

# Parental Discretion (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Big Punisher

Aiyyo, I'm hard to talk to  
If you live, I probably thought you stalked you  
Where you walked to at night  
Caught you then tried to extort you New York niggaz is trigger happy, got Pataki scared  
This town ain't big enough  
For both of us and I ain't goin' nowhere There it is, plain and simple  
Like Jigga, my game is mental  
While slow niggaz better know  
I blow their brains out they temples I'm into black magical torture  
Romantic dramatical author, compatible with  
The average New Yorker, a fast talker  
Like Tony, when gas whores I'm the masked enforcer  
Out for the cash and the cho-cha  
Smash the coca, bottle it up watch the fiends, gobble it up  
If I roll up, you do what? Swallow the stuff  
I don't give a fuck anymore  
I'm only twenty-four years old And I've already broken every law  
I'm horror core, this is for the heads  
Runnin' up in your crib  
Knot if you still hot in under the bed Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes  
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide  
Drugs and money, this ain't no Bugs Bunny  
Little girls too, this ain't for you, it's for the thugs, honey Hey yo, my shit's the truth, 150 proof,  
no question  
Parental discretion advised, keep out the eyes of the youth  
It's too explicit, bullshit, I challenge the statistics  
Violence existed before our music was even suggested  
Arrested on sight, it's like there's no rights  
That's why I rhyme so aggressive and bring every message to life  
I fight the power spite the power the 90 percent  
Keep 10 and feed twin, half for personal reasons The seasons change, things rearrange, but I  
stay the same  
Play the game for the wealth until I've made myself a name  
So blame it all on the gangster rapper, thanks to Joey Crack  
For the chance to do it my way like Frank Sinatra I ain't a actor so it's all facts, strictly raw rap  
Totally intended for yours dressed in all black  
with the ski mask, or the pantyhose makin' cameos  
in liquor store cameras with the twin Calico's Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your  
eyes  
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide  
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cover your eyes  
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide  
Drugs and money, this ain't no Bugs Bunny  
Little girls too, this ain't for you, it's for the thugs, honey So forget the boom, one look, you  
shook, you know I'm stickin' you  
Liftin' you off the ground, look down, that's where I'm puttin' you  
Look in my eyes and remember me, how does it feel mentally  
Havin' the enemy be the last thing you ever see? The recipe is death and I'm the chef, fricaseein'  
your flesh  
Be my guest, but I ain't cleanin' the mess  
Me and TS, we testin' niggaz faith, just to see they face  
Expression when destined to States, that death be in the case I'm in the state of grace, in the  
hated race, by the pagan face  
Couldn't fight us, made a virus, gave us AIDS  
I paint the wake 'cause they ain't get me yet, wet me  
Or reflect me yet, I know they comin' they just tryin' to let me sweat I wreck it like when I was  
just a boy, eatin' chips, ahoy  
Wasn't allowed to raise my voice, now I'm makin' noise  
No more toys, strictly Mac's and missiles, shorties with forties  
Packin' pistols catchin' bodies Make sure we'll get you  
So they say, I pray there's a better way  
My kids don't do as I do, they do as I say  
'Cause daddy don't play Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes  
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide  
Drugs and money, this ain't no Bugs Bunny  
Little girls too, this ain't for you, it's for the thugs, honey Yo, parental discretion advised, please  
cover your eyes  
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide  
Drugs and money, this ain't no Bugs Bunny  
Little girls too, this ain't for you, it's for the thugs, honey Word is bond, one thing about MC's is  
that  
We don't conceal the truth, we present real pictures  
About the positive and the negative, so don't blame  
The hip-hop when your seed is learnin' the real life from us Do your duty at home and raise your  
child in the house  
Parents, you don't do your job we gonna  
Put your children to bed at nine o'clock  
Past your bedtime, you get your ass in bed You ain't 'posed to be hearin' this shit  
Word up, punishment motherfuckers  
By the Punisher and Busta Rhymes, hah  
Terror squad, Flipmode squad niggaz

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>