

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

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 your at the pop you can lose it all off one fuck up