## **100 Yard Dash**

Young Dro Y'all already know what it is when I'm on that Ecstasy Who dis is? Grand Hustle? Aye let's do it nigga

All we make is cash, straight drop glass Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass Trunk on blast and our cars go fast Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash

I'ma bank head veteran, got 'em takin' eccederin Suckas caught headaches when they saw me on David Letterman Ride 'round sever an' off the heads to my brother en Man, this gangsta picture been on Paul Wall ever since

I was young wit medicine, now I'm in the yellow bent Thought the shit was lame, Das, why I ain't go and get the yellow tint? Tell 'em Kent we ride phantoms supplyin' anthems Body full of reptile camo's and fine pampers

Shine amper, fox fur, submarine boxster Kill a nigga ass on time, they call me clockster Light skin Mossberg, not the black but the chrome one 26 Davins, the black back with the chrome front

All we make is cash, straight drop glass Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass Trunk on blast and our cars go fast Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash

Aye look, Brasco Astro Big shipment in advance, dead fresh nigga plaid put on castro Give 'em what they ask for, 20 thousand in sacks Stand on the trap till I see the damn task force

Come back in a black porche, me and Bola This Xtaci time, when the sunshine's it's over White cola, systems are metric, force successive Ain't no choice, I'm aggressive

My brauds walk on giseptics and nati Mark Jacobs in the maple Marzarati I'm rich, nothin' to do, so I'm taking up karate And I'm taping up my body like the NFL quarterback Michael Vick shit, I know how to bring a quarterback

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Bitch please, shawty I know you ain't got these Varagomas on my face and some Juicy Gator jeans Bitch I'm ballin' wit some pimps who be lettin' they should lean Know them grills gone bling and them banks go ching

Listen, I'm a queen, five carat ring See through blouse and my nipples ain't seen

## **Young Dro**

Everybody know that I'm quick to beat a hoe ass In a quick flash, make them bitches hit the floor fast

Drop top in the other seat, I got plenty cash Always first class, bitch I was made to last You a old rag still stuntin' wit a coach bag Young fly bitches like to ride when the beat blast

All we make is cash, straight drop glass Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass Trunk on blast and our cars go fast Choppa make a nigga do a hundred yard dash