

# 100%

## Chris Brown

[Intro]This is what they want, yeah  
Yeah  
You know I gotta keep it 100, 100 get it  
[Kid Ink]Ok, I'm so fly I feel like a swan  
My time is money, ring me alone  
Flip it to the ceiling watch it do a somersault  
Niggers say they run shit, I just see it running out  
Done it all, under the sun ain't nothing new  
Coming through the west side, looking for the double u  
Still on that bullshit, I can't even order you  
Money's all I talk got a pocket full of hundreds  
That I make honey dew  
Anything I wanna, take it by the head  
Stone cold stunner, uh, bad  
Rocking like the wild, high on my mind, I'm a freak with flyer  
It's CB and the alarm ? got them hoes staring at tissue like a drum line  
Keep it 100 I would take all of you combined  
Can in but I do it big, plus I  
[Hook]Get it how I live it, come faster than I could spend it  
Money to the ceiling, bitch I'm in the building  
I'm a giant in the woods to the minks (tell her)  
Money talk so don't say nothing unless you talk business  
A 100% (I go), A 100% (I go)  
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A 100% (I go), A 100% (I go)  
A 100% (I go), A 100% (I go)  
I go  
Let me count this money, 1 million, 2 million  
Put this up for my new car, save that for my baby mama  
And all you bums keep the change  
[Kevin McCall]Beats I be serving sex beefs ?  
Diamonds got so many cuts call my jeweler to surgeon  
Ain't nobody fucking with me label me the virgin  
I'm hot burning, like when you leave a fireman  
Everywhere I go these hoes be digging in they purses for a shark  
Because they tryin' get the autograph of person  
Little bit of coke mix with a lot of bourbon  
Got your boy leaning sorry if my words slurvin

Swervin' in that DV9 on purpose

The roof disappear call it magic like irvin johnson  
Get above my johnson, know my rider dick Shawty this ain't magic mountain  
I've been killing, killing every song that I been spitting on  
And if I ain't spitting, better something that I written on  
Can't even say it was a long road getting on  
Only took a year and a half and now I'm shitting on  
[Hook]Get it how I live it, come faster than I could spend it  
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I go

[Chris Brown]Yeah, I got them bullet proof ray bans so haters never in my head  
Money hungry good for me, yeah I call it week bread  
Ladies say I'm long show king yeah that's what she said  
Crib like a gasol so I'm fucking on that king spread  
Haha

Big balling, fuck a loaf, and money turn me on  
So I had to fuck it off, skinny ass niggers pockets looking so bulimic  
And I'm never spill my drink, you can call me temper pitty  
Allergic to the haters, addicted to the money  
You watching while I'm laughing cause all of you niggers is funny  
And they call me Action Jackson cause every day I'm stunting  
And I'm writing hit songs like it's nothing  
So nigger you bugging, fronting  
What you think this is hoe?

Paparazzi trying to pop me everywhere that Chris go  
Never been no sucker no lame mad nigger  
And your flow is what a dam then a drain ass nigger  
[Hook]Get it how I live it, come faster than I could spend it  
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