

# 100 Sheisty's

Mase

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, check me out, yo  
This is J 'Sug', yo  
I know you been around the world, man  
I don't fuck wit' the sheisty niggas  
I don't fuck wit' the sheisty hoes  
I done did it all, nigga

Yo, what would make a scared man pull a trigga'?  
The same thing that make a scared man act bigga'  
The same thing that make me grab my tec and empty quicker  
Adrenaline rush, on the hush

You will die fuckin' wit' us  
Vacant lot is my home and In my team I trust  
So don't talk about them things if yo' things don't bust  
I knew a guy like you, his name was Filipe

Had me on 3-way with the D.A.  
Tryin' to find out where we stay  
So on my 24th b-day, I'm locked up in V.A.  
He don't know my guns turn commotion to slow motion

Then from slow motion to no motion  
Run up in the place he hip hoppin'  
Spit shots in, clip droppin', if I get caught, get Cochran  
And give Pedro my pesos

So he don't snitch while I lay low  
For 'bout a week or two  
Come back like peek-a-boo, you see me, I see you  
And if you talk, you be in ICU

Yo, yo, this Cardan  
I know you know a hundred brotha's that sheisty  
Like I know a hundred brotha's that's real  
But I think it's time you know how we chill

I have been a hundred places and nothin' excites me  
Hit a hundred hoe's and none of them wifey  
For every thousand that love me, a hundred don't like me  
So how you wit' a hundred cats and none of the sheisty?

We the niggas wit' the homicides  
And got niggas the most traumatized  
And how they actually sat there and watched they mama die  
But don't worry about it, you second

Just had to get her first  
'Cause she was the one that gave birth  
And we can't have no more dirt in the earth  
I hate to be the last nigga to turn off your lights

Without usin' a switch, and throw you in a ditch  
Ya body don't fit, 'cause niggas could still see ya kicks  
So do you really wanna take that risk?  
So unball ya fists 'cause I'm always a step ahead of ya'll

You ball ya fists, I cock back  
You take a swing and you got that  
And that's what they gon' mop at  
This gun is from a foreign land

I don't know why it got it in my hand  
And I'm gonna get off every penny  
I don't care if its automatic or semi  
If I payed 300 flat, that means I'mma send a hundred cats back

If 300 attack, but it don't hafta be an exact  
I'm gonna get the gatts and get 'em all in one house, and run out  
And sprinkle some on the grass, and spit on it  
And come back to a pile of ash

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Yo, yo, yo, a hundred sheisty, a hundred and quicker  
We strap up inside the 18-wheeler  
A drug dealer with cold cash, but so as  
To get his stash would be no task with no mess

Love to get you hot and blast, than fast  
My infared beam is on yo' ass, my team is on yo' ass  
Plot and schemin' on yo' ass  
That bitch you came wit' stay screamin' on her ass

Put three on her ass 'cause nigga, we love the cash  
Harlem World niggas got G's in the stash  
No questions asked, time will tell, Heaven or Hell  
You don't wanna be the nigga who be catchin' the shell

Meeno, and then I be, be the team to prevail  
So when you pray  
Tell Jesus how you wanna be helped  
Muthafucka, rock-a-bye baby

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