

Horse

"Punch N Words"

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Chorus [Both]

Hello How ya doin? Hope ya feelin fine
We came to take up some of your time if you don't
mind
We came to represent and put it down for yall
And spit a few bars about who we are

Punch [Words]

[So what's your name?] Puncline
[And where you from?] The Lower
And if you caught without a vest then you might be over
[You got a girl?] Naw I don't erally trust these broads
And the only time I'm happy's when they suckin me off
[What pisses you off?] When bitches act too eager
Thinkin cause she sucked you off that you gotta eat her
Then there's all those dick-riders and they so-called
friends
Wanna down your bottle of Hen and ain't chipped in
[Continue] OK lets see whats next on the menu
Fights break out when we headline the venue
Go against Punch and Words, why bother
I spit your own rhyme and make it sound hotter
Girls holler, on some engagement shit
Now these chicks be dyin to get a ring like the Knicks
My style switched up, now my rhyme's the best
Back then, niggas said I rhyme too complex
Back then I was the best in my housin complex
Now its 10 G's a rhyme, Puncline special guest
And out tha test press, you get no shine
They skip past your verse and check for mine
Ahead of the time, turn your clocks an hour behind
Cause yall just sayin rhymes I said in '89
Crazy wit rhymes, dare a nigga to try this
Spray the whole City up like the West Nile Virus

Chorus:

If you people wanna party tonight
Then you can hop in, come along for the ride
We came to wile out for the rest of the night
Punch and Words live right before your eyes
My ladies if you wit me fuck this party, let's slide

Let's go and get a room at the 'telly tonight
You rappers had your chance, its a must we shine
It's been a long time but its down, we rhyme

Words [Punch]

[And what's your name?] Words
[And where you from?] Brooklyn
Its the home of the crooks that pack central bookin
[You got a girl?] Yeah she ugly but she good at cookin
And I ain't messin wit no chick if she ain't gushin
18 and over, [What you drive?] Cheuffer
[And how you feel about these rapper's careers?]
They over poetic and bald headed.
My peeps shoplift in malls
And return the clothes just for store credit
Yall'll get it, either la-ter or sooner
Gettin played on your CD, tape, and your tuner
Its a new day, stepped in this age of computers
A million downloads gettin paid by consumers
I kill rappers, I don't respect they death
I just go to the wake to get the extra press
Yall seen in this game as a thick chain rapper
I'm Words, your ghostwriter, my nickname Casper
Quick brain and able to think way faster
feel pain, migraines and ribcage fractures
Frames, slit veins, stitched and patched up
Eulogy, pastor, grave came after
Afraid yall rappers, like to lose
You better than Words? You must got out lifes
confused
Impress the public. Put it out so heads can love it
Above average, my ad-libs got an extra budget.

Chorus

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