

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