

## **Big Punisher F/ Next**

### **"Flash the Message"**

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[Jeni Fujita]

Flash The Message...

[Forte' - Verse 1]

Yo...You make me wanna vomit

Yo, pay homage and dos-e-doe my sonnets

I school y'all niggas slow on socios and economics

You mostly know about the dough from airplay

You only know about the heaters, from the shit that we  
spray

Import from Vietnam cats, like my man Phillipe'

(?) Bustin' crimes back(?) I label it, permanent sleep  
stay(?)

Y'all cronies souped up

My men ain't near dumb, we grew up

You want your hair done? Hey, FUCK around and get  
your crew cut

I organize the mental

And live my life as the next essential

Speak on this wild shit, as If I could begin to

Who fall quick? Too many niggas fightin' over small  
shit

You'll find me flippin' stocks, on boats that never dock

I travel blocks, pick the best man

Bust shots at the yes man, 'cause it was destined  
for me to flip investments

Bag a lie, in the basement of the Best Western

And if you don't want the consequence, then don't ask  
the question!

[(Butter - Singing) Jeni Fujita in parentheses] - Chorus

In Ninety Nine

Some blow nines

and some stayed indoors! (Flash The Message,  
something's out there!)

Ninety Nine, is the time

When the deaf, dumb and blind

All catch war! (Flash The Message, something's out  
there!)

[Forte' - Verse 2]

It's like...

Me and my crew

And a little tour show

Learned to flip the dough

With the money we've got

In Ninety Nine, more war, more crime

Some'll stay behind doors, and some blow nines

Your conception is annoying

Leave the things we was born in

The street nights, and hope we see the following morning

Niggas sold soul, for gold ropes

Do crimes, for new shines

Poor beer out on the spot, where police drew lines

Hey yo word, we thirty plus

Wear guns thats dirty (?) bust (?)

Ask your men pa, you should've been more

(What?)...courteous

Like my rain drop

And all my li'l niggas rockin' tank tops

And sell arms, like government bonds, in Bangkok

Bank stops on lavish trips

Soils I marry with, a dime piece!

A (?)rester oil(?) who speaks in Arabic

If the karat fit, wear it

Every man I know hold

Moreso, y'all niggas happy when you barely go gold!

[Chorus 1x]

[Forte' - Verse 3]

This time it's personal...

You like the artistry

Rappers just reuse their first cut

They say the same shit forever,

and the use the word, so

They ain't competing, they knew they was beatin', from the jump

You get FUCKED! Grammatically speaking...

You funny man

Catch me on tour, A town near you

With 20 Grand (Pikasoe), man it's etiquette

Snatch your mouth off, for rhetoric

I hold the greets from the street

Yet subtle for lockin' shit

Majored in Poly Sci, with a double doctorate!

[Chorus 2x]

