

Hundred Smackeronies

Cochise

Yo' Cochise, A weh dem a seh?
Yeah, yeah

I've been runnin' to the racks, no way, oh (Now I got y'all fools this time)
, yeah
Heard these niggas talkin', no eight, yeah
I be getting caps, no 'saicin
I be coming in no place, look (Carlos is in here, bullet)
Getting money, I might do it everyday (Yeah, yeah), yeah
Call me Mr. Carter, make me play, uh-huh, yeah
I'ma shoot up on 'em, like I'm Klay, uh-huh
Yoplait, uh-uh, no way, uh-huh (Oh wait)
Yeah, I'm gettin' to the money, I know, I know they hatin'
Cookin' on these niggas like I'm, I'm cooking bacon
I know that he stuntin', but I, I know he fakin'
Kola champagne with the jerk, I'm Jamaican
I'm not fly, I'm playin', I'm just sayin'
Stop the hatin', you not famous
Hold up, what's your name is? Pull up like an agent
Money super saiyan, pull up and I'm bakin
Money comin' through and that's a rack, oh (That's a rack)
I be getting money, never lack, oh (I never lack)
Nigga talking crazy, just leave me blank, oh (Just leave me blank, oh)
I'ma get the choppa, bring it back, oh (Bring it back, oh)
Getting money, you could never get it back, oh (Get it back)
[?], oh
And my money coming through and it's attached, oh
I been running to the money, yeah the racks, oh
Niggas talkin' crazy, let me back up (Let me back)
[?] I got my racks up (Got my racks)
Getting this money, I ran it through with the Ricks
And when I pull up to the function they runnin' round like they cats
I'm getting money when it's sunny, I'm telling you to relax
Her booty shaped a apple, ain't talking no mac
Booty so big I need a whole map, yeah
Pull up to your crib, I'm taking all that, uh
Give me that, that, that, and that (Hit it)
I done had to tell her I really don't do marriage (Yeah, yeah)
I be goin' wheel, I ain't talkin' 'bout a Ferris ('Bout a Ferris)
I be getting money, why y'all nigga so embarrassed? (So embarrassed)
I be getting money, all my niggas out in Paris
Drip on my body and you know it's from the rarest
Ain't nothin' wrong with you livin' with your parents
Posted on a strip and they thought I was a terrorist
Back from the strip, get the money just to double up, uh, yeah (Double up)
I be getting money, yeah, and it doubled up, uh, yeah (It doubled up, yeah)
Booty gettin' big, just like a Tonka truck, uh, yeah
Back it up, baby, like a dump truck, uh, yeah (Like a dump truck)
Niggas talkin' crazy, then we bun him up, uh, yeah (Then we bun him up)
Choppa with the bricks, they finna bun him up, uh, yeah
Choppa his his head, look like he hit 'em up (Look like he hit 'em up)
Now lemme end my verse