

Paul Wall "One Hundred"

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(Paul Wall 1st Verse)

When you up, you up
And when you down, you down
but when you fall off
just peep out who still come around
and aint too many gon' hold you down
when you down and not on ya luck
but ima be right by your side
even when that road get rough
I keep it cool when the streetz iz hott
and all your friends that soon forgot
they leavin you all alone to rott
but I'll be there till you back on top
I'm down wit ya wit no strings
no matter what, one hundred im willin to feed
Im gettin that paper to feed my krew
and no matter what you goin through
I'm stayin true...

(Chorus)

(Z-Ro)

I know you been searchin for someone
To keep it one hundred
So tired of mixed love and bullshit
and keep keepin it comin
Damn right he came up from nothin
But now he's got money
And he's feedin his people
And now aint one of 'em gon' ever go hungry

(Z-ro 2nd Verse)

Uhh...

I represent Mo' City until the day I die
I speak the truth even when I say a lie
Even lil babys know better than to play with I
Would be to lost and never found to say bye bye
Ya'll already know I got alot of evil in me
But I got alot of that love shit too
Cuz I promise I'm in love with my ride
And I'm in love with what its sittin on
Bitch and my paints so blue
Thanks to Paul Wall

You already know I got love for ya bro
My cup empty yo cup
If you less pour some mo
My nigga T-faris and J-dawg
And even my old school nigga Fuck
When they show us hate
We gon' show 'em back love
Now but last year would've been a different scene
But ima let you make it
Cuz im really tryna keep it one hundred
So stay the fuck away from me please!

(Chorus)

I know you been searchin for someone
To keep it one hundred
So tired of mixed love and bullshit
and keep keepin it comin
Damn right he came up from nothin
But now he's got money
And he's feedin his people
And now aint one of 'em gon' ever go hungry

(Yung Redd Verse 3)

Homie I'm different like a alien
Driven in that mothership
Its black its midnight
Im sittin high up on that numbers list
Went from all this paper rain but now im never drowsy
They talk but I cant even hear the way
they wisper 'bout me
Even if they doubt me haters im off limits
Blowin cake
Ohh yea I make desert for a livin
So many times I swear I spare my last one hundred
Like a grade in the class
Now thats extra credit

(Chorus)

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To keep it one hundred
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and keep keepin it comin
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