

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, The Points

(feat. Buckshot, Busta Rhymes, Coolio)

[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, lyrical buck buck get stuck  
I'm jammin like Smuckers for all you motherfuckers  
that cause the ruckus, then I fix a few snitches  
BLA-DOW! Plus my style cock like new bitches  
I roll with forward high punches, spit a flame like Liu Kang  
Burnin yo' membranes, when the wind change  
Mad explicit was lifted, my scriptures  
leavin your mic boney like that +Tale of the Crypt+ bitch  
Uhh! All y'all niggaz suck my balls one time  
While I unwind I'm bustin yo' ass counter-clockwise  
I get dumb, and dumber while your vision blur  
For all the loooos-errssss

[Ill Al Skratch]

Aiyyo mayday, mayday  
Raise the white flag, let the pants sag  
Fuck the drag, I'ma puff a whole bag  
It's low down and I'm low-key  
Now O.G. niggaz know me (true)  
So take it easy, let's dance

[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 eighty-eight  
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 niggaz made the fuckin "Final Call"?

[??]

It ain't no sunshine, it ain't no sunshine  
It's like yea yea yea yea, yea yea yea yea  
Yea yea yea yea yeahh, it's like that

[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'ma hit you with my music  
I'm fightin up sheisters (?) 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 tossed by my hammer, the survivalist  
Represent the next black man

[Buckshot]

I stepped in the jam with the God on my side  
And the God 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 dead?

[Bone Thugs-N-Harmony]

Puttin your shit to the pave', heatin and meetin the gauge  
Live in the land of real crazed days  
Gotta blaze amazin up in it but it takes Bone  
My deadly thugged up brothers rugged never did take no losses  
Put 'em all in a coffin, get chilly, (?) better call him

Flippin a psycho-path

When I'm not buckin I'm blastin, takin my chances  
Niggaz is fearin my sawed off, put me to rest, the last to blast  
You thinkin they gainin too bad they bangin they shit  
and they too busy to make friends  
Cause when we get done with them thugs then no remains  
These bones these bones are thuggin whassup an  
These niggaz are heated defeated every single it is  
We bustin them mack 10's, these shit never ends sawed off and  
We building a single army  
and liquor an singers we killin we thrillin an pillin

scibby dip hib da  
break bread an killin the trife  
hittin the fast bitch  
but you can tell me we thank the lord  
we livin to armageddon  
an gettin some medals  
and no bitches jus snitches we thank the lord.