

100 Boxes

J Stalin

I'm taxin' niggas
When that coke jump back
Put the whip game on it
How I do it like that
I'mma need a hundred boxes of baking soda
A hundred boxes of baking soda

Cocaine on my horse, nigga
Cocaine in my Porsche, nigga
The whole West, flooded with bricks
Cause some of you come up short, then they gon' split your shit
See, I got fifty bands in this briefcase
And I just beat a police chase
So I don't give a fuck about what he say or she say
I'm lookin' for the plug, where the bricks at?
My lil niggas keep callin', like where them zips at?
I'll be in the kitchen in an hour flat
Whippin' up powder, brining that hard back
No cut, this shit'll give you a heart attack
I gotta have a chopper at the transac
Cause I got a cool million in this back pack
Any my nigga Tommy-Guns'll push your wig back
Said I got a cool million in this back pack
And my cousin Maybach'll push your wig back

I'm taxin' niggas
When that coke jump back
Put the whip game on it
How I do it like that
I'mma need a hundred boxes of baking soda
A hundred boxes of baking soda

Niggas dyin' over drug money
Fuck a drive by, I'mma dump the whole drummy
Bounce out, show them niggas what we talkin' 'bout
It wasn't ready, air they ass out
Got a hundred bands in that safe, nigga
And a good lawyer for that case, nigga
So I been on the corner, still pushin' free bass, nigga
Wha, I used to be a lil broke nigga
I used to duwop and sell soap, nigga
Now I walk a thin line like fuckin' tight rope nigga
All I know is pimp bitches shoot dice, sell dope
Five in the morning, nigga, I was woke
Sittin' outside your house with your head in the scope
I just heard you got the shipment, nigga, fresh up off the boat
So I just came to collect, nigga
With them Macs and them Tecs, nigga
Them Macs and them Tecs, nigga

I'm taxin' niggas
When that coke jump back
Put the whip game on it
How I do it like that
I'mma need a hundred boxes of baking soda
A hundred boxes of baking soda