

## 2 Pac "Point The Finger"

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You could get the finger  
Come and get some!!  
The middle.  
Aaaww yeah!  
They love to point the finger.  
Boom!Boom!Boom! on your black ass, bitch.  
-Chorus repeats-  
I thought I hit rock bottom,  
Then my album point the finger.  
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer.  
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops.  
I brought proof that the niggas need guns too.  
It's not to be a racist, but let's face this.  
Wouldn't you if we could trace places.  
I got lynch spots from the cops.  
And till this day, the same motha fucka on the beats  
gettin major pay.  
But when I get my techa-techa techs out.  
So, we prayin for these pigs to knock the blacks out.  
Ain't that a bitch.  
Some officers'll get rich.  
Whoopin on thugs and robbin drug dealers for their  
shit.  
As far as jealousy, being a celebrity,  
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me.  
And the media is greedier than most.  
You could sell em your soul and they'll be on ya till a  
nigga's a ghost.  
And everyday I read the paper, there's another lie.  
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy.  
Now how's that for the life of a big shot.  
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot.  
I play them funky ass marks in the park  
By tryin to earn their stripes in the dark.  
Just cuz I come here, don't mean I from here.  
Peep.  
Only jealous motha fucka beef.  
Point the finger.  
-Chorus repeats-  
As I run up on a mad man, a nut case with a screw  
loose.  
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies.

Niggas run to me.  
Don't come to me with beef.  
Take your jewels and your jeep.  
Boom! Boom!, let that ass sleep.  
It's gettin hectic.  
Niggas run quick.  
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit.  
All you niggas on the block tryin to test me,  
Best wear a vest so I could open like I'm sesame.  
I'll run up on your man deep.  
While your tryin to sleep, I'm steady pumpin bullets in  
your sheets.  
Wake up.  
Motha fucka, don't stutter.  
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter.  
Yeah.  
Give me mine, give me mine, give me mine.  
Made my rhymes, now I'm back here bustin 9's.  
And brothas can't get none. Hell no.  
A quick fury and he's bury with a swell jaw.  
I came in from the amateurs to pro hits.  
And 5-0, so you know I take no shit.  
And everybody wants to kill a bringer.  
I'm bad news so they choose,  
To point the finger.  
-Chorus repeats-  
1,2,3.  
Peace to the real Gs.  
Stay mean till these motha fuckas kill me.  
I bring skills and I been killin wills.  
Smokin sess till I'm ill.  
Still feel me?  
I say 1,2,3.  
Peace to the real Gs.  
Still mean till these motha fuckas kill me.  
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up.  
Best to duck or get fucked for bucks.  
Scream 1,2,3.  
Peace to the real Gs.  
Still mean till these motha fuckas kill me.  
I can't give up.  
It's a rap thang.  
And I ain't goin back to the crack game.  
You can do it son.  
Be a man and stand up or run.  
Bitches, let em point the finger.  
You can do it son.  
Be a man and stand up or run.  
Snitches, let em point the finger.  
Yo, 1,2,3.  
Peace to the real Gs.

Still mean till these motha fuckas kill me.  
I guess nobody loves a rap singer.  
That's why these motha fuckas point the finger.  
-Chorus repeats-

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