

# 100 Yard Dash

Ab-Soul

Everybody get the fuck down now  
Soul in the building  
Yeah, we taking everything  
Everything you got

Hit the deck I need everything you possess  
I suggest you cooperate for this tech  
Send you to the doctor to operate  
You complicate my scheme to get rich  
I'll put this heat to your T, let it steam a little bit  
Look, when the chips get low, my fifth just blow  
Anything that I could pawn, come about that, dog  
It's money to be made and if you got it I'm taking it  
Just run it like a Jamaican and shut the fuck up, nigga

And that might leave more than a rash  
I'm coming for your ass  
Please hand me the cash  
Cause when I'm down on my last  
I gotta re-up fast  
Point me to your stash  
Don't make me say it again  
Before I lay you with Reagan, Benjamin Franklin, and them  
Frankly I'm a menace  
In fact I'm ready to blast  
So whatever you got, run it  
Like a 100 yard dash

Coming for you  
Don't let me catch you slipping in that pretty whip you dip in  
You would get pulled out  
Like my dick in these women when I'm finna bust, don't test my clout  
Your execution is a must, no doubt  
For the longest niggas been taking my kindness for weakness  
But this trigger is killing me and I'm just dying to squeeze it  
Fire for hire, don't let your murder transpire  
Thinking you will live forever like a fucking vampire  
I arose from the dark to claim everything you own  
And there's nothing between us but opportunity and this chrome  
It don't take a genius to know I mean this, so ante up  
Before I load the cannon up and blow your ass to Canada  
Nigga

And that might leave more than a rash  
I'm coming for your ass  
Please hand me the cash  
Cause when I'm down on my last  
I gotta re-up fast  
Point me to your stash  
Don't make me say it again  
Before I lay you with Reagan, Benjamin Franklin, and them  
Frankly I'm a menace  
In fact I'm ready to blast  
So whatever you got, run it  
Like a 100 yard dash

I'm wild with it, pistol whip whoever's in the house with it

Call the cops, tell 'em like a date, I'm going out with it  
Give me the goods, give me the hand me downs  
Tell your wife to pull her panties down  
I need those too, what you gon' do?  
Don't jeopardize your life, for the nigga hard body made of cement  
Plus I'm loaded like this clip, off of the Seagrams  
Lay you on the floor like granite  
Granted your granny watching, I'm grinning like I ain't just hit 'em  
Better believe it, my head's sort of off, shit  
I would have robbed Jesus for the cross if I caught him slipping  
God forgive him for this long arm like Pippen  
The cars honk but times is hard hard and I gotta eat  
Give me the watch, the Sean-John, even your sneaks  
Give me your socks, your drawers, your fitted, your Boost minutes  
Give me your stocks, your bonds, your blunts, your bongos  
Your food in the fridge, your iPod, your celly  
You say I'm wrong but I'm deadly  
That's dead wrong so I'm heavy  
Like Chris Wallace, regardless  
You're getting stuck up, pussy  
Like a tampon with a handgun, push me  
But I ain't on the swings, I got this infrared beam and it wouldn't miss a thing  
Bow!

Chyea! Rose  
I got you nigga  
I want everything  
I want the jewels, the watches, the bling bling, all that shit  
All y'all little niggas getting your chains robbed  
I'm on you  
I'm just playing y'all, I wouldn't hurt a fly  
Came out dope though  
Carson arsonist  
Yeah, it's funny that you say Carson-Carson arsonist  
That's where you're from right? Carson?  
Yes, yes sir  
Where is that exactly? If I looked on a map, where would I be lookin'?  
Carson is right in between Compton and Long Beach  
Shout out to Carson, Del Amo, that's where I'm from though, DA