

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 dammmmmn
They pointin', they pointin
They like dammmmmn

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 hecka 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]