

## **Bone Thugs-N-Harmony Buckshot, Busta Rhymes, Coolio, Ill Al**

### **"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,

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