

Yeah, my nigga, these ain't ones  
These is 100s, these is 100s, these is 100s  
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No periods, all commas  
No ones in my stacks, these 100s  
I can give it to ya if you want it  
Nigga if you got it then flaunt it  
I started with a teaspoon  
Now I'm a tycoon  
Keep it lit like a full moon  
Street sweeper I started with nothing, all of a sudden I'm something  
My jewelry be bustin', showcasin', flossin' and stuntin'  
My woofers be subbin', I know they know that I'm comin'  
You might want to hide her or glue your hand to your woman  
My big ol' G's be shinin', My lil niggas be grindin', and they be shootin' a  
nd fightin'  
I tell 'em stop all the violence, mama's at funerals cryin'  
The P's be poppin' and the mac be multiplyin'

Bitch, these is 100s, these is 100s, these is 100s  
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Makin' all kinds of paper in my sleep  
Gotta stay with your stapler, play for keep  
Don't wanna be seven days, I can't be week/weak  
Never know who out there plottin' tryna sneak  
I be blowin' purple haze up out my Jeep  
My air bitches soil like a cleek  
I be perkin' off that loyal when I drink  
You don't want no problems, want no beef  
Your ratchets like some foil like some meat  
I'm talkin' sign language, I can't speak  
When I get questioned by police  
Throw off methods make 'em think that I'm a geek  
Activated, I might put your bitch to sleep  
The homie just touched down, forgot to mention  
Told me look at niggas hands and pay attention  
Be about your rubber bands and your funds  
I don't make it rain 'cause I ain't got no ones

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Of course, I'm a keep it lit like the fourth  
I could talk your mom out her purse  
Without no harm, or no force  
When I was starvin' like Marvin and eatin' noodles and spam  
Some bread or some milk or some peanut butter and jam  
The way I was built from the gravel, the soil, the land  
You can get killed out here if you cattin' and playin'  
I'm fried, I'm burnt, on 10, I stay turnt  
Suckers tryna monitor the money I earn  
I got the gift of the gab, could talk a rock off a cliff  
pill scraps, throwin' 100s to Crips  
Blue bags, well deserved  
C-notes, like Charlie Bird  
My player partners straight up out the rich  
Known for goin' hard on a bitch

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