

Cynthia

"100 Elbows"

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[Chorus]

Nigga, we be ridin', down 65
Hit 85 just left the west side
Out my window, be my left elbow
Hand on my wheel, sittin' down low
I'm headin' through Atlanta on my way to Chicago
I gotta meet this nigga with that good hydro
Headed down South with 100 Elbows
To open up shop 'cause this weed gotta go

[Verse 1]

I just got back from that windy city
Wit 100 elbows of that green sticky
Got a quarter a hundred 3-5 from 50
And if a nigga want some then he betta hit me
Don't try me boy 'cause you know I got that K wit me
Loaded, aim, and cocked ready to spray quickly
And I'mma put it on your ass if you fuck wit me
And hit the Interstate, nigga, doin' a bill-50
A purple swervin through the hood wit my car smoked
out
Or at the green house wit my hair combed out
A nigga come trillin' we gon' turn the lights out
Just to leave the next nigga something to think about
I'm tired of these niggas hatin' lookin at me crazy
Actin' like they hatin' though I fucked they ol' lady
It probably 'cause I ain't served, but shit, it's all gravy
Catch me in the meadows, you can holla at me baby

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Blow it up if you want, but mine's pretty and it's betta
Just got the hook-up so it's time to make cheddar
Alabama, the beautiful green trees what you see
If you want it, I got it, so nigga holla at me
I'm that N-I-G-G-A, C-O-W-B-O-Y
Rollin' blunts, swervin', ridin' down 65
Windows tint, it's clear, and I'm still ridin' smokin'
High, and ain't focus, police can't approach me
Trooper tellin' me, but he know who I be

Escortin' me back to the G-U-M-P
Stop in P-Ville, where my folks live
Drop off some kis and bows to keep it real
Nigga, we be crunk, cause nigga, we be high
Chillin', in the meadows, where the hood stay live
Nigga, what you want, cause nigga, it's no lie
Nigga, what you need, herbal bing or cocoa pie

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Some up north niggas I know, got them thangs for the
low
And that's fa sho, I gots to get me some more
Every nigga that I know that owe me dough
I'm takin' everything I'm worth to Chicago
A hundred pounds in the cargo
And if you fuck with it a hundred rounds follow
Yo ass, and then we match the gas, and laugh
How your body couldn't take the gun blast
I'm just protectin' my cash
A bitch gon' kill me 'fore they take my last
I'm a real nigga that's gon deal with you
I ain't gon' talk with you
Six niggas in suits gon' walk with you
I got that muthafuckin' dro in that purr
Them junkies need that medicine, bitch I got the cure
We stay live, and we smokin', ridin'
And I'm taxin' them boys, on the other side

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

I just got back 2 days ago
And already got rid of 28 elbows
Pockets fat so you know I'm finna ball, boy
Hit the club, and I just left the mall, boy
I bought seven Sean Johns for my dog, boy
So live you'll think I'm on the soft, boy
Hoes like to ride with us 'cause they know we true ridas
And we might smoke blunts, but we don't snort powder
Got cheese like the mart, weed by the block
Making paper like trees so hold on by the flock
Gotta stop in the hood, the dirty crest side
Hit the spot with that good to keep the block on fire
But I can't stop movin', I gotta keep crusin'
'Cause I stay on Remy and I really hate confusin'
So you might see me ridin' down I-65
With a TV in my van, and a blunt in my mouth

[Chorus] - repeat to end

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