

Keep It 100

Baby Bash

Crazy Toones, my DJ
When he play, you obey
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(Rollin' through the hood) I'ma keep it 100
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100
(What you talkin' bout?) I'ma keep it 100
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100
(Keep it cool dogg) I'ma keep it 100
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100
(Act a fool dogg) I'ma keep it 100
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100

Now the party didn't start 'til Dub bailed in
With a fresh white on smellin' like Patron
Blue pro fitted tilted to the side of the dome
Fo'-five on my side, nigga never alone
I'm the last of the reputables, jumpin' off the handlebars
Still gettin' money off the yola white scrambled hard
Three-wheelin' in a Caddy Brougham
It ain't P. Diddy bitch but tell 'em daddy's home
In a big frame, Big Swang, nigga just switched lanes
Now it's Lench Mob on the end of that chain
Now we clutchin' that clutch, all in the guts of these sluts
Lench Mob baby, ain't nobody fuckin' with us
W.C. the sickest, viscous, grip trig's and switches
Back givin' nig's the business
Down on my knees 'bout to gamble and shoot
(Serve they ass homie) Niggaz can't handle the truth

(When I'm in the hood) I'ma keep it 100
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(Act a fool dogg) I'ma keep it 100
I'ma keep it 100, I'ma keep it 100

Smokin' on that good thang known as the kush mayne
Laced with the hash oil, nigga that's a hood thang
Hood money, hood fast livin'
The wrong Starter cap will get you a hood ass kickin'
One name, gun flame, little niggaz wanna bang
Ride on me mayne, but on mine it's a money thang
But I still run the land, with the gun in hand
Cause one shell will have yo' ass doin' the runnin' man
Califoolya, better keep your Calico
Cause round here niggaz don't scrap no more
And since niggaz ain't squabbin' no more
I keep somethin' to make your chain hang low
and make it wobble to the floor

I squeeze heat, fuck your day up like
barbeque sauce on a brand-new creased T
Now who gon' bring the West back?
I don't know but I did my job, I put this bitch on the map

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I'm a legend, G, however niggaz wanna put it
Threw the dub up so long my fingers goin' crooked
The West ain't dead, I'm all the proof you need
In the Cadillac off of Grey Goose and weed
In the studio tryin' to balance the two
One pocket full of rap money, the other crack residue
Flag hangin' out my motherfuckin' jeans
Hopin' hip-hop come with dirty money to clean
South Central is MySpace nigga, but I ain't on the internet
Motherfucker I'm in the set
So don't make me have to come to your video set
With a chopper on my seat like Maurice Clarrett
I'll get at ya, niggaz know the stature
My fanbase, Corcoran to Pelican Bay to Calipatria
Dub still the nigga, so throw your fingers up in the sky
If you's a real nigga I'ma keep it real nigga

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