

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

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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 bongs
Your food in the fridge, your iPod, your cell phone
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