

# Geto Boys, Point Of No Return

[Intro:]

G.B. ha ha youknowhatl'msayin'? Geto Boys in the house for the 1-9-9-6.  
(G.B.) [x16]

[Scarface:]

What if I learn to work your beat  
And fuck with you in the ways that you fuck with me  
And underline all y'all downfalls for ya  
Catch you fuckin' up and bring the pound down on ya  
Infect your neighborhood with this drug called hate  
Ish out your income and control y'all fate  
Provide you motherfuckers with this shit that look cool  
And price it outta range to keep your ass outta school  
You don't work you don't eat you don't eat you don't sleep  
And then I got your ass upon these motherfuckin' streets  
Poising your own breed turning you from Jesus  
Get you out your faith and hit your ass with diseases  
And now you can't reproduce there goes your children  
Don't worry about you dying slow I'm a get to killin'  
And shot up your motherfuckin' dreams fromt he jump  
And hold you in the penitentiary like a punk  
But you can't do shit unless a motherfucker tell ya  
You ain't a motherfuckin' man niggayous a failure  
You wonder why I hate cha and I paint this picture?  
Cause the government is fucked up and I ain't that nigga  
So you can point the fingers at the motherfuckin' press  
Cause they be feeding me with all the shit that I address  
It ain't my motherfuckin' fault niggas ain't learnin'  
We in too deep and ain't no returnin'

[Willie D:]

Willie D is my motherfuckin' name  
Lettin' you hoes know is my motherfuckin' game  
You got a problem with the way I drop my blowww  
Bring it to the G to the motherfuckin' E to the O  
I'm a let you hoes know the deal  
You can't FUCK with Will, Face and Bill  
I got niggas fully strapped with lots of nuts  
And niggas in the back of ridah trucks  
Do I give a fuck about America? (FUCK NO!)  
Call me a patriot bitch I'm a buck yo, ass  
Right up your motherfuckin' shit creek  
She got some negativity with Willie D  
Well then let the bitch be

[Scarface:]

In the begining motherfuckers pack straps  
Puttin' they eyes on any motherfuckers back  
You got out of line they hit your ass with the gat  
Let you die where you lay and left your ass for the rats  
Thats how it was and I can see it all again motherfuckers goin' crazy  
Like they did when I was ten  
I'm goin' through the same shit that my daddy went through when he was 22  
Now who, the fuck to blame for the condition that we in  
Pursue the game or end up back up off my shit again  
It's kind of easy how we make your choice  
We go to ghetto tactic labratorites providing ?  
Well anyways that's how I seen it then  
But now I realize white collar criminals had to bring it in  
And now I go against my own kind  
With the mentality that these niggas been after me a long time  
And if I'm caught up then I'm OUTTA HERE  
But if you caught up you outta here  
And then you wonder what we learned while we've been trapped here

We figured out how to adapt here

[Willie D:]

Edgar Hoover I wish you wasn't dead  
So I could put a bullet in your motherfuckin' head  
Goddamn faggot motherfuckin' drag queen  
I know you put the hit on Martin Luther King  
And Fred Hampton, Malcom and the others  
You red neck punk motherfucker  
Bob Dole keep you motherfuckin' mouth shut  
Before a nigga beat your old ass up  
Jumpin' on the rap bandwagon ain't helpin' it  
You need to be concerned about the motherfuckin' deficit  
I'm the type of nigga throw a party when the flag burn  
I'm at the point of no return