

Big Punisher f Fat Joe and Terror Squad "Glamour Life"

Visit "[Glamour Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro

(Cuban Link) Glamour life style baby, bottle the rocks

Lose the ice, 100 mil kid, money, money, money, mo

Platinum status, yeah, what up, what up?

(Big Punisher) Stick around

(Cuban Link)

Yo, I plan to live a life a-glamour

Like my man Tony Montana

Stand and pose in front of cameras

With my golden silk pajamas on

Smoking havanas, drinking Don P

Thinking beyond deeper than Ghandi, while I'm in the
Diamante

Counting my G's, I'm out to be a millionare

Dipped in gear, flickin' hundred dollar bills in the air

Oh yeah, Cuban Link is into getting benjamins

Cuz if doesn't make dollars, then it doesn't make sense

I represent, I'm in to be the king of New York

Went from living in tenements to up in house resorts

I'm the latino, that'll take you to war like Al Pacino

Even De Niro know not to gamble in my casino

Vino wanna rock, slaps, to dinners with mobsters

I got shit locked from Prospect Ave. to the tropics

Sitting on top of the world like the sun

A living legend from the Bronx, second to none, unless
it's Pun

(Big Punisher) Chorus:

It's the glamour life, blow up the kids and the wife

Players who ain't half as nice swear to, but they
sacrifice

Bottle the rock, freeze the ice, stash the dope and rice

And get ready for the glamour life

(Triple Seis)

Ripped off from the Infiniti

Dump the body an' the shottie down the lake, leaving
no identity

Just the memory, a casualty as I casually make move
on my rivalries

All eyes I be, on the quest for loot

Pushing a Lexus coupe, to pursuit them troops, against
the big-joker

Sipping alimoca, playing poker with some chocha

Heard an approacher, must be fam, but damn I had to
smoke Pun

(Big Punisher: Get the motherfucking gun)

Since ??? become the one wanted for a lump sum of
G's

Dirty rats pack gats for cheese

Bullets of breeze at light speed

Taking your pretty wife life and sacrificing your seeds

Indeed, we let him bleed for 50 G's

Ship his body to the states, filled with 50 keys

Please, no remorse for your two face

Inside a symbol, my life throughout the motherfucking
suitcase

You about to take who's place? Not Seis...

Your body'll be laced, and left without a trace

(Big Punisher) The glamour life, the glamour life, yo

(Big Punisher) Chorus

(Fat Joe)

Yo, I'ts the motherfucking Don Cartagena

The leader, Terror Squad cleaner

Leave your family crying for you like Argentina, mira

Sweet dreamer like Nas, my entourage is thick

Camouflaging this bitch, so God forbid you start some
shit

My squad's equipped with an arsenal of ammunition

Hollow tips an', cop killers with the ???

Accounts in Switzerland for rainy days

Nigga I'm staying paid, you's a joke

Always broke with your lazy ways

Anyway, back to the subject, in the bub-Lex

In the back seat, having rough sex

I love this glamorous life I live, having the ice and shit

Think twice, I give Christ your kids

I live life for gifts, keep the five burning while the tires
turning

I blaze an L and seek a higher learning

Kaiser's learnin' everything illegally

We could be friend for years, cross me once that's
theivity

(Big Punisher) Chorus

(Armageddon)

Yo, the dough, the rap, the audience, party heavy till
the 40's in

Ill like the Yakuza run the Orient

Take all the rent, and no man wept the path his
daughter went

Dicks with the fallopian, wide as auditorium

She fuck for dough for opium, prostitute emporium

500 Benz, 500 friends sell Cambodian

8's cup of vodka, 4 cup of juice for sodium

Money, money, sweet as the smell of magnolia

It's get you down, but you spitting image of Appalonia

Now how can I go broke, pumping twenties of coke

Plus songs I wrote, milkin' dumb honeys I poke

The young blood sat on the bench in Vant Courtland,
slingin'

Singing how he trying to get cash for Jordans

Another cat toss his Beamer to get the insurance

Currency's gonna murder me... It's never enough

Breakin' my ass gettin' it, just as fast as I spend the
stuff

Calling Uncle Sam's bluff dun, taxes don't bite us, bite
us....

(Big Punisher) My life...my life...

CHORUS

(Big Punisher)

The glamour life, play precise, defense is tight

I'm out to settle the score, let's do it right

Enough for looking at grave, It's paying back tonight

Yo Twin pass the lah, pass the light

The glamour life, this life I live is trife as shit

Least my wife and kid got somewhere nice to live

I used to live in the gutter, me and my mother

Now she's fifty years old, pushing a hummer

The glamour life, hand me a knife I'll slice and dice

Mini-mize, send them to Christ in the after life

Pass the mic down the line, let them hear it

Let them fear it, send it screaming to the Holy Spirit

Glamour life, the glamour life, the glamour life

It's the glamour life, yo it's the glamour, it's the
glamour life

Glamour life, glamour life, glamour life

Cock the hammer, in this motherfucking life, bitch

Visit [Big Punisher f Fat Joe and Terror Squad](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.