain't no stoppin me, I got killers that'll pop for me

Run up in my stash and give that ass more beef than broccoli

With no apology, yo blocks'll be my property

Cop a seat and watch the Terror Squad prophecy

Chorus: Eightball, Big Punisher

(This is for the heavyweights)

[8]Make no mistakes

Thirty six O's is my favorite kind of cake

(This is for the heavyweights)

We runnin from jail

Stackin that mail, tippin the scale

(This is for the heavyweights)

[Pun]Aiyyo we live large, big cars, 3-D ice

I'm so big, niggaz see me twice

(This is for the heavyweights)

We three guys, that don't play those games

You got beef with us, nigga say our names

(This is for the heavyweights)

Aiyyo we live large, big cars, 3-D ice
I'm so big, niggaz see me twice
(This is for the heavyweights)
We three guys, that don't play those games
You got beef with us, nigga say our names

[Eightball]

Yeah, yeah

Take it to the next level, Joe, Crack and Big Ball
Blaze up the hay, one two, mic check y'all
All been warned, this heavyweight combination
Connected in the disclosed location
So niggaz won't be runnin up and make me have to
slug at, above that
part of yo' body where your bulletproof hug at
Rugrat, you better find some mo' kids to play with
Three titanic niggaz, we ain't got to say shit
Our way shit, do some real make em pay shit
Them niggaz wit me that don't rap, them the one's that
spray shit
Pop pop, with the chop chop, out the drop top
Drip drip, goes a nigga blood, til his heart stop
Hard times made a nigga write a lot of hard rhymes
Hard lines from my mind took Eightball big time
with Fat Joe and Big Pun
I guarantee don't none of y'all tricks want NONE

Chorus: Big Punisher

(This is for the heavyweights)
[Pun]Aiyyo we live large, big cars, 3-D ice
I'm so big, niggaz see me twice
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We three guys, that don't play those games
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Aiyyo we live large, big cars, 3-D ice
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We three guys, that don't play those games
You got beef with us, nigga say our names
(This is for the heavyweights..)

[Big Pun]

Yo, aiyyo fuck you! Fuck your whole crew for breathin
Fuck your mother, your father, your kids - for no reason
I don't give a fuck if you da wildest nigga on earth
It's one planet and I'm the fattest motherfucker in the
universe
You worse than a motherfuckin snake in the grass
Fake for the cash, wait til you pass ??, shake and you

crash

You pay for yo' acts, and all the mistakes you made in
yo' past

Hope you get raped in yo' ass while you, takin a bath
UP NORTH - you wouldn't last a day and a half
I'll bet my weight and my stack, a razor will slash, yo'
face and yo' ass

Before you can say, "Take me at last, I'm ready for
death"

Now you just heavnely strapped

A cherry with lips, a fairy or bitch, you barely exist..

.. you motherfuckers ready for this?

Grab your crucifix, tell god I'm coming for your juicy
lips

You'se a bitch, don't let me run up in yo crib with the
ruthlessness

Bruising shit enough to hurt and pain I'll bring

Think y'all pray for Pun, nigga say my name

I don't play those games, you picked the wrong nigga
to fuck with

Punk bitch, that's why yo' mother suck dick!

What...

Chorus: Big Punisher

(This is for the heavyweights)

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