

Big Punisher, Freestyle

(feat. Remy Martin)

[Big Pun]

Yo yo yo

What the fuck, Terror Squad

All we do is battle what; what, what what

Yo it's "The Dream Shatterer"; strictly for cream team battler

Ring rattlin microphone fiend spline splatterer

King of the throne, bringin it home five nights

Up in The Source - five mics

Whippin a Porsche - high price

Pumpin the 9-7, rhyme heaven her voice is mindbendin

Imaginin Angie nuttin but panties and my 911

That's what I'm reppin the thug tech and the glove

Step in the mud with less than a SCUD I'm splittin your rug

It's just I'm in love with Mrs. Martinez

Latin Goddess or Venus, you just happen to give me the hardest {penis}

You wanna see us apart, you're chasin the dark

Long as she run the battle she got a place in my heart

[Remy Martin]

Yo.. yo, yo, yo

All of a sudden the big question is, yo who this bitch Remy-nisce?

Is she really thorough with her borough, can she represent?

Do Remy write every line and every rhyme that she spit?

Is she, really the shit, is her flow really sick?

Get off my dick, keep your sorry ass compliments

I get mad quick y'all knowin me ain't got no sense

Bitch don't try to play me, because you not a player

Believe me, you don't really wanna see my gangster

It's easy to cock back and smack the shit out a hoe

Had to leave niggaz bleedin just so we could get our dough

It get me heated, that's why I wild out for no reason

on the Bruckner, like fuck you, gettin weeded and speedin

I'm untouchable nigga I ain't never have love for you niggaz

cause y'all pussy that's why I ain't never fuck with you niggaz

Motherfuckers is scandal, on the avenue of Randall

Don't slip into some shit you and your click can't really handle

I ain't havin it, get the cash out the cabinet

before I stab the bastard baby in the bassonet

I'll, body a botty bwoy, blow his gut open

Leave son chokin, gun still smokin

Know how many niggaz like, "I bet you Pun wrote it"

Y'all can all take a dirty dildo and deep throat it!