

Coolio

"The Points"

Visit "[The Points](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"The Points"

(with Big Mike, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Buckshot, Busta Rhymes, Ill Al Skratch, The Notorious B.I.G., Redman)

[Notorious B.I.G:]

I went from construction Timbs, to Ac's with rims
Flippin mix tapes - to bitches feedin me grapes
Peep my mind state, Big Poppa flow is lethal
That weed wanna make my ass wanna kill four people
Fuck the game, gimme the chain and the Range
My niggaz up to par, drop-top Jaguars
Lock on you when you step in the car
Lock-whole you when you step in the car
That's the superstar status apparatus, more wins than
Cassius
Cease roll the hashes in the pocket with the 9
Roll up the whole dime, as my seats recline
I want a presidential Roley, so I crush MC's to
guacamole
Makin Robin scream, "holy moley"
Big Poppa, fuck a cape I'm that Paper Crusader
Playin Sega in the wide body Blazer

[Coolio:]

I shot dice with a preacher and drank yak with a pastor
So I see myself and I know, my own lord and master
When your ass was born it was all on the own and
When it's time to die you'll be all alone so
Open up your mind, ball up your knuckle bone and
Start takin care of your own, nigga
Everybody's schemin with the nature of a sinner
So I look inside myself to gather strength from the
inner
I gots to fight back against the powers that be
Cause the powers that be be, tryin to fight me
Standin at the crossroad but I wasn't by myself
Some take the right and, some take the left
But lo and behold, what do I see?
In the distance, some resistance

[Chorus]

[Redman:]

It's that Funkadelic, funk Doctor Spock impale it
Fuck the vest niggaz better start puttin on helmets
I roam the streets where there's no peace, relax
Funk comin in stacks, bullets comin from gats
So I duck, lyrical buck buck get stuck
I'm jammin like Smuckers for all you motherfuckers
That cause the ruckus, then I fix a few snitches
BLA-DOW! Plus my style cock like new bitches
I roll with forward high punches, spit a flame like Liu
Kang
Burnin yo' membranes, when the wind change
Mad explicit was lifted, my scriptures
Leavin your mic boney like that +Tale of the Crypt+
bitch
Uhh! All y'all niggaz suck my balls one time
While I unwind I'm bustin yo' ass counter-clockwise
I get dumb, and dumber while your vision blur
For all the loooos-errssss

[I'll Al Skcratch:]

Aiyyo mayday, mayday
Raise the white flag, let the pants sag
Fuck the drag, I'm a puff a whole bag
It's low down and I'm low-key
Now O.G. niggaz know me (true)
So take it easy, let's dance

[Mike:]

It ain't surprisin, these motherfuckers still hatin
They must don't know, I ain't that nigga to be played
with
Different stages, way back in eighty-eight
Bet a nigga like Mike'll stomp the head of a snake
My voice was felt, when my feet hit the ground
And fate is fair, when my heat made a sound
Now, how did I relate what's gonna fall
When my niggaz made the fuckin "Final Call"?

[? :]

It ain't no sunshine, it ain't no sunshine
It's like yea yea yea yea, yea yea yea yea
Yea yea yea yea yeahh, it's like that

[Busta Rhymes:]

Hey YOU - don't you dare give me no type of argument
All these devils are mad because we be the most
dominant
Hey, hit you with fatness, represent my blackness
Run up on devils like a savage in pursuit of happiness

You better believe everytime we come, we come hard
The undisputed truth is that the black man is God
Now everytime I turn around my people start subtractin
They cause this shit then they wonder why we start
overreactin
Hey-ey-ey! You can pick and choose it
Right before you lose it, I'm a hit you with my music
I'm fightin up sheisters [?] with my cyanide
Watch me go inside, please give me room, yo step
aside, HA!
Those who commit the ultimate crimes
Bitches run around like snitches out there droppin
dimes
Get yo' shit tossed by my hammer, the survivalist
Represent the next black man

[Buckshot:]

I stepped in the jam with the God on my side
And the God S.T. is still waitin in the ride
So I, step to the DJ and tell the DJ
Yo throw the wax on - how many MC's must get dead?

[Bone Thugs-N-Harmony:]

Putting your shit in the pave Hitting them mean with the
guage
Me Lil' Lay with Rip, Kray, Straight Gotta blaze them a's
And never to taste Bone me deadly thugstas, thuggish
ruggish never to take no losses
Put em all in a coffin get dearly departed better off
there

Reliving the psychopath and down with the bucking
blast, and taking my chance
Cause when you get near my sawed off who gone be
rest, to pass the blast cause if
Ya thinking of kicking these ya best be packing yo sit to
b's that it makes a difference I'm
Moving yo ass with the quickness
Now Krayzie Bone is rip (buck, buck, buck) fucking once
It ain't a nigga to pick up
A pen to be ripping the skin to send it down to the mac
10 there's never another to cover
The brother I smother the sucka and move undercover
be leaving them niggaz as they go
And take cover, but throwing, and doing a second
murder.

The street sweeper would it make or break
Cause me pulling outta yo pot which shot putting the
Bullets just where ya touch and ummm whippedy tet,
Tet, tet, tet, tet with the bo, bo, bo deppedy dup betta

Be yo set up, wet up, get 'um on the get up, bone won't
let ya

Visit [Coolio](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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