

100\$ Bill

JAY-Z

"My life has got to be like this, it's got to keep going up."

"I've been in several things, I was in the drug business, then I was in the oil business, but I'm not in either one now, you understand?"

"I had my own little business on the side, a sort of sideline... a rather confidential sort of thing... but you might make a nice bit of money." Hundred dollar bills Benjamin Franklins filled, fold it just for the thrill

Go numb until I can't feel, or might pop this pill

Stock markets just crash, now I'm just a bill

History don't repeat itself, it rhymes, 1929, still

Write like Mark Twain, Jay Gatsby, I park things

Yellow cars, yellow gold like Slick Rick, still tip

On four-four's (Who?) Four-four's at the 4-0 (Wait) for O

Dollars fall on the skin, some might call it sin

Politicians all move for money, what the hell are we calling 'em?

Low life, I'm crawling out, 911, I Porsched it out

Y'all niggas all hypocrites, y'all know what this shit is all about

Hunnid, dolla, hunnid dolla bill, real, uh

"Her voice is full of money."

"He's a crook, George. He throws those parties the papers are always talking about."

"I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody."

"We were born different. It's in our blood." New heroines, new Marilyns, move coke through Maryland

Through Easton, oh, you beasting

Move fat packs, Jack Gleason

The honeymoon's over with the streets shit

Least see my kids on the weekend

Carter, new Kennedy

No ordinary Joe, you'll remember me

No prohibition for my coalition

Colin Powell, general admission

You're all welcome, new Malcolm, of the talcum

"By any means," AK lookin' out the window screen

"Let's Get It On," new Marvin

Who wanna become my 100th problem?

Semi-automatic or revolver, semi-automatic I'll solve em

Einstein, my mind, this MC move white squares with my relatives

That cheese made us constipated couldn't tell us shit

Took that Taylor Swift to a hundred fucking million, bitch

I'mma let y'all continue but... ha-ha...

"It's called greed, old sport."

"That's right!"

"Who is he anyhow, an actor?"

"Meyer? No, he's a gambler. He's the man who fixed the 1919 World's Series."

"Fixed it?"

"Fixed it."

"Well, how'd he manage that?"

"Oh... saw the opportunity, I suppose." "I need a hunnid bricks on them hunnid blocks

I got a hunnid drops, took a hunnid cops, uh

A hunnid blocks, I need a hunnid bricks on them hunnid blocks, uh

Decade of decadence, ill reverence, irreverence

Decade of decadence, ill reverence, irreverence

Uh, young, uh

I need a hunnid bricks on them hunnid blocks

I got a hunnid, I got a hunnid drops

Need a hunnid, got a hunnid

Got a hunnid, hunnid, uh

Hunnid, dolla, bill, real

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