

# Point Blank, Point Blank

I hate the whole fucking world so the world better hate me  
I bust in your house and kill your whole fucking family  
I get so much pussy I think fucking is boring  
Took 10 mothafuckas to the grave up north  
They couldn't handle me enough so what you gonna do with me?  
Lock me up? Punk, I broke out of two penitentiaries  
Join the gang, ain't no thang, I love competition  
Shot my brotha in the head cause my hand was itching  
Never liked my stepdad cause he was too phony  
Stuck his arm up his ass cause he tried to swing on me  
I killed 2 of my teachers cause they called me a dummy  
Yo, ask me why I don't smile cause I don't think shit funny  
I don't joke, bitch, nor do I clown  
You can tell I was from Houston from the bodies I left around  
Now you can take that shit to the bank  
And tell all the fucking people that's why they call me Point Blank...

(What's your name, nigga? What's your name, nigga?) Point Blank...  
(Repeat 8 times)

When I go off people say they never saw shit  
And close their ears cause I only kick the raw shit  
You said you was hard so I started to busting the rough shit  
Now you wanna cry, you must not be from South Park, bitch  
A lot of niggas wanna rush Blank on a bum tip  
But that's a dumb tip  
See, I only been threaten by one man in my life  
And I promised never to look in the mirror with a butcher-knife  
Shock cause my lyrics are browsing  
Suckers I battled last year still standing with their mouths open  
Hoping they could come a plea but not from me  
Cause I'm solid as a bar that's slamming T.D.C.  
A lot of niggas say they are harder than concrete but still get bin  
Bitch, I punch holes in cement  
I can't believe you played yourself  
Trying to get a rid of me, you know you out-rated yourself  
You better go to sleep and forget the past  
Cause I'ma fuck around and wreck your ass  
Bitch...

(What's your name, nigga? What's your name, nigga?) Point Blank...  
(Repeat 8 times)

Point Blank, the hardest mothafucka around  
A lot of niggas tried to cross my waters but got drowned  
See, I think compared to me  
Other artists and new mothafuckas' scared to get with me  
But I met a couple, their nuts was swollen  
And they still try to get my shoes out their assholes  
Never would Blank get rolled on  
I got suckers on life-support still trying to hold on  
I tried to give them a break, let them stay awake  
But now I see I made a mistake  
Cause the pussy mothafuckas' claiming they bad and shit  
Now they sleep forever in a casket  
Never underestimate the mind of a psycho  
Harder than a mothafucka, people say I might go...crazy  
But I'm not, I'm slicker than a fox  
Stomach made of steel, drink piss on the rocks  
On the level I'm straight, crowds I motivate  
Penetrate bitches with my trusty old .38  
So don't ever try to step to me wrong  
Cause when my blood rush I cut more people than King Kong  
Police on my ass cause I terrorize the city

Doctors love me for keeping the hospitals busy  
Social security is a punch of bull  
I get a check every month for keeping graveyards full  
So if you ever need a nigga that's insane  
Look me up, Point Blank's my mothafucking name...

(What's your name, nigga? What's your name, nigga?) (Repeat 8 times)  
Point mothafucking Blank!