

Mannoia Fiorella

"Point of No Return"

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(*singing*)

[Hook - 2x]

I'm at the point, of no return
Caught up in this game, everybody know my name
I got, money to burn

[Ronnie Spencer]

I've been struggling, started off with nothing
Everybody know me, as the one to do thangs for free
Right now, I'm on the grind
See you got yours, I gotta get mine
See the most high, gave me a sign
He said son, it's your time

[Hook - 2x]

[Dirty \$]

I'm at the crossroad in my life, and baby it's do or die
Fall or floss, small or cry could mean slow suicide
On these streets scratching for my keep, grinding for
my people
When you're not treated equal, it's so hard to live legal
Will my seed deceive em, to this never ending saga
Fascinated by cash cars, and clothes just like our papa
Taking mo' gambles than Pac did, in pursuit of the
dolla
On the verge of crapping out, from money and power
Having big body dreams, and wood grain wishes
Trying to taste the good life, cause it looks so delicious
Man the pressure's tremendous, so I smoke on spinach
Trying to find some piece of mind, than get caught
from behind
Mashing for the finish line, in this cruel millennium
Make mo' shine than lime, I'm spending more than time
Rocking pie with dimes, keep the top reclined
Use to be caught up in grind, now addicted to rhyme

[Hook - 2x]

[Ronnie Spencer]

Never turn my back, on what's real to me
That's my love, for my Wreckshop family
I had my share of likes, up's and down's
And thank goodness, I'm still around
Never could, make it on my own
When I'm looking in the sky, and I'm feeling so fly
But though one day, you're here
Then the next day, you're gone

[Tyte Eyez]

I'm at the point of no return, and ain't no looking back
Cause there's ends I got to meet, big faces I got to
stack
They say man'll make the money, but money'll make us
move
Positions to get richer, a seven figga made dude
Calm on the cool, collecting cash flow
Keep my bidness on the low, prepared to drop my solo
The new millennium, Mr. Tyte E-Z
And if I turn my back now, then my kids won't eat
My wolf pack won't sleep, until we slay all prey
Get vicious without perdition in this Y2K
This feddy is in my vision, in this hectic paper chase
Wrecking my lyrical weapon, pimp the pen at a steady
pace
Appreciate God pressing, no cases and no bars
Frauds and changed faces, but my game's up to par
A ghetto shooting star, and I ain't trying to go back
To the guns and the slums, and the jacks or the crack

[Ronnie Spencer]

La-da-da-da-da (point of no return)
La-da-da-da-da-da-da-da - 4x

[Hook - 2x]

(Ronnie Spencer)

liiii'm caught up, caught up
To the point of no return, everybody
Everybody knooows, caught up baby
Ooooh-oooooh caught up baby
I don't wanna go back, I don't wanna leave
I don't wanna go back baby
I'm caught up, heeeey

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