

Young Dro "100 Yard Dash"

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[INTRO:]

Young dro! Yall already know what it is when im on that
Ecstasy! Who dis is? Grand Hustle?
Aye lets do it nigga!

[HOOK:]

All we make is cash, Straight drop glass
Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass
Trunk on blast and our cars go fast
Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard daaaash

[VERSE 1:]

Ima bankhead veteran
Got em takin eccederin
Suckas caught headaches when they saw me on David
Letterman
Ride round severan, off the heads(bankhead &
buckhead) to my brotheren
Man this gangsta picture been on Paul Wall ever since
I was young wit medicine
Now im in the yellow bent
Thought the shit was lame, das why I aint go and get
the yellow tint
Tell em kent
We ride phantoms supplyin anthems
Body full of reptile camo's and fine pampers
Shine amper, fox fur
Submarine boxster
Kill a nigga ass on time, they call me clockster
Lightskin mossberg, not the black but the chrome one
26 davins, the black back with the chrome front

[HOOK:]

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[VERSE 2:]

Aye look, Brasco Astro
Big shipment in advance, dead fresh nigga plaid put
on castro

Give em what they ask for, 20 thousand in sacks
Stand on the trap till I see the damn task force
Come back in a black porche, Me and Bola

This Xtaci time, when the sunshines its over
White cola, systems are metric, force sucessive
Aint no choice, I'm aggressive
My brauds walk on giseptics and nati
Mark Jacobs in the maple Marzarati
I'm rich, nothin to do, So I'm taking up karate
And I'm taping up my body like the NFL quarterback
Michael Vick shit, I know how to bring a quarterback

[HOOK:]

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[VERSE 3: Xtaci]

Bitch please, Shawty I know u aint got these
Varagomas on my face and some juicy gatore jeans
Bitch I'm ballin wit some pimps who be lettin they
shoulda lean
Know them grills gone bling
And them banks go \$chiiing\$
Listen, Ima queen, 5 carat ring
See through blouse and my nipples aint seen
Everybody know that I'm quick to beat a hoe ass
In a quick flash, make them bitches hit the floor fast
Drop top, in the other seat, I got plenty cash
Always first class, Bitch I was made to last
You a old rag still stuntin wit a coach bag
Young fly bitches like to ride when the beat blast

[HOOK:]

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