

Big Pun, Glamour Life

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 Pun) 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 millionaire
Dipped in gear, flickin' hundred dollar bills in the air
Oh yeah, Cuban Link is into getting benjamins
'cause 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 Pun) 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 Pun: Get the motherf**king 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 motherf**king suitcase

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

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

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

(Big Pun) Chorus

(Fat Joe)

Yo, I'ts the motherf**king 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 Pun) 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 f**k 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 Pun) My life...my life...
 CHORUS
 (Big Pun)
 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 motherf**king life, bitch