

# 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, It's 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