

# My Turn

Big Punisher

Uhh.. psssh.. it's my turn, y'knahmean?  
Get this motherfuckin money y'know?  
Shit..  
Yeah I went double, y'know?  
Niggaz goin triple.. five.. ten platinum  
Can't do what I do  
This is my game, this is me..  
Y'know?

Yo it's my turn, I demand my respect  
Give me my burn, or get slammed in your neck  
cause it's my turn, I'ma reach to the top  
Gimme my burn, I'ma speak with the glock  
cause it's my turn, don't make me turn your wig  
Gimme my burn, don't make me burn yo' crib  
I'ma rhyme it right, and keep the ghetto in a trance  
But when the time is right, me and the Devil gon' dance

Fuck you and yours; make way - I'm comin through the door  
And screw the law - breakin the rules ain't nothin new at all  
I'm true to all the shit that I done, check the clip in my gun  
Respect the click that I'm from, or get lifted and stunned  
Dunn, you just a small fry, fuckin with the fall guy  
Big Pun, The Honorable, all rise  
Sky's the limit, nuttin less if my guys is in it  
For the right price, even Christ could get it  
Fast life we live it - all my memories are vivid  
I remember only minutes  
that's how I mentally get rid of all the enemies  
The spirits that definitely mimic my every melody  
and lyric which so heavenly rhythmic  
In magic do I build, but math do be equally compatible  
And secretively battle you to reach my peak in equilateral  
I'm from the streets deep in the bottom yo ain't no Mario Brothers  
Official Bronx niggaz, quick to body yo' mother (ouch)

Jesus H. Christ, how many times I gotta pay the price?  
You scared to death I'll make you twice as afraid of life  
I bring sight to the game for every night you complained  
you couldn't see the light - I was bright in your brain  
Ignitin the flame, keepin your third lid  
Speak and observe with the mind  
what are blind sleep til they worth shit  
I'm earth wind and fire, the first one to fire  
Reppin T. Squad since birth til I retire  
I wire your jaw, wire the walls with plastique explosives  
and riot the halls at the malls where all the crackers ? live  
Keep flappin yo' gibbs and I'ma come back with those kids  
from the back of the bridge  
I think two and touch means tackle the bitch  
I rap for the chips, but I'm truly assassin  
Four hundred pounds, six feet tall, brutally handsome  
That's the pro - got beef with Pun, you gots to go  
Mafia style - tear you a new ass-a-hole  
Flash your dough, but you too cool for the captain  
cause I don't give a fuck if I was quadruply platinum  
And to the 50 Cent rapper, very funny, get your nut off

Cause in real life, you don't know  
I'll blow your motherfuckin head off (ooh yeah)

That's my motherfuckin word, you understand?  
Thought we was a fuckin joke? Shit  
Terror Squad nigga, you don't know me  
You don't know my name, don't say it, you understand?  
Told you before I ain't no motherfuckin rapper understand?  
Shit, I don't make no songs about rappers I don't like  
If I'ma make a song,  
it's gon' be how I beat yo' motherfuckin ass understand?  
That'll be the name of the motherfucker  
"That's Why I Had to Beat Your Motherfuckin Ass"