

Keep It 100

Joyner Lucas

Keep it a 100

Uhh

Yeah

Somebody told me money rules the world

I know you heard that shit

Money's the root to all evil

Blessings and murder shit

I slaved away for ten hours a day at work and just finally got my check but the ATM isn't working, shit

Oh, there it go

Damn, it's hot as hell

Punch in a pin code and grab a hundred dollar bill

I snatched it up and went back to my wheels

Hit up the plug and said "I know you got some bud, I need that with some pills"

Meet me outside the gas station on Park Ave, I'll be waiting

Then put the cash in the glove compartment as I sat waiting

Damn, yo where's this nigga at?

Bout to light a cigarette while I...

Oh, there he go

Open up the glove compartment and told em to light this

Come around and drive inside and, act normal like we ain't making a transaction

Take that (what up, what up)

I dapped him up and got to sliding

He crinkled it up, walked off and put it in his pocket

Off to the strip club with some drinks and some orders

He pull that hundred out his pocket, uncrinkled the corners

Stageside, watching this one bitch shaking and twirling

Busted it open all exotic and maybe she's foreign

She making eye contact

She got on eye contacts

She sees that Benjamin Frank, she keep her eyes on that

She's thinking "I want that"

He takes a sip of his glass

She bend over, he slaps her ass and puts some ones in her crack

He whispers in her ear "How long are you here?"

Tell me you single... Oh, you got a man?

Fuck, I don't care

Tell him I'm queer

Save my name as Susan in your contacts

And fuck your relationship, I ain't worried about that

Can I use that red marker, sir?

Let me write my number on this hundred for you

Make sure you hit me up when your boyfriend can't do nothing for you
(508) -507-2209"

She got home and opened her purse as soon as she gets to the door

Counting them dollars, smoking tree while she sit on the floor

I don't think she like how this shit make her feel

But you gotta do what you gotta do when it's time for paying bills

For real

She wanna get high now, uhh

Grab the Benjamin off the floor, she feeling alive now, uhh

Few grams of coke on the table

That's the right now, uhh

She rolled a hundred up and stuck it up her nose like

That's what she call heaven's door
That's what she call Snow White, the white without seven dwarfs
She throw a hundred back at her purse and headed down to the store
She needed blunts for the gas
She needed gas for the Ford
She needed eggs and some dill
She needed cheese and some milk
She needed change

"What what number is that?
I said what number is that on the bill, what is that?
Yes, in red, it's like a phone number
What is this?
Never mind"

"Aye aye, don't you make one muthafucking move
Empty that register
I know you don't need my help
Hurry the fuck up, look
Don't make me repeat myself
Gimme the cash, follow instructions, don't be fucking moving
Cause I'd hate to kill you over something stupid
Now hand me the bread and place your hands on top of your head
Take my tough advice
Turn around and count to a hundred if you love your life"

Now keep it a 100
Uhh, keep it a 100
Yeah, keep it a 100
One hundred
Keep it a 100

Yo
Somebody told me money rules the world
I know you heard that shit
Money's the root to all evil
Blessings and murder shit
He put that hundred inside of collection plate on Sunday too
Hope that it'll take away your sins
Maybe someday soon
But anyway they covered the plate and just continued praying
After church the pastor opened it up and started saying
"Lord forgive me but I need this, I've been really static"
And he grabbed the hundred off the top and started staring at it
Held it up to see if it's real or fake
Then looked around to make sure nobody was looking
And then he took it
Damn
Off to the streets with the Lord
Off to go find him a whore
A hundred bucks in the dash and now he riding the course
He see some bitch on the corner
He told her hop in the car
And then she opened the door
"Come on bitch, yo hurry the fuck up
I ain't tryna get caught up"
Then continued driving his stuff
Looking for a spot in the cut
"-How much for head?
-A hundred
-Now how much for sex?
-A hundred
-Damn, a hundred?

-Come on, that's not a lot
-Fuck
-Why you playing?
-Nah, I'm just saying, that's a lot, bitch
Like gotta calm down, damn"
Now she making eye contact
She got on eye contacts
She see that Benjamin Frank
She keep her eyes on that
She's thinking "I want that"
He pulls his dick out his pants
"Ooh God, it's good"
Transaction complete
And she went back to the streets
Back to the cash at the leash
She back to get back on her knees
And she don't like how this shit make her feel
But you gotta do what you gotta do when it's time for paying bills
For real
She wanna retire soon, she swear to God
She looked up and seen the hand of God
Oh my God
Forgot she had a pimp
That nigga been looking for her ass for days
Took every single dollar and left her eye black and gray
He be on the corner jamming getting drunk that-a-way
7-Eleven gambling throwing all his cash away, yup
Some say that money rule the world
I know you heard that shit
Money the root to all evil
Blessings and murder shit
Yeah, that pimp just lost that hundred dollars in that dice game
He said "I should've just bet that shit on tonight's game"
Whatever nigga, nice game
The homie who won it walked off with the hundred
Then opened up his wallet
Stuck it inside and then put it in his pocket
Started stomping and running
Feeling so good, started hopping and jumping
Money flopping and rumbling
His eyes is as big as his smile
No stopping him from the prow
He's jogging, skipping around
Till his wallet fell on the ground
A hundred sticking halfway out
In the back of a halfway house
For like three weeks
So don't even ask me how
Check it
A homeless man walks by
Sees a wallet, opens his eyes
And then grabs it, opens to check what's inside and to a surprise
It's money
A couple dollars, a hundred bill with some writing
A number written in red
If he had a phone he would call, but he doesn't
So he says "fuck it, it's mine"
And I'm really hungry and thirsty
I want some beer, a beef jerky
Maybe some ten percent juice
And if the store's open, I need some cigarettes too
True
He walked into the same store on the block

Just so happen to be the same exact store that got robbed
What a coincidence
That shit is just as weird as I thought
The clerk rang him out and said
"That'll be eighteen, twenty-five"
And then he held that hundred out with the red number written on top
And then everything stopped

Yo wassup, this is Joyner
I'm unable to take your call right now
Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you, peace

Mr. Lucas, Officer Michael Bradley with the police department
Trying to get a hold of you now, this is the third time calling
I need to speak to you with regards to some serious charges
You need to get back to me as soon as possible
Or we'll be showing up at your door with about 10 officers and some handcuffs.
Choice is yours