

Kurupt F/ Latoya

"Point A to Point B"

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[Chorus]

15 balls and a club to match
A lotta these foo's keep dying for sratch
All I wanna do is get payed for good
But too many haters rollin thru my hood

[Verse One]

It's like
I'm tryin to get from point A to point B
Mutha fuckin feds still watching me
I'm still on paper from my last lick
Rough street life got me pumped up to blast quick
2 'o clock on the block, I'm pulled over, damn it
I red light a mile back, a cop said I ran it
I aint a slave to a grave, I just had to send 'em
Six shooter in my lap, I put five in 'em
The heat iron heat defeats novacane
To degrees where even death can't stop the pain
Gain momentum when the heat started dumpin in 'em
And then I'ma bit 'em like a snake when I'm pumpin
venon
The murderistic, realistic, let my fist get, deeper in his
grill cuz I'm twisted
I'ma show you, all the dirt that K-Rino do, duck, you see
the type of shit I
gots to go thru
I'm trippin

[Chorus]

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[Verse Two]

It's like
I stepped in the moss back in 92
Got the real scoop on the red, white, and blue
It provided me with deep thoughts to rap about
Aint no choir, cuz it aint shit to clap about
I had a dream I was in a shootout one night

Foo started cockin up cuz they was scared to fight
I started to run but my feet couldn't handle the test
I felt a sharp pain, blast right thru my chest
I hit the ground tryin to fight for what I had left
I felt the essence of my life remove itself
My homeboy standing over me, cryin and shit
I'm losing focus in my eyes and going blind and shit
I raised up, wooh, it was only a dream
Trippin over how realistic a vision could seem
Was I really about to be recieved by the dirt
How come I woke up with that blood stain on my shirt

[Chorus]

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[Verse Three]

Knowledge
In 1555 they put us on a ship
Thousands of miles across the water, that's a long trip
Strip the knowledge itself, devils flip the script
Rip the shirt off my back and commits to whip
Murder to he or she who fought for the right to be free
Raping the sister while they hung a brother from a tree
Burning a body of a victim to ash and dust
And at the same time teaching religion to us
Emancipation proclamation
They let us go, only to make conditions worse than they
was before
Cuz even though our asses are no longer in chains
They wrapped a mutha fucker smooth around our brain
Poverty stricken conditions lead to criminal shit
"We're equal now"...got your ass subliminal shit
If your great grand daddy could come from the past
and hear you bumpin that bullshit he'd slam yo ass
Cuz just imagine how our first ancestors felt
Being decieved back in Africa, sold and delt
They had to pay, with their life for us to walk today
400 years later still aint left point A
Trippin

Tryna get from point A to point B
I'm tryna get from point A to point B
I'm tryna get from point A to point B
I'm tryna get from point A to point B

