

## Dave Berry

### "\$100 Bill, Y'all"

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Get numbers, get names  
Thick dames  
Headhunters get brains  
Big thangs  
Give niggas shitstains  
The shit, man  
And don't you forget, man.

We be  
The best of CG  
Greedy  
Abduct the PD  
See me?  
Nigga, not in 3D.  
Be me?  
Hah, it's not easy.  
I'm breezy  
And off the Heezy  
Me and my woman's like George & Wheezy  
Movin' on up, niggas use to tease me  
See me on top  
It makes you queasy.  
Sick with it  
Bitch, I'm Bruce Lee  
Seduce me  
You're nice and juicy  
In the parking lot, I gots to get mine  
Why the fuck we goin' in when there's bitches in line?  
I spend my time watchin' bitches' behinds  
Thinkin' bad shit in the back of my mind  
I bump and grind with nothing less than a dime  
Making movie money, you still investin' in rhymes.

[Chorus]  
And I'm in this bitch  
With a hundred dollar bill, y'all  
About to spend this bitch  
I'm in this bitch  
I got a hundred dollar bill, y'all  
About to spend this bitch  
I'm in this bitch

Who got a hundred dollar bill, y'all?  
About to spend this bitch  
I'm in this bitch  
I got a hundred dollar bill, y'all  
About to spend this bitch.

I'm in here  
Got all you freaks lookin'  
When we walk by, pussy start cookin'  
Rookies start tookin'  
Get your ass up, V.I.P. section's gettin' taken  
Might dance, might not  
might spend enough  
Cool as hell, but still pipin' hot  
Soon as I find a spot  
All my people gather 'round  
The nigga with the shiny watch--me  
Ice Cube, motherfucker  
Next to me, you a test tube motherfucker  
We kinda rude, motherfucker  
Get too close and bucka! Bucka! Bucka!  
Don't want no problems, y'all  
Fuck around, I'll pull out the problem-solv'  
and watch E pills dissolve  
nine times out of ten, you hoes involved.

[Chorus]

Get numbers, get names  
Thick dames  
Headhunters get brains  
Big thangs  
Give niggas shitstains  
The shit, man  
And don't you forget, man.

Security pat downs  
I'm a star, motherfucker  
I been put' the gat down  
I been put' the mack down  
But check the people that I'm with  
'Cause they'll lay you flat down  
And they'll do it right now  
Yeah, you scared of the phone numbers that a nigga  
might dial  
Club-hop, car shows, picnics  
Big cars, big jewels, big dicks  
Rush doors  
Or gotta hop the fence  
Blow this door  
Gotta blow my rent

Gotta show my ass, then go repent  
Gotta call in sick  
And tell 'em where I went.

[Chorus]

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