

World Harlem

"Pointing Fingers"

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Yo, only got twelve bars so let me cut to the chase
Fuckin' with Stase, I caught a buck in the face
I got the set me up, everybody's drinkin' Henney
Kid named Timmy actin' friendly
Grabbed her by offending, sure hurt 'cos his game
didn't work
He didn't know the alcohol's about to get him merc
He tried to French kiss her yo, that's my man twin sister
Swung on him, but he threw the toast in my ear
I should have known he had people posted in here
So I waited till the coast was clear
And when he walked off, I put four in his rear, yeah,
yeah
Yo, Hud is the type, give him an inch? He takin' a yard
'Cos see, he the type of cat that be thinkin' he hard
I told him if he gonna come, he got to come by eight
But Hud don't never listen what I say
He always do it his way, instead of our way
That's why he always caught up in some damn foul play
Talkin' 'bout I said at nine, he killin' time
And he ain't checked the time on his wrist
He probably somewhere lying to a chick

Talkin' 'bout he rich, no, it ain't right

How he gonna' leave my big brother Mase and jell overnight

He wouldn't sell us out or yell us out

But messin' with Hud, we ain't even get to bail him out

I can't believe this nigga Hud tried to blame it on me

We on the I-95, three jars on my seat

I'm hopin' cops don't be prejudiced, if not we don't eat

You know what that mean, shut up Hud, keep drivin' the jeep

We got about ten miles, we don' did ten states

I should have stayed, knowing Hud? He gonna' gas you to stay

I'm tellin' Hud, yo, pull over we ain't pissed since Penn State

The windows all foggy, plus we got temp plates

Now Hud steady streetin', not listenin' and yappin'

Smokin' Buddha straight from Cuba, 'bout to wish this ain't happen

I ain't tryin' to point no fingers but it's all Hud's fault

If he wasn't speedin' with no weed we would have never got caught

Cardie, when you gonna' grow up? You need to get chips

Stack dough up, switch your flow up, 'cos your single was a donut

Baby Stase, need to learn to stay in the place

And Mase, that's your twin, tell her stay out my face

And Loon, that's my man but he floss too much

He wanna hang out, 'bout, but he cost too much
And Meeno, that's my dog, but he talk too much
And Blink, fake pretty boy, soft as butt
Oh damn, if I get touched, we gonna' all get touched
Go against Harlem World and we gonna' toss you up
Hey yo, Meeno, hey yo, this is Cuda man
There go Loon tell him what you told him
You was gonna tell him when you see him
Yeah, yeah, playboy, my man Loon
Went out like a straight buffoon
For a pretty face, a slim waist, sweet perfume
Can't believe this shit
Second week in June, second night in Cancun
Pop Cris' by the full moon and the stars is bright
Pray to God that I catch me a slide tonight
But of course, Loon gets drunk then starts to floss
Runnin' his yap 'bout the same chick he toss
Same chick from tour, all I got was jaw
He's all in love, seen it all before
Sucka' for love, this is man for a whore
And until this day, still goin' to war
Hey yo, you just mad 'cos my chick drop dead
And you mad cos I went to Cancun got head
You fed, 'cos I'm doin' it and gettin' more bread
Why your block hotter than a nuclear warhead
You more fed 'cos my pockets are stacked up

While you spend most of your day baggin' your cracks
up

You fat fuck

Hope you get hit by a Mack truck

And don't come around forty and front and get tapped
up

Cracked up, can't wait till this album is wrapped up

I'm take you to a vacant lot, dare you to act up

So strap up, 'cos I know you don't like me

But just know you won't get a chance to fight me

Loon, all out

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