

(Goddamn, BJ with another one)
(Trell's on the track)
I'm on Mars right now, oh
It's a real nigga 101, oh
Look

Ayy, coupe me, blue seats, yeah, this a 101
Bought a brand new Audemars Piguet, yeah this a one-of-one
75 the speed limit, in the 'Vette I'm doing 101
They pulled the plug right by the bed on the 101

101, it's a real nigga 101, this a trill nigga 101
Real nigga 101, let's have a real nigga 101, this a real nigga 101

Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, nigga, fifty-
one fifty (This a real nigga 101)
Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, nigga, fifty-
one fifty (Said this a real nigga 101)

I moved my mama out the ghetto, golden medal, bitch, I grind for this
Iced out my new bezel for them times that I did time for this
Street nigga, minimum wage, that's the reasons for the crimes I did
Drug dealers, minimum days be the reason for the time I miss
Everybody say they ride, I look back, and ain't nobody walk for me
I remember back then when I ain't knew nothing, now them new hundreds get ol
d to me
I been fuckin' foreign bitches overseas, balling hard in my Kobe sneaks
Shoot the rock, no Ginóbili, plug thought it was 103
Got a gutter bitch from the projects, let me flood her house with pounds and
bricks
I'm on a whole 'nother level, the shit you did can't amount to this
Help you climb a mountain, you cut my wrist
Them people gave me they butt to kiss
Only one hundred that they showed me was Ben Frank, that's on the counterfei
t
Everywhere you go, you need a place you can call home
Meet me at the crossroads, wait 'til the devil comes, all alone
Them niggas hate, but they can't stop it, no
That same young nigga from the projects, came with that rod and wet up your
homies
Tires skrrt off on the one-way, rockstar lifestyle
I watched them hoopers post on Harden like tell the opps pipe down
I watched JoJo trap out the 'partments, I guess Vivi turned his life 'round
Every night that we was starving, mommy, look at, we alright now
Look, yeah, we got ice now
You and me, two seats, coupe seat, live it up
Two C's, Gucci, I got it out the mud, she wish it is, no cabinet
I thank the Lord for everything He did, I'm like, "Inshallah"
He might die trying to get rich, go by the name of the Q-Ball
Stacked everything from hitting licks
My back against the wall, I'm screaming (No more pain)
My cup was killin', plus it's overflowin' with evil thoughts (No more pain)
From all the wrong they did to him, they think that he forgot
I'm fucked up, I ain't got no love, I ain't got no lust, I ain't got no trust
I fell in love with all these hoes and double cups
I gotta get it, I don't think I've had enough (this a real nigga 101)

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