

100 Real Niggas

Young Scooter

[Chorus:]

Shout out to my essay, shout out,
Shout out to my essays. (amigos)
Chip it by the low,
Ship it by the low,

Shout out to my essay.,
Man, that nigga got me stained,
All these niggas can't know me.
'Cause we keep a lot of money.
Man, we stand on these niggas so hard.
Couldn't look anywhere.
Front whip, wouldn't pull up.
Ew, awe, hey, take a trip.
Flying out to Mexico.
My essay's got it planned out.
He sent 'em back,
Got sending cash,
Everybody come with their hands out.
I'm shipping it all, I sell it all,
Y'all niggas here, aren't worth it,
You see why I came, said?
T H E Niggars can't even see my essay,

[Chorus]

Trunk full of bricks,
That amigo gang got plumped prices,
Free Mario, 94 bitch,
Real dope boy, like my cousin, not a snitch.
You know I know essay,
And essay, he bring most stuff,
It gonna cost you more if I bring
The finger for her.
'Cause I don't trust my lawyers,
This whole world is of lawyers.
These bloods still in order,
Most of them cost you,
Everyday a payday.
Counting with my essay,
And we counting a [?]
I know the police watching,
My essay got me toppling.
I'm in the hood, shopping,
You want some slag, I got it!
You want some bricks, then count it.

[Chorus]