On Point

Our Turn

Little boy, it's gon' take more than game
To get me to change my name
And you better not be lame, be lame, lame, lame
And little boy it takes more than a car
To get me to go that far
I ain't cheap little buddy I'ma star, nigga I'ma star
Gotta know whatcha lookin' at
If you want me to holla back
Gotta know when to stop talkin'
If you really wanna play in my lane
You gets nothin' unless that nigga's on point
In the bed better know what you doin'
Let the washer and the dryer keep the coins
I need dollas and that's trill unless that nigga pay bills
And unless that nigga do deals
Unless he got my wrist on chill, I'm for real
Better be on point, on point, on point, on point
Better be on point, on point, on point, on point
Gotta be on point, on point, on point, on point
Gotta be on point, on point, on point, on point
Better be on

Little boy, gon' need more than a check
To get me to show some respect
A phone call when ya late, don't text and don't flex nigga
Listen little boy, don't try to show out
When your little boys come to the house or I'll walk around this bitch
In my Loui Vitton heels and my ass hangin' out
Gotta know whatcha lookin' at
If you want me to holla back
Gotta know when to stop talkin'
If you really wanna play in my lane
You gets nothin' unless that nigga's on point
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