

World Harlem

"100 Shiesty's"

Visit "[100 Shiesty's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo

Check me out, yo

This is J 'Slug', yo

I know you been around the world, man

I don't fuck wit' the Sheisty niggas

I don't fuck wit' the Sheisty hoes

I done did it all, nigga

Yo, what would make a scared man pull a trigga'?

The same thing that make a scared man act bigga'

The same thing that make me grab my Tec and empty
quicker

Adrenaline rush, on the hush you will die fuckin' wit' us

Vacant lot is my home and in my team I trust

So, don't talk about them things if yo' things don't bust

I knew a guy like you, his name was Filipe

Had me on 3-way with the D.A. tryin' to find out where
we stay

So on my 24th B-day I'm locked up in VA

He don't know my guns turn commotion to slow motion

Then from slow motion to no motion

Run up in the place he hip hoppin'

Spit shots in, clip droppin', if I get caught, get Cochran

And give Pedro my pesos so he don't snitch while I lay
low

For 'bout a week or two

Come back like peek-a-boo, you see me, I see you

And if you talk, you be in ICU

Yo, yo, this Cardan

I know you know a hundred brotha's that Sheisty

Like I know a hundred brotha's that's real

But I think it's time you know how we chill

I have been a hundred places and nothin' excites me

Hit a hundred hoe's and none of them wifey

For every thousand that love me a hundred don't like
me

So how you wit' a hundred cats and none of the
Sheisty?

We the niggas wit' the homicides

And got niggas the most traumatized

And how they actually sat there and watched they
mama die

But don't worry about it, you second

Just had to get her first

'Cuz she was the one that gave birth

And we can't have no more dirt in the earth

I hate to be the last nigga to turn off your lights

Without usin' a switch, and throw you in a ditch

Ya body don't fit, 'cuz niggas could still see ya kicks

So do you really wanna take that risk?

So unball ya fists 'cuz I'm always a step ahead of ya'll

You ball ya fists, I cock back

You take a swing and you got that

And that's what they gon' mop at

This gun is from a foreign land

I don't know why it got it in my hand

And I'm gonna get off every penny

I don't care if its automatic or semi

If I payed 300 flat, that means I'mma send a hundred cats back

If 300 attack, but it don't hafta be an exact

I'm gonna get the gatts and get 'em all in one house and run out

And sprinkle some on the grass and spit on it

And come back to a pile of ash

I have been a hundred places and nothin' excites me

Hit a hundred hoe's and none of them wifey

For every thousand that love me a hundred don't like me

So how you wit' a hundred cats and none of the Sheisty?

Yo, yo, yo, a hundred Sheisty, a hundred and quicker

We strap up inside the 18-wheeler

A drug dealer with cold cash, but so ass

To get his stash would be no task with no mess

Love to get you hot and blast, than fast

My infrared beam is on yo' ass, my team is on yo' ass

Plot and schemin' on yo' ass

That bitch you came wit' stay screamin' on her ass
Put three on her ass 'cuz nigga, we love the cash
Harlem world niggas got G's in the stash
No questions asked, time will tell, Heaven or Hell
You don't wanna be the nigga who be catchin' the shell
Meeno, and then I be, be the team to prevail
So when you pray, tell Jesus how you wanna be helped
Muthafucka, rock-a-bye baby, rock-a-bye baby
I have been a hundred places and nothin' excites me
Hit a hundred hoe's and none of them wifey
For every thousand that love me a hundred don't like me
So how you wit' a hundred cats and none of the Sheisty?
I have been a hundred places and nothin' excites me
Hit a hundred hoe's and none of them wifey
For every thousand that love me a hundred don't like me
So how you wit' a hundred cats and none of the Sheisty?
Rock-a-bye baby, rock-a-bye
Rock-a-bye baby, rock-a-bye
Rock-a-bye baby, rock-a-bye
...

Visit [World Harlem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.