

One Hundred (feat. Z-Ro & Yung Redd)

Paul Wall

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When you up, you up and when you down, you down
But when you fall off just peep out who still come around
It ain't too many gon' hold you down
When you down and not on ya luck
But I'ma be right by your side even when that road get rough I keep it cool when the streets is hot
And all your friends that soon forgot
They leavin' you all alone to rot
But I'll be there till you back on top I'm down with you with no strings
No matter what, one hundred or more than a few
I'm gettin' that paper to feed my crew
And no matter what you goin' through, I'm stayin' true I know you been searchin' for someone
To keep it one hundred
So tired of mixed love and bullshit
And keep keepin' it comin' Damn right, he came up from nothin'
But now he's got money
And he's feedin' his people
Ain't no one of 'em gon' ever go hungry I represent Mo' City until the day I die
I speak the truth even when I say a lie
Even lil' babies know better than to play with I
Would be to lost and never found to say bye bye Y'all already know I got a lot of evil in me
But I got a lot of that love shit too
'Cause I promise I'm in love with my ride
And I'm in love with what it's sittin' on
Bitch and my pants so blue Thanks to Paul Wall
You already know I got love for ya bro
My cup empty yo cup, if you less pour some mo'
My nigga T-Faris and J-Dawg
And even my old school nigga fuck When they show us hate, we gon' show 'em back love
Now but last year would've been a different scene
But I'ma let you make it
'Cause I'm really tryna keep it one hundred
So stay the fuck away from me, please I know you been searchin' for someone

To keep it one hundred
So tired of mixed love and bullshit
And keep keepin' it comin'Damn right, he came up from nothin'
But now he's got money
And he's feedin' his people
Ain't no one of 'em gon' ever go hungryHomie, I'm different like a alien
Drivin' in that mothership, it's black, it's midnight
I'm sittin' high up on that numbers list
Wet from all this paper rain but now I'm never drowsy
They talk but I can't even hear the way they whisper 'bout meEven if they doubt me, haters I'm off limits
Blowin' cake, oh yeah, I make desert for a livin'
So many times I swear I spare my last one hundred
Like a grade in the class, now that's extra creditI know you been searchin' for someone
To keep it one hundred
So tired of mixed love and bullshit
And keep keepin' it comin'Damn right, he came up from nothin'
But now he's got money
And he's feedin' his people
Ain't no one of 'em gon' ever go hungry

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