

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]

Songwriters

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