

100 Bars & Gunnin

Ramirez

Yeah, Savage Thug Music

From the M.O.B., run this shit down like [?]
From the M.O.B., run this shit down like [?]

Bitch, I'm on a mission, my destination the grave
Aim my chopper to yo' head then I take off your toupee
Mobbin' four deep inside of a bucket, the transmission slippin'
Had a conversation with the devil, told me get to rippin'
It's the Grey*59, throw your six up in the air
Darkness fallin' from above, step across and bitch beware
I'd rather die from my feet than to live up on my knees
True soldier from the trenches, jumpin' out the seven seas
Fuck with me, get your wig pulled back
Steady swervin' off a Xanax that I put inside the shack
This shit is kickin' in and I just don't know how to act
My remembrance is enough, 'bout to pull a hijack
Crash a plane inside of a buildin', now watch the bodies burn
As the world turns, police sirens comin' but I'm not concerned
Suicidal, lay my ashes inside of a gold urn
Shootin' at these busters so you know murder is what I yearn
Get a call it from my uncle, tells me, "Nephew, what you doin'?"
Come to M-town, we can get some money and pick up the chewin'"
Ball 'til the day I fall, hundred gold spokes when I crawl
Keep my back along the wall, watch another pussy fall
Mind fucked up, keep the toolie like I'm Bobby, mane
In the kitchen whippin' up a storm and standin' in the rain
*59 thug 'til my body turns Grey
'Til you put me in the dirt and leave my body to decay
Run up, bitch you don't wanna
I keep my gun up 'til the sun up, creep on the come up
I push this gat into yo' stomach, bitch, I'm the gunner
You think you ballin', you no stunna 'cause I'm a hunter
This is a stick-
up, lay it down when I come around a mask over my face
Buckin' at the window, drive-by, bitches give me space
I don't need to talk to nobody 'cus all you suckas fake
Bitch, you mad about the fact, that your music don't make plays
Sellin' reposts, you's a ho, I need ten to spit a flow
Twenty bands up at your show, gorilla comin' out the sko
Brown paper bagged up St. Ides sippin'
Like I said, in the beginning, I'm a killa on a mission
Better back the fuck up 'cus shits about to get real
Call upon the fucking devil so him and I cut a deal
Searchin for another meal, could give a fuck how you feel
Bitch, you fuckin' with the wrong one, I'm 'bout to make you squeal