

**Lauren Pritchard****"100 Jewels"**

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They said I'm a righteous cat I write righteous raps  
But I cook coke cook it to crack  
Thinking what kind of life is that  
Get tossed in the bin never knowin when you might  
come back  
I listen to Jesse Jack black clip in the gat  
And write lyrics to the soul of Geronimo Platt  
I'm talkin to anyone who got a problem with that  
I'm everywhere tell me where you met your politician at  
I'm right there doin a show chain out by myself  
Put my fist in the air bang out by myself  
That's why your girl wanna polish my knob  
And every rapper in the city wanna party so hard  
But before I do a song with y'all  
I'll blow my brains out on the bible and call it the  
knowledge of God  
My cousin gutter get the problems resolved  
He specialize in cuttin niggas up nice and doin  
robberies dawg  
Probably y'all  
And when I'm rippin the gauge  
You be gone in 60 seconds like Nicolas Cage  
Pay attention when I'm rippin the page  
When I'm not on stage  
I feel played with meticulous rage  
I seen my first nigga shot at a rediculous age  
Before Irv and Magic Johnson was a victim of aids  
Cats think because they sit and they pray  
Because they christian they saved  
Till reality just spit in they face  
But I'll tell you one thing when bullets start flying  
Jesus christ aint gonna sit in the way  
Like modern day slaves how we sit in the maze  
Wont pay your child support but you can chip in for  
haze  
My baby mamma been trippin for days  
She hate the fact I'm a star and model bitches wanna  
sit on my face  
She love to see a brother sit in a cage  
Take my daughter away  
And let another nigga sit in my place

Momma told me that it's only a phase  
But I throw up my dukes before that I put a clip in my  
fade  
There's way too much opportunity to sit in and blaze  
It's the evolution of man we been sittin in caves  
Before I ever had a nickel to blaze  
Meanin a nickel of weed  
Or a nickel nine spittin them strays  
I been tryin to get my shit on the waves  
DJ's holdin me down but never play my shit in the days  
It's no way that I might win with only the night spins  
But but but I aint gonna sit and complain  
Old? slingin shit in they veins  
They be mad as hell cuz they know it wont hit em the  
same  
Cats slippin and they chicken these days  
Give em a trip in the range  
And they be lickin on the pickle with aids  
I wish my grandmama coulda heard this shit from the  
grave  
I know she woulda loved to hear her boy rippin this way  
Over the beat, life so cold on the street  
You might get shot up or you can go in your sleep  
To all my soldiers that die for they flag  
Or they die for they rag  
It's messed up you hadda lie in a bag  
It's no fair ones aint no more relyin on jabs  
Now it's supplyin the mask and a guy who'll just blast  
Fucked up I gotta ride in a cab  
But as soon as I get a cheque I gotta divide it in half  
I feel like I should be ridin a jag  
On a flight with a mag  
And a 100G's right in the stash  
They don't wanna see a puerto rican writin his bag  
Cuz what I write on the pad  
Get them tightened and mad  
I'm hyper but sad  
Cuz I got a lot of fame in rap  
But I'm back living right with my dad  
I'm part french part spic how racist is that  
Police wanna treat me like I'm basically black  
I'm basically that  
And you don't wanna talk about my gats  
Cuz they like Charlie Baltimore they German and black  
It's hard to earn but I'm earnin a stack  
This the moment of truth so I'm tryin to write verses like  
that  
My vocals burn set fire to tracks  
They're admiring that  
That's why my CD's fly off the rack  
Groupie bitches they be showin me love

When I roll in the club  
They lovin the way that I flow on the drums  
Plus the way I make dough in the slums  
Keep smoke in the lungs  
And write rhymes more potent than drugs  
You don't wanna end up chokin on slugs  
With a throat full of blood  
You should watch how you open your mug  
Watch how it go down when them pistols around  
Cuz you can end up with a slug through your wisdom or  
child  
Bullets flyin through your kitchen and blow  
More people in the church than a christening now, isn't  
it foul  
Prolly could have been avoided  
But you was too paranoid  
Out sniffing you aint see your choices  
My voice is something like Kennedy except you gonna  
remember me for  
Killin these mics not gettin murk'd up by my enemy oh  
Livin the life most of these rap niggas pretend to be  
Sellin and gettin locked up by the police and my friend  
will be  
Way past due if I lay past 2  
So I'm on that early bird shit grey that goose  
Homie make that loot  
And when you baggin up dimes of dro it's better to  
make that loose  
Cuz it looks like there's way more to these customers  
They don't understand the agenda of real hustlers  
They just wanna cop what you sell em and roll dutches  
up  
Get their mind stimulated and away from the  
troublesome  
Situations we go through throughout our daily life  
Which homie bangin your wife  
It's prolly an A you like  
He wanna tell you  
But he don't know how he can say it right  
You'll prolly pick up a knife  
And slay him that very night  
Then I don't be wifin up bitches cause they be trife  
Make you put it on the line like ghost or baby trife  
Get you shot up in your ride like BIG and Obie Trice  
The bullets aint nothing nice  
But until I see the light...  
Imma lay em.

