

# The Whole Hundro

**Boldy James**

But why all the secrecy on this project?  
This is the Space Angel's new ship  
I'd sure like to see him  
We probably wouldn't know if we did, since no one knows who the Space Angel  
is  
Ayy  
Two way, deuce, siete  
Jack guy  
Where we at?

Can't swindle a swindler  
Used to cut the 'caina with vinegar  
Now I keep my traffic to a minimum  
Brand new millennium  
Too many Kansas City Chiefs and not enough Indians  
Countin' up them Benjamin Bannekers with them diamond cut tendencies  
Linin' up them big spenders  
Five hundred or better got me rackin' up them strict tenders  
Taxin' for them fish dinners, collectin' the front end  
Watchin' out for snitches who be havin' fed run-ins  
Got them peoples all in my business, tryna butt in  
Don't end up the butt of my jokes on the butt end  
It's different strokes, different folks on that dead end  
But when them street lights come on, it's time to head in  
Last one to take it in was tryna stay out  
All night servin', lil' nigga, what your day 'bout?  
Walt Disney on ice, slidin' with the clique  
Mickey Mouse drum on the chop, ninety in the clip  
Glit

Down in Columbo  
Cookin' in that same pot your grandma made the gumbo  
Uh, it's twelve packs in a bundle  
Sellin' twelve twelve skinnies in the trap, me and buzzo  
Yeah, two hundred racks in the duffel  
Keep the change in exchange for a bag full of truffles  
On gang, chip a nigga like some Ruffles  
Nigga go against the grain, I'ma blow the whole hundro  
It's Blocks

Lil' bloody, he a drill sergeant  
In the hills, tryna oversaturate the pill market  
Dropped a bullet, leavin' buddy house in the trailwind  
Ice-T night, he turn around, that's a tailspin  
Eatin' Chickendales off the crab, V12 Benz  
Parked it on the grass in the field, Sprewell spins  
All white ice, from the glare, it may appear blue  
I see a ConCreature when I'm starin' in my rear-view  
Airin' out my new coupe, pairin' up the Bluetooth  
Stompin' foreign pedals in Balenciaga moon boots  
Womb to the tomb, 227, cradle to the grave  
Grits in a blender, took it to the table with them J's  
Servin' in the rentals, burner in my denim  
Only built for Cuban link cables with the yays  
Platinum masterpiece, lookin' like the Silver Surfer  
Killed the parking lot, last night, I caught a triple murder  
The Jackson

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