100

OMB Peezy

D.A. got that dope

Oh, you one hundred, nigga? Grab the tool, yeah (Let's get it)
Why you tough? Lose your attitude, yeah (Lose your attitude, yeah)
But that street shit, that's somethin' that you feel (Yeah)
But the system built for us to lose, yeah
Middle fingers in they face if they ain't believe us
A hundred racks inside they face 'cause they gon' need us
And we ain't grow up with big homies, they ain't teach us
It be the people that you love that be the leeches
Where you from, you gotta walk 'round with your man totin'
I'm from the trenches, plus I do it for the ghetto
I'm with the same people that was with me when I was dead broke
Close homies turned they back and they was dead wrong

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But the system built for us to lose, yeah
If you one hundred, nigga, grab the tool, yeah
You gettin' money, ain't got shit to prove, yeah
Slow down, boy, you're livin' too fast, yeah

Look, to get that money, what you gon' do for it?
Try to rob me, movin' funny, is you gon' shoot for it?
You turned your back on me, I made it, I know you sorry
Niggas wanna play so I just went and bought a new toy
I know people only love you when you're doin' somethin' for 'em
Own blood crossed me, I'm thinkin' 'bout doin' somethin' to him
They gon' say they want your leg soon as you rip off your arm
No appreciation, people always actin' like you owe 'em
Sometimes I feel like I'd never make it out the struggle
Never ever change your heart, the streets don't love me but I love 'em, ayy
Fuck bein' shot, have you ever lost your bundle?
It's gon' be a cold summer, chopper hold a whole hundred
I'm a hundred, lil' nigga

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