

# Point the Finga

## 2Pac

You could get the finga, the middle  
(Come and get some)  
Ahh yeah, they love to point the finga  
You could get the finga, the middle  
(Come and get some) Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finga, the middle  
(Come and get some)  
Niggaz love to point the finga  
Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finga, the middle  
(Come and get some) I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point the finga  
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer  
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops  
I brought proof that the niggaz need guns too It's not to be a racist but let's face this  
Wouldn't you if we could trade places?  
I got lynched by some crooked cops and to this day  
Them same motherfuckers on the beat gettin' major paid But when I get my check they takin' tax out  
So, we payin' for these pigs to knock the blacks out  
Ain't that a bitch? Some officers are gettin' rich  
Whoopin' on thugs and robbin' drug dealers for they shit As far as jealousy, bein' a celebrity  
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me  
And the media is greedier than most  
You could sell 'em your soul or they'll be on ya 'til a niggaz ghost And everyday I read the paper there's another  
lie  
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy  
Now, how's that for the life of a big shot?  
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot I play them nuttin' ass marks in the park  
For tryin' to earn they stripes in the dark  
Just 'cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep  
Only jealous motherfuckers beef and point the finga Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finga, the middle  
(Come and get some)  
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(Come and get some)  
Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
You could get the finga, the middle

(Come and get some)As I run up on 'em madman, a nutcase with a screw loose  
 A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies  
 Niggaz run to me don't come to me with beef  
 Take your jewels and your jeep, boom, boom, let that ass sleepIt's gettin' hectic, niggaz run, quick  
 Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit  
 All you niggaz on the block tryin' to test me  
 Best wear a vest or get open like, SesameI'll run up on you mad deep while you're tryin' to sleep  
 I'm steady pumpin' bullets in your sheets  
 Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter  
 Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeahGimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine  
 Ban my rhymes, now, I'm back to bustin', nines  
 And Bustaz can't get none, hell no  
 A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jawI came up from the amateurs to pro hits  
 At 5-0, so you know I take no shit  
 And everybody wants to kill a bringer  
 Of bad news, so they choose to point the fingaBoom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
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 You could get the finga, the middle  
 (Come and get some)  
 Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
 You could get the finga, the middle  
 (Come and get some)One, two, three, peace to the real G's  
 Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me  
 I bring skills and I build, kill at will  
 Smoke sess 'til I'm ill, still feel me?I say one, two, three, peace to the real G's  
 Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me  
 Pick it up, pick it up, give it up  
 Best to duck or get fucked for your bucksScream one, two, three, peace to the real G's  
 Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me  
 I can't give up, it's a black thang  
 And I ain't goin' back to the crack gameYou can do it son, be a man and stand up or run  
 Bitches, let 'em point the finga  
 You can do it son, be a man and stand up or run  
 Snitches, let 'em point the fingaYo, one, two, three, peace to the real G's  
 Still me, 'til these motherfuckers kill me  
 I guess nobody loves a rap singer  
 That's why these motherfuckers, point the fingaBoom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
 You could get the finga, the middle  
 (Come and get some)  
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(Come and get some) Boom, boom, boom on your black ass, bitch  
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