

Shaquille O'Neal F/ K-Raw, Sonja Blade "Point 'Em Out, Take 'Em Out"

Visit ["Point 'Em Out, Take 'Em Out"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[M-Child] [Chorus x2]

We them thugs from the south (south!),
'bout to turn it out (out!).
We them thugs from the south (south!),
'bout to turn it out (out!).
We them thugs from the south (south!),
'bout to turn it out (out!).
Point 'em out, take 'em out,
Point 'em out, take 'em out.

[M-Child]

Who I be, M-C-H-I-L, motherfucking D,
Erase the motherfucker who be talking about me.
Point 'em out, take 'em out, we do it so easily,
Everybody know the clique is the Kamikaze I.E.
Everybody know I'm from my hood that they come
O.M.P.,
While my niggas count they money while chiefin' on
broccoli.
Keep a pistol on my hip for you bitches with jealousy,
Quickly, D.I.E., my nigga, they history.
MC Mack and Scan Man, we taking over the land,
With a Gon' Madd plan, the bitches don't understand.
'cause doubt it all time, eliminate who I can,
Take you bitches off the earth, sink 'em like fucking
quicksand.
It's whatever down south, hoe,
Check out my new album, hoe.
Nigga with that atom, point 'em out and take 'em out,
hoe.
Kamikaze niggas down for W.A.R.
Ride up on you with some heat, 'cause a bitch you
never ball,
Take 'em out, nigga.

[Chorus x2]

[Nigero]

Shooting them things at your head, no one has shot
ch'nigga,
Nothing but high-bullet lead coming out of them bitch'
triggers.
Roll back, that Nigero, they get to mind a building,
Stealing you bitches lives, nigga, blood spill,
I'm nigga of the blood sport, inside short, nigga rough
ride or you,
Forty-four calibur, this you gon' happen to,
Stumble on yourself when you enter my zone,
Or cross my path of blood bath, feel my force,
My rap bunking round after round, low-down, dirty
sucka' thug,
Blood-shot red eyes, realize you 'bout to get slugged.
The mug, the chest, to back, this boy just come back,
Annihilation, you'll get connection, killed when I come
back.
Now whippin' those step in this direction; you getting
murdered.
Point this nigga out, I'm in the mood to put some hurt or
some punishment,
On the suckers, reruckers to motherfuckers, in the
misdemean.
Lay down, nigga, you history.

[Chorus x2]

[M-Child]

That microphone, you need to drop it,
To a nigga that's gon' rock it,
Keep the club bouncing-jumping,
Until money bounce out they pockets.
Quit tripping off your face, Kamikaze in the place,
Best believe me all about a million dollar paper chase.
Ain't no nigga stopping, you can try your opportunity be
free,
Why you niggas off the Memphis streets be always
muggin' me?
Just because you finally bought a Chevy and some gold
teeth,
Now you claiming killa', but bentley, you still a hoe to
me.

[Nigero]

Nigga be the first to disperse those so just sit back and
shiva',
Fearin' this Kamikaze nigga, scared to hell of shells I
deliver.
No need for no mess, on the game show, my identity..

It's personal, get off your knees, hoe; that was some
diggity.
Quit swinging, shakin' pacin'; what, you nervous? You
restless?
You gutless, you heartless, I might as well make you
chestless.
The richest world will get your ribs lost and filled,
With bullets; make a move, get killed, nigga.

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Shaquille O'Neal F/ K-Raw, Sonja Blade](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.