

## 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]