

Various Artists "Tha Points"

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[The 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
make my ass wanna kill four people, Fuck the game,
gimme the dame and the Range (Uh huh) My niggas up
to pawn drop-top Jaguars, Lock on 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
(Nigga) I want a presidential Roley (So?) so I crush MC's
to guacamole makin' Robin scream "Holy Moley" Big
Poppa, fuck the 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 lefts way, But low and
behold, what do I see? In the distance, some resistance

[Doodlebug]

When I traveled the land like my man in Kung Fu
moshin' up this hip hop scene with my Dignable crew,
Now you and I know the science so don't front, Cause
Brooklyn won't front, naw, we don't front, In fact, it's
gettin' like a daily operation, Ceniish born represents
my young nation and I'm facin' oposition in every form
so my man choose squad's like seven arms is on the
squad, Livin' crazily cause it don't pay to be a black
man in the land of mental slavery, They say cash rules
everything around me, so what I gotta do to be as
lavish as you? I don't roll with no crews that do the
same ol' same's so I travel the seventh plain by the way

of coal train, And that's an ill though, niggas get caught in my wisdom because the number seven's like the master of a rhythm

[Big Mike]

It ain't surprisin' these motherfuckers still hatin', They must don't know, I ain't that nigga to be played with, Different stages, way back in '88t, Bet a nigga like Mike'll stomp the head of a snake, My voice was felt, when my feet hit the ground, And fate is fair, when my heat made a sound, Now, how did I relate what's gonna fall when my niggas made the fuckin' final call? We started out smilin' now they got us definition whilin', Ninety Ninety Five, how many heads are gonna fly with that rootin' tootin' southside shootin', Bootin' any nigga who ain't troopin' with Huey Newton, Fuck his people and when it's time for a change nigga what you gonna do when we rearrange the game? Blow him out the frame with new ideas, We's about the game, lyrics, puttin' it down out here

(Chorus)

[Buckshot]

I stepped in the jam with the guard on my side and the guard S.T. is still waitin' in the ride, So I step to the DJ and tell the DJ "Yo' throw the wax on" How many MC's must get dissed? The mist from the blunts smoke decides who's next on me list, Can you feel the hiss from the snake movin' my direction? No U-Turn, you're gettin' burned from the sun, In my intersection, the guard has spoken (Uh) Sword stroken, If you think you ready for a fair one, pay your token, On my soul train, control your brain, Buck Town representative break it down like a key of cocaine, Drink from the lab and I still elevate past the snakes and the crabs, Fuck it (Can you kick it?)

[Redman]

Huh, it's that funkdelic, funk'd up the spot and tell it, Fuck the vest niggas better start puttin' on helmets, I rome the streets where there's no peace, relax, Funk comin' in stacks, bullets from gats, So I duck, lyrical buck buck, get stuck, I'm jammin' like Smuckers for all you motherfuckers that caused the ruckus, Then I fix a few stitches, Badow! Blast my style back like you bitches, I forward forward with high punches, Spit the flame like Lui Kang, Burning your membranes when the wind change, Mad explicit when spittin' my scriptures, Leavin' your mic boney like that Tales of The Crypt bitch, All ya'll niggas suck my balls one time while I

unwind, now I'm bustin' your ass counter clockwise, I
get dumb, but dumber, Why your vision blurred? For all
the losers

[Menace Clan]

Hey yo, mayday mayday! Raise the white flag, let the
pants sag, fuck a drag (I'm a puff the whole bag) Yeah,
it's the low down and I'm the Low-key, The O.G. niggas
know me (True) So take it easy like Moby, The ex-
convict on some Vietnam shit, criminal, On the
subliminal (Niggas) watch what your women do, All the
bitches wanna know why the frames I (ride) That's just
the glock, that glare from the (glide) Bear witness (To
my mental fitness, no fear) Precaution (may be) to
severe (for your ear) Yeah, Creep around, grow on the
down low, Let of a round slow (Saddle) And leave you
in the puddle (So uh, breaker breaker one nine)
Course, it ain't no sunshine, it ain't no sunshine, It's like
"Yeah, yeah, yeah (C'mon) Yeah, yeah, yeah (C'mon)
Yeah, yeah, yeah" It's like that

[Helter Skelter]

Hey yo, I can rhyme as long as my dick get pumped, I
grabs the mic and do what the fuck I want, I loud blast
in the cut, white out philly, your a dutch master, Roll like
a natural disaster, As I crack ya, ass like cheap blastas,
Rhyme mic bash ya, while my tongue lash ya, With the
rhyme rules I crash ya, leave ya like a carwreck, Then I
give you the tribute to the Rippa Tech, And I slash ya,
afta, I'm so glad your dopped, I go see my fro, with the
fro when we toast, So all the punks in the partner
planet, Plus every single fool, cause without all of yall,
Helter Skelter roll with we do

[Layzie Bone]

Puttin' your shit to tha pave, Endin' up meetin' the
gauge, Live in the land of the brave, crazed, dazed,
Gotta blaze, amazed, but they never did phase Bone,
My deadly thugsta brothers ruggish never did take no
losses, Put 'em all in a coffin ya dearly departed, better
off then

[Wish Bone]

Been labeled a psychopath, Fall down with a buck and
a blast when I'm gettin my chance, You niggas is
fearin' my sawed-off, Put me to rest so fast to blast if
you thinkin' of kickin' it you best be packin' your shit
you bitch, Not that it makes a difference cause I'll mow
you down with the quickness

[Krayzie Bone]

Now Krayzie Bone is buck, buck, buckin' em once

again, And niggas, they pick up the pen and they try to contend, but see all they win is that Mack 10, There's never another to go with a brother, been smotherin' suckers then go undercover, we leave 'em in gutters, They claim they can do it, but who is the sucka that squealed on the murder?

[Bizzy Bone]

Me killa with a street sweeper, when I reap and put in much work much dirt, Puttin' the bullets in the turrets and umm.. wit' a me Tech won't slip up, Wet up one of them Po-Po's, the Bone, Bone won't let a me duck, Lil' B won't set up, wet up, get 'em on the get up, Bone won't let up

(Chorus)

[Busta Rhymes]

Hey you, don't you dare give me no type of argument, All these devils are mad because we be the most dominant, Hey, hit you with fatness, represent my blackness, Run up on devils like a savage in pursuit of happiness, You better believe everytime we come, we come hard, The undisputed truth is that the black man is God, Now everytime I turn around my people start subtractin', They cause this shit then they wonder why we start overreactin', Hey-ey-ey! You can pick and choose it, Right before you lose it, I'm'a hit you with my music, I'm fightin' up sheisters who lay with my cyanide, Watch me go inside, please give me room, yo step aside, ha! Those who commit the ultimate crimes, Bitches run around like snitches out there droppin' dimes, Get yo' shit drawers up out my hamper, the survivalist represent the next black panther

[Dee]

I hang with blacks and you hang with whites, I pack a nine and I don't like fights, I'm from the deepest Darkest, ghetto streets of South Central, L.A I jack for jewels Watch when you bail, it's right across the streets From hell, and no one want to repent, Went to the liquor store Blast on the cashier, just like I did last year, Now tell me, if you was there Would you be down, When them black boys beat Reginold Deny to the ground? Now, I would've be, before I died, I Decided for the buck of it I tried to rap a rocks for life People They said, "Change that shit" This is west coast Rap-A-Lot, I stroll to Houston Astro's hat a lot, I sock A punk, fool, hit me up

[Assassin]

I run the west and I'm up, That's suppossin' my cause,
What's the difference between this and hell, but
vasoline drawers I live a sick lifestyle, My profile, souls
of Menace, Handlin' Bennettes, To the finish, If this is
Cause for action, my people turning to hold a strap,
man I don't give a damn, South Central and, Lookin' out
for the black man, strugglin' with my brother man, Roll
with the clan, Boker's Rock to Tazkan, It's us against
the man and I'm a damn get shot, They'll have to put in
the jail, cause I ain't goin' for the pot, Turn the pigwigs
to mop top, for the bullshit to stop I got a hood I die for
Been organized since '64, man

[Jamal]

Jamal gets down, the master of bringing the massacre,
Rollin' on Crews like Pharellies on Acura's, If you don't
believe my steez is real, You can check the emptiness
of my glock nine mil, It don't matter which way you
come, I still be the nigga callin' shots with the gun, I lick
one shot I make your whole squad run, None, Is about
to fuck with the sun Mally G, I never kick a rhyme for
free, Function rap skills, I come live like T.V, For all of
y'all, I come across to be real, With super shit like Fall
Guy And lines to make them all die, Infrared beams,
mind full of schemes, '95 until keep it real get the
cream, (Yeah) It don't stop, What the fuck, Fuck around
and get dropped, it don't stop, Know what I mean

(Chorus)

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