## Heavy D & The Boys "On Point"

Visit "On Point" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah, Eightball, the Fat Mack in the house You know what I'm talking about Space Age representing You know what I'm talking about

Big Pun up in here, you know what I'm talking about Heavy D, Fat Mack, we gonna do this You know what I'm talking about Sure, poor, blower, this how we do, Heavy D, set it up

Big Gentlemen, asshole full of Benjamins New millenium, new Bentley then a sort addition Gorgeous women, swimming in 'em Cinnamon with denim, diva pigeons, peep the glissin' Y'all don't listen, see, what you missin'

Diggy, double shot a Henny All about the ammo N E Y, bubble like no any Diamond lipped, crucifix, seducing chicks Selective whips, consecutive hits

I break sun with Pun, crew hall with Ball Screw all of y'all, we the big shots Heavy rotation, every location Smoke stogies with roadies On the corner in front of Bodega's

World famous, you gon' love us or hate us You the type that'd scuff up my gators Because of my papers been about my glitter So you killin' my jaw Damn, can't a nigga live, homeboy?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Heavy I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

Days and days, blazing green shades of sticky haze Remember Eightball from doin' it the player way Turn it up and we gon' rock it 'till the track stops Make the club seem hotter than a crack spot

Players pushin' poetry like it's a kilo Keep my jewelry froze like my name's Sub Zero Pimp 'till I'm gone, thug, living ain't new to me Love me a ghetto girl and everything she do to me

Presidential suites and Bezo's turn 'em out Pass 'em through the clique until everybody burn 'em out

How you lovin' that icin' on the cake right Miami girls hit that white and shake it all night

Slab riders, chrome twinkies smokin' sticky, iced pinky With some styles flipping with me Memphis, let me break it down for you, pal Makin' easy money pimping hoes in style

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Heavy I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

It's me, BP From the middle of Little Italy With Eightball and Heavy Diddly diddly diddly dee

It's no surprise how we pulverize All you smaller guys Fronting that you live but we oversize

Holding knives to you neck
All my nines and my techs
Shine on but get strive for the best

Take time to perfect every rhyme that I kick I should get a sign on my dick
No time for them chicks
They be tryin' to resist, every time I insist
They submit, bitch, don't be lying on my prick

I'm too quick for your lies and deception Would you rise in my direction? If you strive for perfection And just watch the pro but it's like a chore

You gotta cap and go feelin' for more Catch me next time, I gotta rock a show Gots to go, I'll be back and some other fat chick Peace to the Bronx, a mother in this rap shit

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Hev I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what?

You on point, Heavy I'm on point, Pun You on point, Ball I'm on point what? I'm on point, Pun I'm on point what? I'm on point, Pun I'm on point what? I'm on point, Pun I'm on point what?

I'm on point what? I'm on point what? I'm on point what? I'm on point what?

Visit <u>Heavy D & The Boys</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.