

Rick Ross

"100 Black Coffins"

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[Intro]

Oooh, now you are one lucky nigga
You gotta listen to your boss white boy
Oh Iâ€™m gonna walk in the middle of the night with you
You wanna hold my hand?

[Hook: Rick Ross]

I need a hundred black coffins for a hundred bad men
A hundred black graves so I can lay they ass in
I need a hundred black preachers, with a black sermon
to tell
From a hundred black bibles, while we send them all to
hell
I need a hundred black coffins, black coffins, black
coffins (oh, Lord!)
I need a hundred black coffins, black coffins, black
coffins (oh, Lord
Black coffins! (I need a hundredÂ€...)

[Verse 1]

I seen a hundred niggas die;
I put that on my life, Lord, I wouldnâ€™t tell a lie
Unless it had to do with mine in the middle of the night
Killers coming for you life, all you wanna do is shine?
I broke off the chains only the realest remain
I see your praying to Jesus, but will that help ease the
pain?
Seen a brother get slain for a jar full of change
Yet I post on the block, look like Iâ€™m Big Daddy Kane
Is you a cat or a mouse? Keep them rats out the house
A lotta scars on my back, get tattoes all around
Hundred dead bitches, hundred black coffins
Money on his head, bitch, Iâ€™m trying to make a fortune

[Hook]

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[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I seen a hundred women burn, as they stood firm
Treat a nigga like a germ, what did she do to deserve?
Put me on the farm
PigsÂ' feet in a jar; serve it to me warm
Any questions, they hang Â'em, better pray for Jack
Django
Got me working in fields, too many years it gets fatal
All I want is my woman, such a wonderful mother,
(mama!)
On the days that it rains, her smile bright like a summer
Our revenge is the sweetest, bitch cause IÂ'm coming
Gonna die in my arms, for what you did to my mother
(my mama!)
Hundred dead bitches, (Lord) hundred black coffins
(why?)
12th gate, short gun, chest full of carbon (boom-boom)

[Hook]

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