

# 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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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  
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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>