

On Point

Heavy D

Yeah Yeah (Uh huh)
Eightball the fat mack in the house you know what I'm talking about
(Big Shots)
Space Age representing you know what I'm talking about
(You feel this?)
Big Pun up in here you know what I'm talking about
(Uh)
Heavy D, (Eightball is you ready my nigga)
Fat Mack, (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
(Hev Digga born ready my nigga)
Heavy D, set it up

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?

You on point Hev I'm on point Pun
You on point Ball
I'm on point what

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

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]