

## 2Pac "Point The Finger"

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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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