

# Bangladesh

## "100"

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[Hook]

100, 100, 100, 100 (x8)

You know I keep it (x4)

[Pusha T]

My life is but a dream pullin' cars up

Told you motherfuckers keys open doors up

Never excited when I'm seen with something gorgeous

But highway miles on these bitches like a tour bus

Daddy Warbucks, without a born trust

Diamonds all on this black gold like an oil rush

The highest quality, the chains are all flush

Known Jacobs since the nineties so he spoils us

Stock spoilers, no kits on 'em

Why Panamera, nine-eleve shits on 'em

Chuck the deuce as I Tokyo drift on 'em

The top drops like there's Bangladesh heat on 'em

[Hook]

100, 100, 100, 100, you never keep it (x4)

[Jadakiss]

Yo, get yourself a hundred years tryin' to be the boss

Stand next to the chandeliers, you could see the  
shards

Ain't no diamonds in the watch, but you see the cross

When you spoon feed them that dope they need it  
more

All night, sweet sails

Four pipes, V twelves

Yeah, you know what them grams do

Bad bitch with me that the industry ain't ran through

Na, I ain't stop hustling yet, but I plan to

Own a bunch of vehicles and a bunch of land too

Yeah and I love it when the rush come

Ain't no secret that I keep it ninety-nine plus one

[Hook x2]

100, 100, 100, 100, you know I keep it

100, 100, 100, 100, you never keep it

[Mr. Bangladesh]

Y'all niggas fifty-fifty I keep it a hundred  
I spit the truth in interviews, I keep it one hundred  
I'm the shit, smell the fumes, my nigga we plungin'  
And the 808s on a leash, they say it's a monster  
Got my own label, fucked around and signed myself  
Had a plan and stuck to it, you fuckboys is stuck boy  
Bangladesh new shit ropin' like a cowboy  
On my Tony Romo shit, you niggas just some towel  
boys  
Tell the whole world to suck my cockiness  
My checks eight figures like a octopus  
Three hundred thou for the watch and rocky shit  
These other niggas fakin' and I ain't afraid to say I  
keep it

[Hook x2]

[2 Chainz]

A hundred miles and running, nigga with an attitude  
Bitch I'm so fly, you should check the altitude  
I'm ballin', ballin' like an alley-oop  
My girl heel so high she need a parachute  
Get 'em, I got 'em let me at 'em  
My condo on Jupiter, my neighbors on Saturn  
Murcielago, flow with some eye candy  
I go to trial Monday, I been takin' panties  
Hundred degrees in the mic booth  
I'm from where you put golds on the white tooth  
And when you walk in and she might look  
Might get took, might get fucked  
A bunch of bitches in the skip line  
I'm known to get mine ten out of ten times  
I paid a hundred thousand for the old school  
Known to keep it one hundred on the Pro Tools

[Hook x2]

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