

Whatcha Gonna Do (feat. Dr. G)

Big Punisher

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, yoIt's hard to explain how my squad can harbor the strain'
Of being the largest name in rap, since the almighty Kane
Acknowledge the fame, my call was to reign
The streets from Harlem to QueensBack to the Bronx who fathered the dream
Started this thing called rap, where I reign supreme, my team
Regardless of that, I've seen things as far as the crack
That'll make the hardest largest artist heart just collapseI'm part of all that that's why it's so hard
to go back
And start from scratch
I'm locked and I'm trapped in a giant cage
Tryin' to savior these few dyin' days
I have left, to the form of flesh
Should I lie in my grave?
I'm tryin' to persuade, my motto is try to be brave
And not give death the satisfaction of seein' me dyin' afraid
That why I rise from the grave singing church songs like
I was Jesus Christ, ba rum pum pum pumWhatcha gon' do when Pun comes?
Knockin' at ya front door
And he wants war, yeah
He ain't a rapper he'll kill youWhatcha gon' do when Pun comes?
Knockin' at ya front door
And he wants war, yeah
He ain't a rapper he'll kill youTill my last breath, I'll have death before dishonor
Come on and welcome drama, yeah
Wit open arms and a code of honor
My hole persona equals that of Gods
Definin' matters hard all before you even had a job
I'll stab and rob if I have to
Fuck it I'll blast you, tell the devil it wuz Pun if he ask you
And let him know how we be deadin' um'Show 'em my emblem, the tombstone, the throne,
every millennium
A child is born that can preform at a level beyond the
Expected 4 minute 30 second song
We reign supreme, my team be all up in ya dreamWit the 'Kill anything' grill, chillin' beside the
guillotine
Executioner style, black suit and a smile
Who's next to get their neck hacked loose in the crowd
Move from the aisleDon't make me have to prove that I'm wild
Word to Cuban, my crew killers, y'all niggaz shoot in the clouds
(Who's in the house)

Punisher straight from hell, who's in the house
(Terror Squad motherfucker we the real)
What the deal, now you know that's how we roll
Hard core like BO bring in the corns baby bowWhatcha gon' do when Pun comes?
Knockin' at ya front door
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