

# Pointing Fingers

Mase

Yo, only got twelve bars so let me cut to the chase  
Fuckin' wit' stase, I caught a buck in the face  
I got the set me up, everybody's drinkin' henney  
Kid named timmy actin' friendly  
Grabbed her by offending, sure  
Hurt 'cause his game didn't work  
He didn't know the alchohol's about to get him merc  
He tried to french kiss her  
Yo, that's my man twin sister  
Swung on him, but he threw the toast in my ear  
I shoulda known he had people posted in here  
So I waited 'till the coast was clear  
And when he walked off, I put four in his rear, yeah, yeah

Yo, hud is the type, give him an inch? he takin' a yard  
'cause see, he the type of cat that be thinkin' he hard  
I told him if he gonna come, he got ta come by eight  
But hud don't never listen what I say  
He always do it his way, instead of our way  
That's why he always caught up in some damn foul play  
Talkin' 'bout I said at nine, he killin' time  
And he ain't checked the time on his wrist  
He probably somewhere lying to a chick  
Talkin' 'bout he rich, no, it ain't right  
How he gon' leave my big brother mase and jell overnight  
He wouldn't sell us out or yell us out  
But messin' wit' hud, we ain't even get to bail him out

I can't believe this nigga hud tried to blame it on me  
We on the i-95, three jars on my seat  
I'm hopin' cops don't be prejudiced, if not we don't eat  
You know what that mean, shut up hud, keep drivin' the jeep  
We got about ten miles, we don't did ten states  
I shoulda stayed, knowing hud? he gon' gas you to stay  
I'm tellin' hud, yo, pull over we ain't pissed since penn state  
The windows all foggy, plus we got temp plates  
Now hud steady streetin', not listenin' and yappin'  
Smokin' buddah straight from cuba, 'bout to wish this ain't happen  
I ain't tryin' to point no fingers but it's all hud's fault  
If he wasn't speedin' wit' no weed we woulda never got caught

Cardie, when you gon' grow up? you need to get chips  
Stack dough up, switch your flow up, 'cause your single was a donut  
Baby stase, need to learn to stay in the place  
And mase, that's your twin, tell her stay out my face  
And loon, that's my man but he floss too much  
He wanna hang out, 'bout, but he cost too much  
And meeno, that's my dog, but he talk too much  
And blink, fake pretty boy, soft as butt  
Oh damn, if I get touched, we gon' all get touched  
Go against harlem world and we gon' toss you up

Hey yo, meeno, hey yo, this is cuda man  
There go loon  
Tell him what you told him you was gon' tell him when you see him

Yeah, yeah, playboy, my man loon

Went out like a straight buffoon  
For a pretty face, a slim waist, sweet perfume  
Can't believe this shit  
Second week in june, second night in cancun  
Pop cris' by the full moon and the stars is bright  
Pray to God that I catch me a slide tonight  
But of course, loon gets drunk then starts to floss  
Runnin' his yap 'bout the same chick he toss  
Same chick from tour, all I got was jaw  
He's all in love, seen it all before  
Sucka' for love, this is man for a whore  
And until this day, still goin' to war

Hey yo, you just mad 'cause my chick drop dead  
And you mad 'cause I went to cancun got head  
You fed, 'cause I'm doin' it and gettin' more bread  
Why your block hotter than a nuclear warhead  
You more fed 'cause my pockets are stacked up  
While you spend most of your day baggin' your cracks up  
You fat fuck  
Hope you get hit by a mack truck  
And don't come around fourty and front and get tapped up  
Cracked up, can't wait 'till this album is wrapped up  
I'mma take you to a vacant lot, dare you to act up  
So strap up, 'cause I know you don't like me  
But just know you won't get a chance to fight me  
Loon, all out