

# Point Blank (feat. Zack)

## Chinx

[Hook]

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

[Verse 1: Chinx]

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 [?], I know

Wide body, tryna duck the pot holes

Took loses and I shook it off

They ain't wanna see these young niggas pull it off[Hook]

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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, foreigns, 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[Hook]  
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