## Ice Cube "\$100 Dollar Bill Ya'll"

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Get numbers, get names, thick dames Headhunters get brains, big thangs Give niggas shit stains, 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 and Wheezy Movin' on up, niggas used 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' behind 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

And I'm in this bitch
With a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
About to spend this bitch
I'm in this bitch
I got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
About to spend this bitch

I'm in this bitch
Who got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll?
About to spend this bitch
I'm in this bitch
I got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
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' tooken

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, ya'll Fuck around, I'll pull out the problem solved And watch E pills dissolve Nine times out of ten, you hoes involved

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I'm in this bitch
I got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
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I'm in this bitch
Who got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll?
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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 And I'm in this bitch
With a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
About to spend this bitch
I'm in this bitch
I got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
About to spend this bitch

I'm in this bitch
Who got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll?
About to spend this bitch
I'm in this bitch
I got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll
About to spend this bitch

You know, you know You know, you know I got a hundred dollar bill, ya'll

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