

Big Pun, Watch Those

[Big Pun]

Earth to Pun.. come in Pun..

WAAAAAAAAAAAAATER BOY

Yeah yeah yeah..

The levels the levels the levels be good?

Levels is good, levels is good?

Yeah..

Chorus: Big Pun (repeat 2X)

You got to watch those, jokers who pop those
You know those, crusty-lipped snot-nosed
Indeed I spot those, actin rah rah, talkin bla-bla
that's ca-ca, chill pa-pa, no ah-ahh (ah-ahh)

[Big Pun]

I'm quick to dumb out, run up in yo' crib with the guns out

Spray your peeps, smack the baby teeth out your son mouth

Who can stop me? I told shorty I'ma shoot you papi

Caught him in the crapper with the clapper;

while he was doin cacì

I'll probably die in jail - make it through life and fry in hell

Either way I'ma lead the way, cause only time'll tell

I rhyme for real, not that imaginary vocabulary

I really will stab you and every one of my adversaries

There's no remorse - fuck these thug niggaz, show me the boss

Gimme a hustle worth the risk of goin up North

I love my freedom, and you know I love my bein

So sometimes I gotta get ugh and mug for my per diem

I'll see him in hell, we'll settle it there, better it there

No innocent bystanders to get hit with a spare

Like I really care who catches strays from the Mac

Like I really care who you paid to rap on your track

Nigga you wack - you ain't bringing nuttin for us

I got songs with the Devil and Jesus singin on the chorus

You can't ignore us, nigga you know how we roll

Sixteen in the clip and one in the hole

Chorus

[Big Pun]

Can't no comp come at me, this battle the Bronx'll back me

Got the nicest niggaz alive talkin bout, "Papi's nasty"

Cocky crafty like Rocky sassy Puerto Rock Apache

Posse not even the cops could catch me

I'm too fast - four-hundred pounds, but I move ass

Soon as you spoke, I already smoked you with two jabs

My game is tight - you wanna play, just name your price

Fame to ice, your brains your life, the game is sheist

and I'm the trifest on the field

Even in school I was nominated the most likeliest to kill

This bastard steal, a full clip and a extra

and I'ma blast ya til your whole click respeta

Leave you muerta, it ain't me it's the metra

'tate quieta, the bitch got a bad temper

Don't surrender - you ain't got a chance

You be lucky to leave here half-dead, in an am-bu-lance

So take a chance, but expect the worst

Put my foot so far up your ass

the sweat on my knee'll quench your thirst

{OOOOOH! *long slurrrrrrr* .. "Thanks Pun!"}

Chorus

