

Point Blank, Where Was Your Ass At

When I dropped my first album niggas was jocking me tough
And hoers was scared of me because my tape was too rough
"Well slow it down"
Hell, no! I ain't slowing down shit
It's 94 so you hoers better get used to this lick
You know what I'm saying, motherfuckers try to front on the Blank
Soon as they think I got paid, smoke a blunt with the Blank
Then we get high, so high that they think I don't notice
But only if they knew, that's the only way I could focus
Hip hop blues, I'm still paying dues undercover
But they don't see the times a motherfucker gotta suffer
Pawning all of my shit and I couldn't afford to get it back
But still made hits 'cause Dope ain't charged me nothing for the tracks
Cool, much respect due, I see you fool
Motherfuckers don't appreciate the shit that you and Egypt do
Women around Houston seem to think we rich
Because every time they see me I'm rolling with a different bitch
I got a tape, true enough, it's jamming, G
But I had more shit back in the day when I was slanging D
So how the hell you gonna say you was down from the git
When you weren't there when I was making this shit

Chorus:

Working late nights in the studio, busting my ass crack
Busting my ass crack, where was your ass at?

Hell, yeah, I bust my ass trying to make this
And I'll be damned if I let a nigga take this
'Cause it's all about respect and never giving up
But a lot of artists these days just don't give a fuck
I seen them come and go, straight to the top and drop
Way back when Just Ice used to wreck shop
And what I don't understand to this very day is
How'd all this white shit ever make it on the play list, shit
I dig ditches for bitches that wanna ride dick
Now everybody's jocking, trying to be my sidekick
Holding they hand out, trying to get a hand out
But when they stand out I wear they fucking ass out
Man, I don't owe that nigga shit
If I got something to give you, I'ma give it to you
You ain't got to rob my dick to get it
And what's this shit I heard about the Blank smoking crack?
Nigga, I'm six four, 260 solid, so squash that
The suicide attempt is true, if I may say
I can't explain, I just felt like dying that day
But motherfuckers stick they nose where it don't belong
And got the nerve to want to be on my fucking song
Trying to be down, but can't accept the fact that he fired
Get off my dick, nigga, I'm tired

Chorus

Nine to five, ten to three, eleven to six
around the clock clowns
trying to mix this shit down
I've been up for three days and still pushing it
My girl talk crazy, but fuck her 'cause she's full of shit
It's all about money, I got to get paid
If I don't make it in this game I got to get the 12 guage
And all I'ma have to say is I tried to
Not only my dreams died, I lost my pride, too
So I'ma reincarnate the old Point Blank
Put this damn mic down and start slanging weight
Because I knew a lot of niggas in the game

And I still know a lot of niggas who want to do this damn thing
Klondike Kat told me to hold on
While Vice Grip and Alcatraz was ready to get they bone on
David D was kind of scared, but I don't blame him
He was expecting another child and wanted to be there to name him
PSK, what can I say about this niggero
Always talk crazy, but down with the Blanksta though
But Dope E and Egypt E, I'm speachless
Much love for y'all fools, and I mean this
K Rude and all my boys up in TDC
I'd rather you stick a knife in me than forget me
Yo, I can't forget Bigtyme and Eddie C
MC Bone and Will up in Atlanta, G
And for the rest of y'all fools I know some of y'all care
But face the facts, you weren't there
Player, when I was

Chorus