

100's (feat. Chief Keef & A.E.)

Tyga

Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
Hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid hunnids
Runnin' through the set, runnin' up a check, runnin' through the bag
Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
Money in the sack, money in the sky, money in the ceilings
Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
We don't need no motherfuck' money machine
We like to touch it, touch it, touch it, touch it
In the club, throwin' racks and I got swag bustin' out the bag
(Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids)
T-Raww pulled up on me in a motherfuckin' Lamb
(Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids)
Jumpin' on my dick, jumpin' on my dick, jumpin' on my dick
'Cause I'm countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
We don't need no motherfuckin' money machine
We like to touch it, touch it, touch it
Runnin' up the set, throwin' up the set, bitches on set
Yeah, got bitches in the hallway
Dope in the stash, dope in the stash, hoes in the back
Yeah, that Ferrari just foreplay
Nigga put the swag, nigga put the cash, nigga put the bag
Yeah, everybody know me, bitch
Runnin' up a check, runnin' up a check
Techs with a tech if a nigga play me, bitch
Nigga, go that way, nigga, go that way
Bitches come this way, bitches wanna kiss me
Turn a freeway to a speedrace (Skrrt)
Don't be actin' shit about the fam
Don't be readin' shit in Daily Mail
I just closed a big deal, lookin' through my email
Watch this shit sell like Adele, yeah
Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
Hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid hunnids
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'Cause I'm countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
We don't need no motherfuckin' money machine
We like to touch it, touch it, touch it Uh, bought that whip off the show room (Skrtr, skrtr)
Yeah, she do the same things them hoes do and that makes her a hoe too
I'ma bachelor, I ain't got no boo, it's all be solo and nobu
Uh, drunk off the sake and the soul juice, yeah, drop out, pull up in a old school, ooh
Drop out but I'm pullin' drops out, got my cock out like I told you
Heard the rumours 'bout you were so true, you thirsty and you ain't got no juice
And gettin' bread somethin' that we toast to
Two girls asked me what I'm gon' do, I said both of you Young Nobu, we at the go-thru
All my day ones is my go-tos
Got my own show just to show you
I don't trust you as far as I can throw you
Ch-ch-chop it up like Pro Tools
White diamonds drippin' like '02
Niggas want beef but they Tofu
They like G.O.O.D. Music, baby, that's a good move Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.