

## 100 Bars & Gunnin

Ramirez

Yeah, Savage Thug Music

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

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Bitch, I'm on a mission, my destination the grave  
Aim my chopper to yo' head then I take off your toupée  
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