

Point Blank (feat. Zack)

Chinx

I be getting to the money on a quarter tank
Talking money nigga, point blank
Have my youngin run up on a nigga, point blank
Fuck the talking, throw that money in the coin tank
I get straight to the money
And bitch we ain't speaking and you ain't getting it from me
You know how we keep it and everything be 100
And fuck with the squad, bitch you know that we run it
See the homies who I do it for
Copped 40, told em move along
I helped nigga Sean, been balling
Move through the Carolinas, then Florida
Ain't no threat nigga, safe sex
Only thing we shoot up is latex, fake sweat
Dripping on the stove with it
Whipping in the cold blizzards
Started from the floor with it, cold with it
Nigga I know
Bet he catch a lick if he knew what I know
Wide body, tryna duck the pot holes
Took losses and I sit off
They ain't wanna see these young niggas pull it off
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You know how we keep it and everything be 100
And fuck with the squad, bitch you know that we run it
I'm a sandman
Fuck her on the same night
Blow it on the same night
I'm leaving on the same night
Coming straight out of gutter
I be fucking these bitches, and [?] we got another
If you reach for my chain, I bet my young get to drumming
If you turn the lights down, I bet your bitch see the covers
Coming out the hallway, bitches daddy [?]
You the first, that's what they all say
And we break a bitch down, we play a long way
And we ain't never had shit, we at the hallway

Thinking bout it, cars, foreigners, and rings around em
They know my niggas down to go, they ain't gone think about it
And I be busting out the bando, you read about it
And all the shit we bout to do, I know you dream about it
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