

## **John The Whistler**

### **"Punch In, Punch Out"**

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[Intro: Trife Da God]

Uh-huh, punch in, punch out

Come on, aiyo, aiyo

[Trife Da God]

You'se a has-been, always will, always have been

That garbage you pumpin', you need to save it for the trash bin

You wonder why these fiends ain't coppin' your dirt  
Cuz you makin' it bad for business, and you stoppin' my work

I put, too much time on the grind, to take an L

And I be damned, if I'm out on the strip, you make a sale

You faggot ass nigga, you scared to break a nail

When nowadays, all this weight that I'm movin' can break a scale

I'm the hood's number one distributor, with the buddha

Got it all in my shopping mall, I'm tryin' get this loot up

Man, and I've been put that suit up, fam

Fuck a 9 to 5, a nigga gon' move those grams

And as long as the business is booming, ya'll gonna witness the movement

Got O.G.'s try'nna get in the union

But as of right now, it's just an illusion

Cuz it's nothing for a nigga, like me, to go back to robbing and shooting

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

We got jumbos, tens, twenties and fifties

On the clock every minute, and we movin' it quickly

Punch it, punch out, we puncture, with gun out

If ya'll niggaz ain't equipped for the strip, don't come out

[Trife Da God]

We play them corners, like kids, you misbehave, gettin' paid

And the same spot, until niggaz finish, they last grenade

I know that hustling's a strenuous job

But if you see niggaz gettin' money, why should you  
continue to starve?  
Especially if your only choice is to mow get the yard  
But that's even a better reason, for the boy to get hard  
They same I'm all about the moolah, dummy  
And if you was a fiend, out on the mission, betcha,  
you'll cop from me  
Got you relapsin', collapsin', spendin' Benji's and  
Jackson's  
Get it here, cuz over there, they got twenties of aspirin  
And my clientele been so strong, for so long  
That you'll never catch the kid in the hole, like Saddam  
Cuz my name in the hood, keep the projects on the  
hunt  
And I walk around these streets, like my pockets got  
the mumps  
So I don't got to show you how to stunt  
I'mma just, handle this package and show you how to  
pump

[Chorus 2X]

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