

Ya Boy "100 Bars Of Death"

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I'm Not Saying I'm Gonna Change The World
But I Guarantee
That I Will Spark The Brain
That will Change The World

Better Show Respect Before I Lose It
The Whole World Know
Precise Is More Than Music
A Movement
Look At All The Goons That I Move With
Homies, Guns, Vest & Boots
On That Platoon Shit
Best, Hardest In The West
Yes, Literally
The Fans Comparing Me To Who?
Come On, Ya Killin' Me
The Enemy Keep Tryin'
But Can't Get Rid Of Me
Bombs Like Timothy
Arms Like A Centipede
Hoes Through His Door
Make Sure He's A Memory
One Nigga
But I Got Em' Shook
Like There's Ten Of Me
Go Hard In Hip-Hop
Hope They Remember Me
Screamin' "Thug Life"
Like A Tupac Minny-Me
Any Beef?
Tell Em' To Bring It Special Delivery
I Bet My Little Friend Will Put Em' Outta His Missury
These Niggas Wanna Finish Me
And Send Me To The Reveren
Honostly, There's Probley Better Competition In Heaven
Holla At Me
Fillmore Bitch
We Dollar Happy
You Would Think I Was Strippin'
The Way Hoes Throw Dollas At Me
I'm The Motha Fuckin' Spitful, Delightful, Iful
The New Ice Cube

Bust My Guns
And Rock Mics Too
So What's Good?
Either You Crip
Or You Blood
Somebody Call Khalid
Tell Em' "Ya Boy Was Hood"
If He Joke Like D-Ray
My Heat Like D. Wade
Shots To His Face
Make Him Sing Like T-Pain
Stuff Him In The Trunk
Then I Dump The Remains
Nowa Days
All That Rappin' Is
Is A Free-Chain
If A Nigga Ever Look At Me As A Free-Chain
He's Not Gonna Make It
Like His Plane Got Delayed
I'm Talkin' To The Real
If You Fake, Then Get Lost
Them Block Muscle-Men
Hustlin' Like Rick Ross
Real Talk
I'd Rather Sit
Then Snitch Dawg
Cause Quick Jaws
Get A Nigga Smoked
Like Menthols
I'm Way Outta They League
Who Hotter Than Me?
Gottcha' Favorite R&B Bitch
Swollowen Me
I Ain't Lyin'
Look I'm So Fly
I Should Be Flyin'
Maybe That's The Reason
Why Ya Girl Keep Eyin'
I'm Eyin' Her Back
Louie Purse, With The Hat
I'm Not A Trick
But I'm Rich
So I'm Buyin' Her That
And I'm Tired Of This Rap Beef
Tired Of That Gay Shit
I Thought He Wanted War
He Seen Me
And Didn't Say Shit
I'm Outta This World
When You See Me
I'm Like A Spaceship

Lights Everywhere
Make It Bright Anywhere
Got The Sun On My Neck
Full Moon On My Wrist
Da-Da-Diamonds In My Mouth
And It's All On A Bitch
I Guess I Took Notes From Kevin Federline
Everytime
Milk A Bitch Like A Cow
Every Cent
Every Dime
Never Been To Jail
But I Done Done Hella Crimes
Moved To Malibu
Now I Got Em' Thuggin'
To Pepper Dime
Gimme Mine
If A Nigga Say I Ain't The Top Five
Dead Or Alive
Remove His Head
And His Spine
I Load The Lead In The Nine
Leave Him Dead On Arrival
Ya Sittin' On The Shelf
What The Fuck Did Ya Sign For?
Catch Me With The Crips
And The Bloods Don't Mind No
I Don't Bang Colors
I'm A Damn Albino
Drunk Like A Wino
Hard Like A Rhino
Flyin' Through Ya Time Zone
Lookin' For A Fine Hoe
Rihanna, Alicia, Mya, Big Pimpin'
I'll Even Take A White Girl
Like Jessica Simpson
Make Sure She Licks It
Kiss My Limp Biscuit
Tape It
Need A Witness
This Is Big Business
I'm Heavy With SRC's
Like Steve Rifkin
I'm Talkin' Some Real Clientel
Nigga Listen!
Drop Em' A Line
That's All I Do
Is Go Fishin'
Get Em' Hooked On Me
Then I Turn Em' Into Fish Sticks
This Is

100 BARS OF DEATH
If Ya Listenin'
I Ain't Like These Other Niggas
I Can Go The Distance
Ya Fans In My Hands
So You Know I'ma Clinch It
The Rap Game Dirty
But Somebody Gotta Rinse It
I Don't Even Spit Shit
I Just Go And Rip Shit
That's Why These Hoes
Put Me On Like Lipstick
That's Why These Hoes
Put Ya Boy On They Hit List
Swag Like A Ma' Fucka
I'm The New Slick Rick
La-Di-Da-Di
Sawed-Off Shawty
Ridin' Through The Hood
Bout' To Flip Somebody
How You Rap Like That?
It's Just Somethin' Bout' Me
I Step In The Booth
And The Shit Just Comes At Me
Niggas Wanna Shoot Me
Niggas Wanna Rob Me
Fuck That!
.40 Cal
Here Right Beside Me
Niggas Can't Deny He
Hotter Than Mojave... Desert
In The Middle Of Summer
Let's Have Me Nashi
I Be
Killin' Other Rappers Like A Hobby
Niggas Take Pictures
Of Women When Like They Surround Me
I Don't Even Trip
I Don't Block No Head
I Tell Them Hoes
"Do Me"
Like Rocko Said
But You Can Get Up Outta Here
If You Ain't Got No Bread
Cause Even My Bed
Gotta Far-Gomo Spread
Yeah!
I Mean Scrooge McDuck Bucks
And If A Nigga Say I Ain't Nice
Then He Probly Get Butt Fucked
I Catch You In The Hood

All I'll Say Is
"Tough Luck"
Don't Holla Precise Gang...
... Ya Get Fucked Up
What What?
Cut A Nigga Up
Like Nip Tuck
You Might As Well Kill Ya Self
Like A Wrist Cut
And Everybody In The Whole Hood Know
It's Us
The Way Them Doors No Longer Swing
They Lift Up
The Way Them Boys
Gon' Do They Things With Big Bucks.
Big Homes, Big Diamond Rings, And Big Trucks
Despite That...
I'm Tryna' Sell Like Mike Jack
I Even Get The Fans That Don't Like Rap
Keep It A Hundred
So It's A Must
I Write That
Spit So Much Crack
The Feds Got The Mic Tapped.

Yeah
Holla At Me

PRECISE GANG!

YA BOY!

I Suggest You Keep Me Healthy
West Coast

West Coast
I Suggest You Keep Me Healthy

Y.B.

I'm On One

InfaRed On This
Motha Fucka'

Yeah

Come on

