

Ice Cube

"100 Bill Y'all"

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From Ice Cube's Greatest Hits.

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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