

Akon

"Salute 100 Ya'll"

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100 if you're real, y'all

This for my squad, my hood, my street, my city
My real niggas all across the world, fuck with me yeah
Salute salute 100 y'all
Salute salute 100 y'all
My young niggas, to the old G's
Never said a word to the police
100 if you're real, y'all
I said 100 if you're real, y'all

I'm 100, go in, let's speak on it
Church nigga, I preach on it
Up in and got bleach on it
Same nigga I start with
Up the good and ain't topped it
Same niggas that I comes with
Drip sting and they heartless
And while you're playin' ball try to G up
I'm with Tyger Woods, playin' golf tryna T up
Find me at the crib with my feet up
My niggas on the block, off the corners swimmin' we up
It's for the hood and everybody in make it
It's paper out back, if you don't want it I'll take it
Yea, if you don't want it I'll take it
Paper in the hood, if you don't want it I'll take it

For my squad, my hood, my street, my city
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I've been there and I done that and I still pop my guns
My Louie blue and my ride blue and I'm always one hun
My top down and my lokes on, any block that I post on
Go and get my west coast on
Louie dope but my toast on
Bitch came and put my folks on

Guess what. Clubbin'
Every time I hit the city they screamin' out we love 'I'm
All the real niggas who love real niggas
Not a hate bone in my body
In every state that I touchdown, real niggas they got
me
It's all in my talk, it's all in my walk
It's in me, not on me
It's something that can't be taught
I'm a real nigga that do real shit
Kill't niggas I didn't kill't with
You talk about it then be about it
Half of y'all ain't built for this

This for my squad, my hood, my street, my city
My real niggas all across the world, fuck with me yeah
Salute salute 100 y'all
Salute salute 100 y'all
My young niggas (young niggas), to the old G's (old
G's)
Never said a word to the police (never)
100 if you're real, y'all (100)
I said 100 if you're real, y'all

Start salutin'
Your director's here, start the movie
I yell action, it's young niggas that start the shootin'
I had a dream that I'll be rich, call me Martin Lutty
Cause bein' broke was immature were the bunkers
Houston
For the top dog wants was the underdog
Somethin' shinin' where they came from beat it on the
folk
100 dawg, you can't stomach those
100 bottles last night, now they come to blogs
1 nation under God, now here come the feds
Raid 'em choppers, ray down, they should come with
beds
You ain't with a real nigga then who are you with?
He ridin' with a fake nigga, see how far you get

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