

# Whatcha Gon Do

Big Punisher

[Big Punisher]

Yo, yo, yo, yo...

Yo, yo, yo, yo...

Yo, yo...

It'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 Queens, back 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 collapse  
I'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 savor 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 singin church songs like  
I was Je-sus Christ pa-rum-pum-pum-pum

[Chorus 2X: Big Punisher]

Whatcha gon' do when Pun comes?

Knockin' at ya front door

And he wants waaaaaaaaaaaar, holy shit!

He ain't a rapper he'll kill you

[Big Punisher]

'Til my last breath I'll have death before dishonor (c'mon)  
And welcome drama (yeah) with open arms and a code of honor  
My whole 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 was Pun, if he ask you  
And let him know how we be deadin 'em, show him my emblem  
The tombstone, the throne, every millennium  
A child is born that can preform at a level beyond  
the expected four minute thirty second song  
We reign supreme, my team be all up in your dream  
with 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 aisle, don'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 B.O., bring in the corns baby bro

[Chorus - repeat 2X]