

Matti Baybee**"100 Bars"**

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We need no stylist
Matti B the pilot
Go a hundred bars with no beats man
And my pockets and my wallets, they be obese man
And I never cuff, like a crooked policeman, beastin
All these tricks I'm treatin
Shawty think you sweet, she ain't stayin' the weekend
Every single beat that I meet, I'm feastin
Probably why these overrated rappers not eatin
I'm hot like top of the stove
Matter fact, I'm hot like stop, drop, and roll
Dollars don't fold
My homies hold
Fire till I say so
Makin ladies drool
Played a fool if you think it's April
May I, say I, stay fly, on a basis
Sleepin, on me, I leave, you in the Matrix
Dead president faces
Money straighter than braces
Tryna see a deal, like a bunch of women with cases
Whoever is not a fan, don't rock with them
Talkin hard, we wet him up, now he Aquaman
Lotta bandz in a rubberband
Who other than
Matti Bay hotter than the oven in the Motherland
Vintage Versace clothes, they copy
They singing my songs now, remember they used to
mock me though
These rappers is getting that paste and copy flow
And they ends tight, so they playing the Jimmy Shocky
role
My long-haired Spanish chick trippin, told her Adios
Now I'm really getting it, paper chasing like Vaminos
He say he want it
But he ain't bought it though
We eatin kid, turn your beef into Sloppy Joe
I go to work, like where my uniforms?
Realest to ever write, and you bout real as unicorns
Deuces to my old chick, I'm moving on
Be in that club, camo pants and the newest Jordan's

My last girl was bad, but my new one foreign
Matti Bay spit that magic to keep you informed
My homies scorin, cause we don't see no defense
Lotta phony friends around me, lowkey hate that I'm
eatin
Lotta my girls keep secrets
Some of my guys be sneaking
Claiming they loyal but sneakdiss and hang with who I
beef with
A lot of my close friends are changing, but never me
My motto is, I leave with who I came with
I'm just shooting for the stars, but I'm not so used to
aiming
It's funny how the nameless get famous off who they
hang with
My homies dangerous and they say my songs be
bangin
My songs be bangin
Some like a brand new stainless
And I'm eatin
I'm eatin
Cause I see no opponent
I'm living for that money
But I'm living in the moment
I ball out of control
Don't need no help or no coaches
And I'm going for the gold, boy I'm tryna get that
trophy
That paper is my focus
My money do aerobics
And Matti Baybee dope
You should come and get a dosage
When it comes to me, you can come the opposite of
open
And they say life is a game but I got a hand, full of
tokens
Homies say "He the coldest"
Boy, you must be joking
I ain't even gotta say too much, just check my flow
And I stack it to the ceiling, but I started at the floor
Matti Baybee got bars
I hope you don't drop the soap
Young Legend

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