

# Two Hundred (feat. Juicy J & Tuki Carter)

[Chevy Woods](#)

Yea, we up in this bitch  
And we ratchet We fall off in the club and we two hundred deep  
(All my niggas deep and we motherfuckin' this bitch man)  
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's  
(We can trap motherfuckin' paper man, count it up)  
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps  
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks If the gang up in that bitch, you know we turnin' up  
Let's get ratchet in this bitch so that they know what's up  
It's Rosay 'bout the case, that's just to pass the time  
Oh you don't like that shit, so now you wanna drop it down  
Pull up with Tuki, callin' Juicy, it's about that time  
Well you brought that cash first and that's the bottom line  
200 strong, 200 beat  
200 bands, it's time to eat  
Okay, here go my drunk flow  
They can't see me, I'm nuts so  
I was pickin' up like Pat Tranz cuz the fiends was comin' in bus loads  
Get it off tonight, that's all I thought  
Nigga try me, see a red dot  
Then it's no sound, these are headshots  
If you think it's funny, that's red fox  
Tryna chill tonight, better keep me cool  
Or it's head not, they know what to do  
You don't know me, I don't know you  
You can't crack a bottle, can't hit the dude  
Better act right when you see these wolves  
Cuz they see you and they smell food  
No AC, no ceiling fan, no VDS's, I'm so cool  
We fall off in the club and we two hundred deep  
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's  
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps  
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks I ain't goin' back to Bein broke, bitch I got made  
I'ma stay smokin', stunt sippin' 'til I'm in my grave  
Anything that I want, homie Juicy J gone spin it  
I'm in love with a stripper, she in love with my riches  
I turned nothing into stuntin', beatin' into bumpin'  
Throw money in the club, fuckin' bad hoes from humpin'  
Hate niggas doin' bad while I hit their back with bags  
Trippin' man don't hit no Reggie, super sain in the Zak

That's some shit you never had, I see why you niggas mad  
Keep on talkin' all that trash, my young nigga ride down and blast  
They dump off your ass shit and for free  
You throw one Ferrari? Now I can buy three  
We fall off in the club and we two hundred deep  
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's  
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps  
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaksMy swag is on, 3000  
What the fuck am I doin'?

I'm paper-cakin' like what you do before baby making? I'm fresh  
I make it happen, I have to make it, so I create it  
I rap and tap and I smoke this weed until I'm sedated  
I'm catching all of these flights  
Bitch, I'm in your city  
Catchin' all of these hoes and I bet the bitches is pretty  
I ain't spendin' a dime ho, pimpin' all of my money, nigga  
In the club the hoes are wild enough to go around and call that book  
I move around like ultrasound, the bitch I bounce you down and now she hook  
I turnt her up they turnt her out  
That's the shit that I'm about  
Taylor Gang is in the house, smell the weed, the bottle's out  
Your bitch is gon and she's with us  
Your bitch is gon and she's with us  
Chevy over there bangn'  
Juicy over there trippy  
Five shots that gin  
Five shots that gin  
Rumors here spendin', I'm baked out of my mind  
Nate bossin' more women, we caked off a straight grind niggaWe fall off in the club and we two hundred deep  
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's  
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps  
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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