

2100

Plies

2100

She asked me what kind of cologne I'm wearing, I told her 2100
2100

I don't know how to pronounce that shit, I didn't know it was 2
100

I ain't never liked rats growing up so I ain't go to Chuck E. C
heese

She asked me why all the noise in the background, I told her I'm
at Eddie V's

All blues, hemp bundles, gold strip, that's a hundred gee's
Your name in a nigga paperwork, please stay the fuck away from
me

She asked me what the five grand was for, I told her lashes
My brother told me it's easy to spot a killer cause they always
laughing

How the fuck you niggas standing on business, you ain't got no
business

How the fuck you niggas hollerin' "trenches", you ain't from the
trenches

You want me to pay your rent, bitch, or you want me to buy the
building?

You want that last Cuban, or you want these vaulted ceilings?
The bitch don't care if she fucked to get some money then that's
a ho

And if you ask me to hangout and you don't take care your kids,
then that's a no

Got stars in this ceiling, baby, this a half a ticket

And if yo motion don't match my motion, bitch, then I ain't trying
to kick it

You could come eat with us, bitch, cause we ain't hurtin' for no
money

And all of us got sticks on us cause we ain't doing no punchin'
Gotta stack that paper up cause I ain't going like Diddy
And we might fall out but don't link with opps, cause I ain't doing
no switchin'

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