

## They Point

E-40

Every time I stop, hoes like look at him  
Every car I drive, niggas want one of them  
They pointin', they pointin  
They like dammmmmnn  
They pointin', they pointin  
They like dammmmmnn

Like Ricky Ross, everyday I'm hustlin'  
Gettin' off weight (like who?) Jennifer Hudson  
Pack a hammer, Thor  
Shooter, score  
Slide through batches think I'm hecca rich  
Breakin' necks, turnin' heads like the exorcist  
Thumbs up like the like button  
Eatin' good, no rib touchin'  
Runnin' with a bundle, never fumble  
Countin' so much bread I got Carpal tunnel  
Stock paint (from where?) Maaco  
Beige, like a potato  
They hate me on the outside, love me in the inside  
Suck me in the back seat while I let a friend drive  
Half a pound two stacks, half a unit 10-5  
I stay out here by Sully so you know a hustler been fly

My pockets some'n serious, mansion on a hilly  
Main that nigga got more cheese than a philly  
Shoelace tied but a nigga still trippin'  
I'm Lionel Richie high, I'm dancin' on the ceiling  
Never marry a hoes, I just marry checks  
That's how you stay on top, missionary sex  
Rubberband business, know you heard of that  
I got the town talkin, know you scurred of that  
None less than ten figures, you know what I'm worth  
Record sales, show money, not including merch'  
Club full of bitches, pocket full of Franks  
Blunt full of weed, cup full of drank  
Me going raw dog, ain't no way in hell  
Before I risk my life it be a cold day in hell  
But bitch take it off, here we go show and tell  
And I'm fuckin' that pussy like I'm fresh out of jail

Parallel park while I'm ghost riding  
Black diamonds man I'm racial profiling  
I'm so fly man I need a co-pilot  
So I might let your damn ho drive it  
Lil' hair pullin' man I like rough sex  
Dropped out, I ain't never passed a drug test  
You know my lingo baby let's mingle  
So I got a thousand dollars worth of singles  
I got racks in the cargo of my camels  
Still, still won't give her Nathaniel  
Life a gamble so I had to make a bet  
These ain't Air Max but make a check  
They took me out the streets but it's still in me  
I been sellin' work since we had Bill Clinton  
I'm the voice of the streets so they still listen  
On the back of the milk carton, ceiling missing

[Hook]