

2pac "Point The Finga"

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You could get the finga, the middle
(Come and get some)
Ahh yeah, they love to point the finga
You could get the finga, the middle
(Come and get some)

Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finga, the middle
(Come and get some)
Niggaz love to point the finga
Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finga, the middle
(Come and get some)

I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point
the finga
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 niggaz need guns too

It's not to be a racist but let's face this
Wouldn't you if we could trade places?
I got lynched by some crooked cops and to this day
Them same motherfuckers on the beat gettin' major
paid

But when I get my check they takin' tax out
So, we payin' for these pigs to knock the blacks out
Ain't that a bitch? Some officers are gettin' rich
Whoopin' on thugs and robbin' drug dealers for they
shit

As far as jealousy, bein' 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 or they'll be on ya 'til a
niggaz 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 nuttin' ass marks in the park
For tryin' to earn they stripes in the dark
Just 'cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep
Only jealous motherfuckers beef and point the finga

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As I run up on 'em madman, a nutcase with a screw
loose
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies
Niggaz 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, niggaz run, quick
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit
All you niggaz on the block tryin' to test me
Best wear a vest or get open like, Sesame

I'll run up on you mad deep while you're tryin' to sleep
I'm steady pumpin' bullets in your sheets
Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeah

Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine
Ban my rhymes, now, I'm back to bustin', nines
And Bustaz can't get none, hell no
A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jaw

I came up from the amateurs to pro hits
At 5-0, so you know I take no shit
And everybody wants to kill a bringer
Of bad news, so they choose to point the finga

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One, two, three, peace to the real G's
Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me
I bring skills and I build, kill at will
Smoke sess 'til I'm ill, still feel me?

I say one, two, three, peace to the real G's
Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up
Best to duck or get fucked for your bucks

Scream one, two, three, peace to the real G's
Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me
I can't give up, it's a black 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 finga
You can do it son, be a man and stand up or run
Snitches, let 'em point the finga

Yo, one, two, three, peace to the real G's
Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me
I guess nobody loves a rap singer
That's why these motherfuckers, point the finga

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