

# 100 Grand (feat. Juvenile & Kool John)

## Iamsu!

[Hook x2:]

I keep it 100 grand understand, understand  
I keep it 100 grand  
I keep it 100 grand understand, understand  
I keep it 100 grand  
Uh, uh!

[Verse 1 - Iamsu!:]

What's happenin'? From the Rich'...  
Where them niggas get active  
Can please tell me somethin' that I don't know?  
Me and the gang we're going loco  
I got a cold flow, these rappers broke though  
But I won't help them I will melt them  
Rappers still scared that we're slipping, homie  
I got a problem, I always keep something decent on me  
They think I'm fucking with 'em, they think I play around  
I keep it real so the real always stay around  
I keep it underground, ain't it your funny style?  
Mad pussy, young niggas getting money now  
It's the gang, huh? We in this thang, huh?  
I spent your whole paycheck on this chain, huh?  
Right from the bank, huh? That's where it came from  
It's where the squares came through and got the game first

[Hook x2:]

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[Verse 2 - Juvenile:]

I'm rolling like I'm balling and I'm striking like I'm posing  
People looking at me like I was chosen  
You know the big dog gotta keep dosing  
Every day I get it in, shit, I just win  
Bitch, I'm 100 grand, ten racks time ten  
You kiss ass and I don't follow that trend  
Chop on decks, send whoever you wanna send  
The realer game, I'm doing charade  
If you ain't bringing money to the table you can vacate

You'll be up the whole night staring in the ice box  
I'll be making deals buyin shares at the right stop  
I'm a cool cat, I don't really like cops  
In and out the jail, making bail, bitch, my life hot!  
I'm always in the building, cause I built it  
It's all breast feed, you know I milk shit

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[Verse 3 - Problem:]

All the real niggas know the name Problem  
Diamond lane real on it, fast car  
Wood on the dashboard, all about the cash board  
Make the money fast forward, make it bitch give me that like I ask for it  
Treat the hood like Nascar, exotic whip trunk in the front bad boy  
Elephants in the room, pretty with pretty goons  
Flip the script with direct shots like Beanie Boom  
Fuck that where the bitches at  
No big buildings but down town is where your bitches go  
Little Compton ass nigga with the vicious flow  
Niggas careers, bout to do where the dishes go  
Watch cost me a brick of blow  
Bitch before you come grab some zags from the liquor store  
Cause a nigga try to smoke something  
Cali only bought it back ye no frontin'

[Hook x2:]

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[Verse 4 - Kool John:]

Tell these straight things I'm about, I'm about riches and bitches  
I'm about being the sickest, cause niggas know I'm the realest  
Suzzie on the beat he knew I was gonna fill it  
He knew I was gonna kill it, I whip chamber it with it  
He put me against the best of MVP every time  
They want these hot rhymes, they're killing in every line  
These niggas rap good, but these niggas really lying  
We're seeing these cash money, now niggas is big timing  
We're fucking with my cash, man you're fucking with your life  
I ain't saying I'm a thief, but a nigga fuck your wife

I'm riding like a cock, got these fans screaming outside  
Got your bitch screaming, now she wanna fuck a jackpot  
I got the gold chains huff back smart pack  
Huff hatch smart swag and your bitch love that!  
I never slipped up I'm 50 G'd up  
Trying to get my dick sucked, trying to get my gwap up

[Hook x2:]

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