

Fleetwood Mac

"The Points"

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[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

[Ill Al Skratch]

Aiyyo mayday, mayday
Raise the white flag, let the pants sag
Fuck the drag, I'ma 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'ma 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]
Puttin your shit to the pave', heatin and meetin the
gauge
Live in the land of real crazed days
Gotta blaze amazin up in it but it takes Bone
My deadly thugged up brothers rugged never did take
no losses
Put 'em all in a coffin, get chilly, (?) better call him

Flippin a psycho-path
When I'm not buckin I'm blastin, takin my chances
Niggaz is fearin my sawed off, put me to rest, the last
to blast
You thinkin they gainin too bad they bangin they shit
and they too busy to make friends
Cause when we get done with them thugs then no
remains
These bones these bones are thuggin whassup an
These niggaz are heated defeated every single it is
We bustin them mack 10's, these shit never ends
sawed off and
We building a single army
and liquor an singers we killin we thrillin an pillin

scibby dip hib da
break bread an killin the trife
hittin the fast bitch
but you can tell me we thank the lord
we livin to armageddon
an gettin some medals
and no bitches jus snitches we thank the lord..

