

100 Million

Stitches

Make a hundred-million
Get a hundred-million
Imma make a hundred-million
Hundred-million...
Imma get a hundred-million

(Press it, wrap it, ship it, flip it)
Imma get a hundred-million
Make a hundred-million
Imma get a hundred-million
(Press it, wrap it, ship it, flip it)
Imma make a hundred-million
Get a hundred-million
Hundred-million...

Everyday I put myself at risk sellin' cocaine
But I don't give a fuck, I want a hundred-million dollars in my bank
Ask about me in the streets, and you know I got that rank
So much damn money in my bank, I just bought myself a tank
Let's go to war, I dare you
I ain't here just to scare you
I'm a deadly nigga, ask around your hood
You say you could kill me, boy, I wish you could
I ain't got no sympathy
Keep these fuck boys away from me
Imma probably die sellin' cocaine in the streets
Or the feds gon' put me in the penitentiary

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Yeah, all eyes on me like I'm Pac now
Them jack boys start runnin' everyday I shot down
All I see is divas through these Louis lenses
Extraordinary game, bad reputation
Fuck 'em, they was never really with ya
And this my shot, homie, and you ain't in the picture
Bitch, I say the truth, even when I lie
I sell so much cocaine, I even learned how to fly
(Fly in a plane from Colombia to United States!)
And I get my cocaine in the wooden crates
Bricks is all I know, my mom say it's a bad trait
But I can never go back and get a clean slate

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Hundred-million...