

2Pac F/ Nikki Giovanni

"What's Ya Point?"

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[Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, Terror Squad. (TS)

No Limit fam.

Uh, TS. (TS)

Yeah yeah yeah, uh.

NY to the NO.

Puttin it down like what.

Don Cartegena the leader.

Yeah, uh.

Who gives a fuck about a nigga like you (like you)

Bitch rap cats'll see right through (right through)

East, west man you know how we do (how we do it)

Down south my niggas bout it and we bound to take it
all from you

I'm from the streets of NY where the wind don't die

We even try to bake the cake or pie

????, bust on by for my niggas incarcerated

Where you gotta do life or get your life confiscated

I often made it through the cold stages

Where the government supply drugs and breed thugs
in all ages

Caucasians givin core cases

P's chase us like horse races

Battin down on all faces

Everyday it's like the same old shit

I ain't goin bit, my motto's like make more hits

Terror Squad and the No Limit fam for life

Don Cartegena, Mama Mia

[Mia X]

Yeah, that's right

Chorus

[Mia X/Fat Joe/Snoop]

What's your point nigga, what you tryin to say

We got the same types of thugs right around my way
x4

[Snoop Dogg]

Walkin through your backyard, knockin down your trash

You move too fast and I'm a blast your ass

Will a nigga do this or will a nigga do that
Just know that my four four packed, don't pull back
So roll back, regroup, thank me 'for you come up
Please put your gun up, fool you gettin done up
I'm one up on every motherfucker in the giddame
Act like you don't know my motherfuckin niddame
And things won't never be the same again
Ain't no slippin to the quicken, we hit this game again
What's your name again, I'm the capital S
You know the motherfuckin rest, I'm from the
motherfuckin west
Side of the coast, east side of the beach
School of hard knocks, graduated straight from the
streets
Shit, my hair got longer and my pockets got bigger
I got love for real nigga so what's up jigga

Chorus x4

[Mia X]

I'm from the itty bitty city at the bottom of the
Mississippi river
Where niggas quick to kill ya if they don't feel ya
Still the southern hospitality is all good
Just don't be fuckin around in none of them small
hoods
Mama Mia, the queen of the south
Who states somethin like the one in my mouth
Love the NO, represent it till the day that I die
But I'm makin merges from CA to NY
And the tight connections, Terror Squad and DPG
And TRU soldiers nigga, N-O-L-I-M-I-T
We all the same, we used to slangin when we gangin
niggas
I slang the pound different but we all about the drama
Hit the enemies down
Send your whole block all covered in duct tape ???
down
Get the ransom out this motherfucker
Love of the hood, we stay representin
Yall don't recognize a soldier blood and thugs love us
in a song

Chorus x4

[Snoop Dogg]

Say what, say what?
Say what, say what?
Same shit, same shit.
Same shit.
Same shit go down in my hood go down in your hood.

>From New Orleans to Long Beach to New York.
To Alabama.
To motherfuckin Connecticut.
Overseas where the G's don't even speak this shit.
Same shit go down.
Niggas need to unite, get this paper.
Cause we on a mission.
Terror Squad, No Limit, DPG.
That's how we doin this shit.
Peace.

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