

Point The Finga

2pac

"You could get the finger.. the middle!" [1]
"Come and get some!" [2]

Ahh yeah, they love to point the finger

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
[1] [2] Niggaz love to point the finga
Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch

I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point the finga
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops
I brought proof that the niggaz need guns too
It's not to be a racist, but let's face this:
wouldn't you if we could trade places?
I got lynched by some crooked cops, and to this day
them same motherfuckers on the beat gettin major paid
But when I get my check they takin tax out
So, we payin for these pigs to knock the blacks out
Ain't that a bitch, some officers are gettin rich
Whoopin on thugs and robbin drug dealers for they shit
As far as jealousy, bein a celebrity
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me
And the media is greedier than most
You could sell em your soul or they'll be on ya til a niggaz ghost
And everyday I read the paper there's another lie
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy
Now how's that for the life of a big shot
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot
I play them nuttin ass marks in the park
for tryin to earn they stripes in the dark
Just cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep:
only jealous motherfuckers beef, and point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch

As I run up on em madman, a nutcase with a screw loose
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies
Niggaz run to me don't come to me with beef
Take your jewels and your jeep, boom boom! Let that ass sleep
It's gettin hectic, niggaz run, quick
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit
All you niggaz on the block tryin to test me
Best wear a vest or get open like, sesame
I'll run up on you mad deep; while you're tryin to sleep
I'm steady pumpin bullets in your sheets
Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeah!
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine
Ban my rhymes, now I'm back to bustin, nines
And bustaz can't get none, hell no
A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jaw
I came up from the amateurs to pro hits
at 5-0, so you know I take no shit
And everybody wants to kill a bringer

of bad news, so they choose, to point the finga

One two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I bring skills and I build, kill at will
Smoke sess til I'm ill, still feel me?
I say one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up
Best to duck or get fucked for your bucks
Scream one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I can't give up, it's a black thang
And I ain't goin back to the crack game
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Bitches, let em point the finga
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Snitches, let em point the finga
Yo, one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I guess nobody loves a rap singer
That's why these motherfuckers.. (hahaha!) point the finga