

100 Keys (Feat. Rick Ross & Pusha T)

Big Sean

Ay, ay I'm from a big city

Tryna make a living

Come to my hood

Everybody get it

And for that paper all the wrong things sound right

Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like

Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like

Young niggas gettin' money, young niggas gettin' money

Just a bittersweet symphony I play these keys, handle dope Barry Manilow

The game a bitch but at times she sweet as cantaloupe

Hit the road, key of coke in the manifold

Triple beam dreams with a trunk full of scattered clothes

Japanese denim, down south numbers

Hit it once trust it'll make a fat fiend stumble

Do the speed limit, all gold shoes

Call 'em penny loafers, they a pretty penny too

I'm tipping strippers but I call it penny pinchin'

She told me shit but I could get her titties lifted

My new crib got it's own city limit

Motherfucker got his own city in it

Blue marble on the floor

Where the salt water

I'm the boss this player holes like a golf course (Young niggas gettin' money, young niggas gettin' money)

Just a bittersweet symphony Big city

Tryna make a living

Come to my hood

Everybody get it

And for that paper all the wrong things sound right

Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like

Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like

Young niggas gettin' money, young niggas gettin' money

Just a bittersweet symphony One hundred keys

One hundred please

My gesundheit could make a whole city sneeze

Walk the mud jungle where they grinded out the leaves

So they swarm to my honeycomb, hide out for the bees

You know what this sounds like

Money countin' sound bytes

Machine gun fire

Name ringin' through like the town like
Church bells ringin'
Know where he was found like?
Colombian necktie over hospital gown, right
She live on her knees
I live in a condo in the trees
The air's a little thinner that I breathe
Iron Man Audi, let the top strip tease
My life is slow motion but the watch screamin' freeze
Yughck, young nigga gettin' money
The feds dragged neck, couldn't take nothin' from me
The decoy car is a crash test dummy
What follows is a hundred of 'em wrapped like a mummy I'm from a big city
Tryna make a living
Come to my hood
Everybody get it
And for that paper all the wrong things sound right
Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like
Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like
Young niggas gettin' money, young niggas gettin' money
Just a bittersweet symphony And they gon' risk a hundred lives
So they could rock a hundred whites
The guests look like a hundred lights
Man when blade down my city, cried a hundred nights
Yeah I got a main girl, but I done hit a hundred types
Every wrong I do, I'm stayin' tryna do a hundred rights
Got her for cheap, a better price
My nigga keep that low key, Barry White
And don't worry 'bout the info
From where they ride Pintos, couldn't afford Enzos
'Cause everybody know, keys open doors (keys-keys open doors)
But bricks open windows
Countin' a hundred hundreds, more by more
Built this form the tile up, floor by floor
Talk shit, I send 'em door by door
Made for the Snow White life, four by fours my nigga I'm from a big city
Tryna make a living
Come to my hood
Everybody get it
And for that paper all the wrong things sound right
Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like
Where I'm from they push a hundred keys and it sound like
Young niggas gettin' money, young niggas gettin' money
Just a bittersweet symphony

Songwriters

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