

# 100 Shots

## Young Dolph

Yeah  
It's Dolph  
Hey bring me some Backwoods up outta there homie and a cup of ice  
And some rubber bands up outta there too homie, yeah  
It's 3 PM, 80 degrees outside  
I'm in somethin' that go real fast, sitting outside the cornerstore  
Six figure client got no business in this area If it ain't one thing it's a motherfuckin' 'nother  
We trapped together than that's my motherfuckin' brother  
I pay her bills and buy her designer but I don't love her  
She just play her part when it's time to smuggle  
I pull up, pick up that bag, and burn rubber  
I got a sweet tooth but I stay away from suckers  
Nobu in Malibu was my last supper  
I fucked her in rush hour traffic, Chris Tucker  
Everybody screaming gang gang gang  
Them folks come and get you, you gon' tell on the whole gang  
She said can she fuck me with my diamond chains  
If I ain't in the bank then I'm on the plane  
'Bout to go get some money or go spend some money  
They stopped me in the airport, had too many benjis on me  
They don't want you to live, they don't want you to ball  
Them pussies smile in your face, then they pray for you to fall  
Young nigga stay focused  
But I really want to crash  
Think about where you at  
Then think about your past  
Yeah I really came from shit  
But I won't change for shit  
My bitch say I'm stuck in my ways  
My wrist say I been getting paid  
A hundred shots, a hundred shots  
Me and my niggas pull up in a hundred drops  
My role model used to get a hundred blocks  
Street niggas in a tuxedo, we the mob  
She looked at my watch too long, now she see stars  
I got so high last night I did a show on Mars  
Your bitch ate my dick, I caught her on them bars  
My pinky ring extra large  
Foreigns all in the garage, remember my first menage  
Yeah, Tori and Brittany  
I'm shopping for diamonds at Tiffany's  
No, I don't got no sympathy

She blew my whistle like a referee  
Broke black nigga, remember me?  
Until I found out that recipe  
Started getting about ten a week  
Finger on the trigger when I sleep  
Yeah nigga, I rather you than me  
Backseat, smoking good weed  
A hundred shots, a hundred shots  
How the fuck you miss a whole hundred shots?  
You not welcome at my trap if you don't shop  
Before you come through that back door you better knock  
They been waiting on this gangster shit to drop  
Even them fuck niggas that wish I could be stopped  
How many dicks you sucked to get that couple million?  
Self made millionaire, oh what a feeling  
My niggas came from dealing  
Fuck nigga get out your feelings  
Your bitch gave me sexual healing  
Guess who just walked in the building?  
Came out with six bitches  
My uncle said that's pimpin'  
My diamonds always hittin'  
You looking for your bitch, she with me nigga, she ain't missin'  
I told you fuck nigga stay out my way, but you didn't listen  
Big rocks, in my watch  
And we put extensions in all of the Glocks  
A hundred shots, a hundred shots  
How the fuck you miss a whole hundred shots?  
Yeah, it's Dolph  
How the fuck you miss a whole hundred shots?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>