

# Heavy D, On Point

[Eightball]

Yeah Yeah (Heavy D: Uh huh)

Eightball the fat mack in the house you know what I'm talking about

(Heavy D: Big Shots)

Space Age representing you know what I'm talking about

(Heavy D: You feel this?)

Big Pun up in here you know what I'm talking about

(Heavy D: Uh)

Heavy D, (Heavy D: Eightball is you ready my nigga)

Fat Mack, (Heavy D: Big Pun is you ready my nigga)

We gonna do this you know what I'm talking about

Sure, poor, bloor, this how we do

(Heavy D: Hev Digga born ready my nigga)

Heavy D, set it up

[Heavy D]

Big Gentlemen

Asshole full of Benjamins

New millenium

New Bentley then, a sort addition

Gorgeous women

Swimming in 'em

Cinnamon with denim

Diva pigeons

Peep the glissin'

Y'all don't listen

See what you missin'

Diggy, double shot a henny

All about the ammo NeY

Bubble like no any

Diamond lipped

Crucifixe

Seducing chicks

Selective whips

Consecutive hits

I break sun with Pun

Crew hall with Ball

Screw all of y'all

We the bigshots

Heavy rotation

Every location

Smoke stogies with roadies on the corner in front of Bodega's

World famous

You gon' love us or hate us

You the type that'd scuff up my gators

Because of my papers

Been about my glitter

So you killin my jaw

DAMN can't a nigga live homeboy?

[Chorus]x4

[Big Punisher]

You on point Hev(Heavy on 4th repeat)

[Heavy D]

I'm on point Pun

You on point Ball

[Eightball]

I'm on point what

[Eightball]

Days and days

Blazing green shades

Of sticky haze

Remember Eightball from doin' it the player way  
Turn it up and we gon' rock it 'till the track stops  
Make the club seem hotter than a crack spot  
Players pushin' poetry like it's a kilo  
Keep my jewelry froze  
Like my name's Sub Zero  
Pimp 'till I'm gone thug living ain't new to me  
Love me a ghetto girl and everything she do to me  
Presidential suites and Bezo's turn 'em out  
Pass 'em through the clique until everybody burn 'em out  
How you lovin' that icin' on the cake right  
Miami girls hit that white and shake it all night  
Slab riders, chrome twinkies  
Smokin' sticky  
Iced pinky  
With some styles flipping with me  
Memphis, let me break it down for you pal  
Makin' easy money pimping hoes in style

[Chorus]x4

[Big Punisher]  
It's me, BP  
From the middle of little Italy  
With Eightball and Heavy  
Diddly diddly diddly dee  
Its no surprise  
How we pulverize  
All you smaller guys  
Fronting that you live but we oversize  
Holding knives to you neck  
All my nines and my techs  
Shine on but get strive for the best  
Take time to perfect  
Every rhyme that I kick  
I should get a sign on my dick  
"I don't got time for them chicks"  
They be tryin' to resist  
Everytime I insist  
They submit  
Bitch don't be lying on my prick  
I'm too quick for your lies and deception  
Hold your eyes in my direction  
If you strive for perfection  
Just watch the pro  
But its like a chore  
You gotta cap and go  
Feel the most  
Catch me next time I gotta rock a show  
Gots to go  
I'll be back and some other fat chick  
Peace to the Bronx, a mother in this rap shit

[Chorus] to fade out