

One Hundred

Esham

You hear it? It's about to come on
Uh, the real

When I step into the place, they be like, "There go E"
'Cause I'm like the purple kush, you like the reggo weed
More bounce to the ounce, stackin' large amounts
A real don, Esham's how my name's pronounced
I was born in New York but was raised in the D
Like to spend a lot of time down in Miami
'Cause the girls, man, the girls, they be drivin' me wild
But at the same time they be lovin' my style
'Cause I'm fresh dressed, like a million bucks
But it's to the East Side, still movin' on up
Leer jets straight takin' off the runway up
One way down, one way up
Up, up and away, twenty-four seven
Parlay as I play, on my way to Heaven
Sold some crack to Marvin Gaye trying to get that fatty
'Cause it's evil, and they got me, clockin' dollars 'til they shot me
Saw the flashes in my face, but it wasn't paparazzi
Woke up in a cold sweat screamin', "Mama, not me"
I'm a victim trying to get the cabbage, it's so sickening
Like the venom, it's the wicked in my spittin'
And they say the way I flow it is forbidden
Some would say not long ago that it was written
You wanna know what kind of car I was whippin'?
That's not a five, it was a six that I was grippin'

Gettin' haunted in a six hundred (That's what's up)
Stay so fly you make these tricks want it (Papered up)
If you got it, might as well flaunt it (That's what's up)
Man, everything one hundred (Papered up)
Gettin' haunted in a six hundred (That's what's up)
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Everything one hundred like Ben Franklin
Got a hundred more clones, and my pockets stankin'
Gotta get my money long like white lines
On the freeway, 'cause I'm way ahead of your times
On my mind's on my money, and my money's what my mind's on
Change like the four seasons, reasons to get my grind on
But I keep having these crazy nightmares
Ben Franklin flyin' kites and electric chairs
Telling me to come outside in the pouring rain
And hear the souls from the dead slaves screamin' out they pain
I ran to the vault to see if my stacks was there
Woke up from a cold sweat a multikillionaire
Though my cup runneth over, and I got plenty
My own greed won't allow me to spend a penny
Sittin' down in a crackhouse holding a semi
Reminiscing on the ways I got this hustler in me

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Everything one hundred, y'all know who run it
All those fronted, I'm the flyest ever done it
When chickens see me, they drop their drawers
I'm known in the hood as Santy Claus
I'ma tell you one thing that's oh so swole
That money be the root to all the evil
I can't get these dead presidents out my head
Ten thousand dollar stacks, all my friends is dead
I can't tell if I'm asleep or woke, the voices spoke
Purple cotton candy smoke made me almost choke
Friday the thirteenth, I wasn't trying to fall asleep
But I did, the nightmares continued to get deep
My whole body turned green from counting so much money
I tried to stop thinkin' 'bout it, but it always haunts me
I wake up when I realized that nobody wants me
To see what I'm saying 'cause they already don't see

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