100 Yard Dash

Xtaci

Young dro
Y'all already know what it is when I'm on that Ecstasy
Who dis is? Grand Hustle? Aye let's do it nigga
All we make is cash, straight drop glass
Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass
Trunk on blast and our cars go fast
Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash
I'ma bank head veteran, got 'em takin' eccederin
Suckas caught headaches when they saw me on David Letterman
Ride 'round sever an' off the heads to my brother en
Man, this gangsta picture been on Paul Wall ever since
I was young wit medicine, now I'm in the yellow bent
Thought the shit was lame, Das, why I ain't go and get the yellow tint?
Tell 'em Kent we ride phantoms supplyin' anthems
Body full of reptile camo's and fine pampers
Shine amper, fox fur, submarine boxster
Kill a nigga ass on time, they call me clockster
Light skin Mossberg, not the black but the chrome one
26 Davins, the black back with the chrome front
All we make is cash, straight drop glass
Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass
Trunk on blast and our cars go fast
Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash
Aye look, Brasco Astro
Big shipment in advance, dead fresh nigga plaid put on castro
Give 'em what they ask for, 20 thousand in sacks
Stand on the trap till I see the damn task force
Come back in a black porche, me and Bola

This Xtaci time, when the sunshines it's over
White cola, systems are metric, force successive
Ain't no choice, I'm aggressive
My brauds walk on giseptics and nati
Mark Jacobs in the maple Marzarati
I'm rich, nothin' to do, so I'm taking up karate
And I'm taping up my body like the NFL quarterback
Michael Vick shit, I know how to bring a quarterback
All we make is cash, straight drop glass
Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass

Trunk on blast and our cars go fast
Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash
Bitch please, shawty I know you ain't got these
Varagomas on my face and some juicy gatore jeans
Bitch I'm ballin' wit some pimps who be lettin' they shoulda lean
Know them grills gone bling and them banks go ching
Listen, I'm a queen, 5 carat ring
See through blouse and my nipples ain't seen
Everybody know that I'm quick to beat a hoe ass
In a quick flash, make them bitches hit the floor fast
Drop top in the other seat, I got plenty cash
Always first class, bitch I was made to last
You a old rag still stuntin' wit a coach bag
Young fly bitches like to ride when the beat blast
All we make is cash, straight drop glass
Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass
Trunk on blast and our cars go fast
Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash

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