

# They Ain't 100

Fredo

Fuck them I don't know them, they ain't 100  
In my German car drop a big pack on my young don, ah  
In the trap I make mad stacks of 1 number  
When you're at the pop you can lose it all off one fuck up

Fuck them I don't know them, they ain't 100  
All up on your crop half, fuck her yard don ah  
Fuck them I don't know them, they ain't 100!  
Strapped up, strap grips nigga that's Margiela!  
Hoppin out the spaceship  
Swagger's on 80  
Probably fucked your Misses in a Uber so it's 5-star rated  
Probably in Givenchys, swaggers out a gyal that's 5-star rated  
Probably haven't brekky out a mission, lean that's 5-star rated  
Drop the plug, we'll run it back  
In the Sudan tight bags  
Have Fredo run it back  
It's a sket that suck me on the MAC  
High road on Freemason  
Bitch the baddest cause she blaze it  
[?], she jump wavin  
Probably hold a pack in the ass

Chef whippin up a German  
Trap game I had to learn it  
Fuck a opp boy, I'm coppin burners  
Scummy nigga from the Southside  
But I found a plug and got the earnin  
I don't trust a soul  
I don't trust your soul  
I don't trust them boy, they vermin  
In and out of blocks  
In and out of blocks  
In and out the German servin  
In and out the kitchen on and off the stove  
Wrists movin like a whirlwind  
Fuck a rapper, I'll spin the coup round  
Spin the MAC and make your world spin  
Little Torment had no respect from day  
There was nothin they could tell him  
Kway Kway that white gyal with me  
And I got my badders gyal with me  
Nice breasts, she spend your whole stack  
It's nothin, she just wanna rule the world with me  
I ain't round and make my tail with me  
And keep a strap full of bells round me  
Just in case somebody try to get rowdy  
I don't fire use my gun, 'low me  
'Low me 'low me I don't want a 30  
Plus the washers foul with the [?] dirty  
Amne' buddy they can smell it on me  
I don't sell food, it sell itself for me  
Niggas corny, buyin hoes shoes  
I buy Loubs, buy buy some straps too  
This what happens when the realest niggas from the city  
Niggas make a rap tune

Young niggas gettin street money til they lock me  
I got a white gyal with a big back, she talks Cockney  
They see the kid and they skate out, it's not hockey  
Keep the dots in the gym bag, true it's stocky

We keep the hammers in the duffle  
So run your mouth and you in trouble  
My doggy rollin with the muzzle  
We gotta keep this shit 100  
Probably got us on the OBBO  
They addin pieces to the puzzle  
Hit the trap and make it double  
Cuh nobody promised tomorrow  
Call the plug yea, I call the plug and I tell him what's up  
Get the pack and get it gone  
I told them niggas I'm the one  
All them bitches gonna come  
I told them niggas get the funds  
Cause everybody wanna win and everybody wanna eat  
Tell everybody in the slums I'm [?]  
I'm the type to skip the drama  
Burnin bridges like I'm lava  
Hit the strip or hit the corner  
Runnin off some Marijuana  
Runnin speeches like Obama  
Ring your bitch she [?]  
Show the nigga why she lost it  
All the food, the nigga starvin  
Smokin weed for merely money  
Fuck that groupie if she borin

Whip, whip whip whip til it's hurtin  
Skatin round in the foreign joint, this shit German  
I got white boys, I got Polishes, I got Turkish  
They phone the phone I got my Arab ting, man she Persian  
Plug threw me a pack and served it  
I got clientele, man they purchase  
Runnin through the 100s  
Trap jumpin for the whole week  
A 1000 grams, man that's a whole key  
28, that's an oz  
No one told me I had to get a pack, gon' get that money  
I can hold my own T  
I was slippin out, now Imma take a trip to Harrods  
Imma keep it lowkey  
I seen a bad bitch and she a hottie  
Plug drop me bricks, I think I'm John Gotti, think I'm John Gotti  
I smoke that weed, I don't pop molly  
I heard the popo are after me  
You got them 9s and half a piece  
Fuck them I don't know them, they ain't 100  
OT for like couple months, talkin 1 supper  
Fuck tings I don't cuff tings, not 1 lover  
It was me and bro in that fuckin alley, it's the fuckin gutter

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