

Big Pun, Leather Face

[Big Pun]

What I gotta do let y'all niggaz know?

I am +THE NICEST+.. +EVER+.. heh..

Hardcore? Commercial?

Whatchu wanna do, you wanna wile up, you wanna dance?

Don't matter to me, I got it all locked down baby

It's not a game it's war, plain and raw

Blood stain the wall, when I bring the chain with the saw

Bring the pain to your door like death was knockin

Unless you got my ends, I'ma make you twins with the Headless Horseman

Hell extortion, sell your soul, live your dreams

Don't pay the cost then {*bam bam*} say hello to the guillotine

A killer fiends for blood, screams of thugs like

fiends for drugs, I don't need no love

Give me your fear, murder, respect, beer, honies and sex want here

I'll bend them checks for years, hungry and stressed

You fuckin with Chris - fuck Pun - dead the wrath for later

Get your calculator, go 'head Decapitator's back forever

Can't count how many heads I had to sever

Half the niggaz I keep, I put em back together

That's the terror, cut open your girl

and make a truss out her flesh, like Buffalo Bill

You fuckin with reel to reel, rap axe maniac

Sound bwoy killer, hack hack chain-react

Two for one - double the death, same price

What would Big say? "Huh, you know that ain't right"

Chorus: {with samples from "Scarface"} repeat 2X

It's not a game pah.. {sample}

We're gettin paid hah.. {sample}

It's still T. Squad.. {sample}

"What you came for? Surgery, with the chainsaw!"

[Big Pun]

Word to 'Pac and Big, my glock so big it can rock a bridge

Drop the midsection like the top of your wig

Ain't no bullshittin, gettin the full treatment

Special two heated missles, til your crew's leavin witchu

I rip you in half - blast that ass through a glass window

Laugh a little, and dash in the S-Class limo

That's how we do it in the South Boogie

Where tough rough rookies get snuffed out, for talkin loud to me

Why should I even consider your crew? Shit on your crew

Get rid of your crew, what I'm fittin to do

I split you in two, leave you ?? when I blast the shotty

Grip you like dope and leave you there with half your body

We Rowdy like Roddy, probably robbin your stash

Catch a body like Charlie up North, stashin knives up my ass

Survivin the task, we the last ones left

Blast them tecs with clips, fast as fast'll spit

Add some tips for any, bastard bitch, pappin shit

Watch me rep til the death from the bassonet, beotch!

Chorus