

# Face Off (feat. Jadakiss & Big Punisher)

## DJ Green Lantern

[Intro: Rocky Sample]

"This guy'll kill ya to death inside of three rounds, this guy is a wrecking machine...and he's hungry"

[Scratched hook: DJ Green Lantern]

Who's the best MC? (Big Pun)

And y'all already know who I'm better than

J.A.D.A. (yeah, right)

Put your money on the table, we can battle on cable

Who's the best MC? (Jadakiss)

And y'all already know who I'm better than

Big motherfuckin' Punisher!

C'mon motherfucker, ain't't talkin' to me!

[Verse 1: Bug Pun]

Straight out the pit of Hell, kid

A bastard son of a thousand whores

Born through my mother's ass while she was passing gas

I'll blast that ass past the 7 planets

Even further if Heaven grant it

Virgil with the aliens land back in the granite

Speakin' Arab, wreakin' havoc on amateur rappers

With scavenger tactics

Tear a nigga flesh off and have it for breakfast

Oh, THAT was delicious, who wanna get eat next?

In front of the B.X

By the 400 lb piranha from T.S

We Just

Havin' a nice little battle

We know who's the champ, let's not fight for the title

Jadakiss, you're my favorite since I been independent

So don't get mad 'cause God created me in his image

[?] Jadakiss, you got rhymes like Dre got smoke

For tryna' battle me? You definitely got jokes

There can only be one, the son of Tony: Big Pun

I don't need rap to stack, just throw me a gun

And I'm a still G

Me and Krillz done it filthy

For Hip Hop to this day so you gon' have to kill me

I'll die for this, took me from poverty to sex

But I'm still humble, that's why I'm probably the best

[Scratched hook: Dj Green Lantern]

(I'll make it hot, nigga)

What I gotta do, let y'all niggas know?

I am THE. NICEST. ever

(What, bring it, I blow ya whole spot)

Look how i get back to it

(mothafuckin' gangsta Kiss)

Put your money on the table, we can battle on cable

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

Ayo, Pun I would give you the business

But since you ain't here, I'ma give you the privilege

Of being one of the chosen [?] at the top

Didn't matter if you was Latin or not, what you was rappin' was hot

And your origin was gangsta but you could make 'em dance, Pap (yeah)

Goin' against me, you ain't stand a chance, Pap (uh-uh)

Was all love when the fam a see me

And we both John Blaze-ed Banned From TV

The bucks stop there, though

Everybody in the game now is either a hard rock or a weirdo

I'm still beatin' a coof up (yeah)

Knockin' your old shit, a nigga still beatin' a coupe up

I'm still in charge of the game (uh-huh)

Still got bars of the pain, starvin' the game (yeah)

Don't you try it, Chevy with the old-school tires

Throwin' cocktail bombs, settin' old-school fires

It's the desire to sin (ugh)

And I'm from the hood so I'm good 'cause the sword is mightier than the pen

D-Block, that's my crew

Don't mean to sound like we all that, matter fact, yes I do (ugh)

The best on the streets

Niggas is so garbage I had to battle somebody restin' in peace!

(ah-heh!)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>