

100 Rounds

Dro Kenji

Woah oh, oh, uh
She is not around (No)
No, she is not around
Hahaha, Nick, you're stupid

I'm sick of running through these thots, I got a wife, but she is not around
I'm gon' come through with this chopper and this shit hold like a hundred rounds
If we pop another Perc' then me and her might go a hundred rounds
I go crazy off these jiggas, out in Europe countin' hella pounds (Oh)

Uh, I got guns, what you sayin'?
Uh, I told my slime he gon' spray him
Uh, treat him like the 'wood, we gon' bake him
Glocks out, MACs up, we gon' broad day him
We gon' broad day him, we gon' cold case him
Put him on a t-shirt, we gon' put his face there
That boy like to talk a lot, but really wouldn't say nothin'
If it's 'bout some money, I'ma pull up with my gang, yeah
Oh, and I've been feeling alone
Up in this Porsche without my brothers, keep my hand on my chrome
This stick on me and I won't aim at not a thing but your dome
I'm smoking super loud, I get high like I'm Cheech and Chong (Oh)
And my neck look like a waterfall, it's so icy, oh, oh
And she won't be my wifey, no
But she see me with no thotty, oh

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I got a ho and she sucking on dick and she going so crazy like, "Damn, wow"
MAC with a dick, extended clip, suppressor not making a damn sound
Glock with a laser, shock like a taser
Sippin' lean, no chaser, I'm higher than a spaceship
I fuck with a country bitch and she love doing dip
Asked the bitch if she could swim 'cause all this water on my wrist (Oh God)
I'm getting faded with your bitch and we been sipping on this Cristal
And all these diamonds on my wrist, might fuck around and freeze my wrist, oh
h
A lot of missed calls
I'm too high so I can't see you, but baby, don't get pissed off
Smoking Cali gas, fuck around and lift-off
Oh, fuck around and lift-off

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We gon' broad day him
With a hundred rounds
Oh-oh-oh