Keep it 100

Bun B

[Chorus]
All day and all night
Nigga anytime you see me I'ma keep it super tight
I'm an underground king reppin' UGK
Don't give a damn what a motherfucker say
I'ma keep it (100)
All night and all day
Nigga anytime you see me I'm reppin' PA
This is UGK for life long live Pimp C
And I'ma never let a nigga pimp me
I'ma keep it (100)Cause its all that I've ever known
All that I've ever been, all that I've ever shown
Get your shit together clone
Build a better prototype, you lookin' like a mop
And I'm lookin' for a floor to wipe
I heard your album man if thats what you call it
Another gangster fairytale for that shit we ain't fallin'
All you talkin' bout is slangin', bangin', bussin', and ballin'
But I ain't see your scary ass all star in New Orleans
I'm gettin' tired man this shit is gettin' older than moses
Pussy niggas always poutin' with poses
But all it really shows is how hard you ain't
A nigga bust your ass in mouth you probably faint
Not from the power of the punch, but the shock
Cause you a coward and niggas gonna devour your lunch
A bunch of niggas done tried, but ain't too many don't it like me
Its Bun B the G and I'ma keep it one hundred[Chorus]Cause thats exactly what the trill do
Ain't nobody tellin' me what I wont or I will do
If I don't feel you,
You lucky that I don't kill you
Leavin'you leakin' till your out of mildew for real dude
I got this skill to don't make me have to show it
Cause it'll be over before you know it
You get one shot and I suggest you don't blow it
If I do it I overdue it make you have to goin' sew it
I'ma revolutionary black pistol
You fuckin' with fire, fuck around and get a blister
I fuck with a poppa then fuck around and hit a sister
I'm an underground king motherfucker call me Mister

Kilogram, Mr. Woodgrain, Mr. Brick,
And unless you the Mrs. get off the Mr. dick
Cause this the shit that have motherfuckers runnin' for the hills
From the king of the trill, cause I keep it one hundred[Chorus]Cause now a days motherfuckers lie
Some to the face, some cant even look you in the eye
Some in this place, some just have left, and some just comin' by
A little later probably a little hater
And they goin' feel the faders
Tryin' to prove they the greatest
And they still gonna be wronger than fuck, so holla later
I'm leavin' I'm not a waiter
But ill end up serve you, tryin' to step up to the likes me, why the nerve of you
Well I never and I do declare
I'm bout to fuck the game up now its best you prepare
Put on your bib cause I'm fittin' to be spittin'
That hot fire so you better bring mittens
Cause yous a pussy and your partner is kitten's
I do 'em and when I'm done they be like no he didn't
Get your toilet paper nigga cause I'm fittin' to be shittin'
Diariadict on haters with no quitin' and I'ma keep it one hundred[Chorus]

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