

100 Keys (feat. Rick Ross & Pusha T)

Big Sean

Ay, ay(Chorus-Big Sean)

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(Rick Ross)

I play the keys handle dope, Barry Manilow

The game a bitch, but at times she sweet as cantaloupe

Hit the road key of coke in the mantle fold

Triple beam dreams with a trunk full of scattered clothes

Japanese denim, down south numbers

Hit it once trust it would 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 talking 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

Wet as salt water

Ima boss, Im just playing hoes(holes) like a golf course(Young niggas gettin' money, young niggas gettin' money)

(Big Sean)

Just a bittersweet symphony(Chorus-Big Sean)

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Just a bittersweet symphony(Pusha T)

One hundred keys

One hundred please

My gazuntite could make a whole city sneeze
Walk the mud jungle where they grind it out the leaves
So they swarm to my honeycomb, hideout for the bees
You know what this sounds like
Money counter sound bytes
Machine gun fire
Name ringin' through like the town like
Church bells ringin'
Know what he was found like?
Colombian necktie over hospital gown white
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 screaming freeze
Yeah, 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(Chorus-Big Sean)
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Just a bittersweet symphony(Big Sean)
Boi
And they gon' risk a hundred lives
So they could rock a hundred whites
The guests look like a hundred lights
Man when blade died 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 steady tryna do a hundred rights
Got it for cheap, compare the price
My nigga keep that low key, Barry White
And don't worry 'bout the info
From where they ride Pintos, and could afford Enzo's
'Cause everybody know, keys open doors (keys-keys open doors)
But bricks open windows
Countin' a hundred hundreds, more by more
Built this from the tile up, floor by floor
Talk shit, I send 'em door by door
Made for the Snow White like 4x4's(truck)(Chorus-Big Sean)

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Just a bittersweet symphony

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