

Y&T

"100 More Bars"

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Yeah
Ya boy
100 more nigga
Aye

I got my city on lock
And it's like Christmas when I drop
Erybody get a present
Flow hotter than a desert
I'm flyer than a phesant
I'm higher then a parot
Hundred thousand dollar chain
Brain brighter than the carat
I'm ahead of ya'll
No breaks on the boy wheels
The difference between me and you is ya boy real
Precise Music, started my own label
I ain't scared to die I'll cut my own cables
Look, by the vine that you niggas is hoes
I'm the realest nigga breathin
You niggas exposed (chyea)
Young Ya Boy the one man army
Tag ya toes offtop tottin and tarmy [?]
I ain't scared to use it I ain't scared to yank it
Your body under that sea man in a white blanket
No I'm not fakin
I'll leave your head vacant
So if I give you some good advice betta take it
Like, don't fuck with ya boy he crazy
He like Eminem an dem niggaz that boy shady
Hottest choufour nigga dat boy lazy
And I don't really even like to fuck bitch brang me
Walk with a limp, I'm a pimp hoe pay me
I'm ballin like M.J. in the mid 80's
I'm on fire, Bay to Bangkok
Put a hole in your chest the size of Flava Flav clock
I hear the rumors surfacin in the hood
But I ain't trippin I'm in Malibu surf in I'm good
One southwest flight
Your bitch slurpin my wood
And I keep a team of haters like they workin for Suge

Heard them niggaz wanna get me come and try dat
boy
I'll put some money on your head yeah buy dat boy
Two heaters never creepin we gon fry dat boy
Leave him sleepin call the reeper he done died at war
Niggaz pillow talk they way right into death
And AIDS killin more than guns you can die from sex
It don't worry me at all, you can die from stress
And put rapper [?] on me you can die from press
Bullets cost 20 bucks you can die for less
Pretty quick on ya feet, try an dodge this tech
If a nigga run up he'll get lyed to rest
Bitch my name is Ya Boy and I'm the West
I'm the east, I'm the south ask ya girl
Got a Taliban flow bout to bomb the world
Bout to blow tryna hallow the perfect timin girl
Nahh these ain't braces these diamonds girl
I'm the walkin Flash flight I'm shinin girl
Betta put on them Prada shades and get blinded girl
Get it wet, let me knock out the linin girl
Now turn around, let a nigga get behind ya girllll
(HAHA)
I'm the truth in fact, spit hot like fire
Melt the booth like wax yeah
They tryna rap like me but they can't do it
Me and them don't pump the same brain fluid
You ain't good as I is
You ain't hood as I is
Ask about me in the hood I'm the biz
I'm chicken noodle soup sick
Yeah I'm on some new[?] shit
All black lay back bumpin some old Snoop shit
9 mili with two clips on some troops shit
Fuckin with my eastcoast niggaz on the stoop bitch
I know you impressed but yes yes I do dis
I'm a pitbull and hip hop's my food dish
I do it for Clifornia, Texas, both the Carolina's to Florida
New York, Nevada, Illinois, Georgia, my DC
And Maryland niggaz yeah this is for ya
Massachusettes out to New Jersey
I do this for my Pennsylvania niggas screaming
"Early"[?]
Oregon, Nebraska, Washington, ask em
I got it on lock AZ to New Hampsire
Ohio, Alabama, Louisiana
And all my Missouri niggas with country grammar
Nuff respect you came to death
Even China and Japan know Ya Boy is next
New Zeland, Australia, Africa, Jamaica
Canada my teethed out niggas gota Quaker [?]
I'm a worldwide nigga yeah the boy is nice

The New Era in hip hop bitch it's Precise

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