

Two Hundred (feat. Juicy J & Tuki Carter)

Chevy Woods

Yea, we up in this bitch
And we ratchet We fall off in the club and we two hundred deep
(All my niggas deep and we motherfuckin' this bitch man)
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's
(We can trap motherfuckin' paper man, count it up)
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks If the gang up in that bitch, you know we
turnin' up
Let's get ratchet in this bitch so that they know what's up
It's Rosay 'bout the case, that's just to pass the time
Oh you don't like that shit, so now you wanna drop it down
Pull up with Tuki, callin' Juicy, it's about that time
Well you brought that cash first and that's the bottom line
200 strong, 200 beat
200 bands, it's time to eat
Okay, here go my drunk flow
They can't see me, I'm nuts so
I was pickin' up like Pat Tranz cuz the fiends was comin' in bus loads
Get it off tonight, that's all I thought
Nigga try me, see a red dot
Then it's no sound, these are headshots
If you think it's funny, that's red fox
Tryna chill tonight, better keep me cool
Or it's head not, they know what to do
You don't know me, I don't know you
You can't crack a bottle, can't hit the dude
Better act right when you see these wolves
Cuz they see you and they smell food
No AC, no ceiling fan, no VDS's, I'm so cool
We fall off in the club and we two hundred deep
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks I ain't goin' back to Bein broke, bitch I got made
I'ma stay smokin', stunt sippin' 'til I'm in my grave
Anything that I want, homie Juicy J gone spin it
I'm in love with a stripper, she in love with my riches
I turned nothing into stuntin', beatin' into bumpin'
Throw money in the club, fuckin' bad hoes from humpin'
Hate niggas doin' bad while I hit their back with bags
Trippin' man don't hit no Reggie, super sain in the Zak
That's some shit you never had, I see why you niggas mad
Keep on talkin' all that trash, my young nigga ride down and blast

They dump off your ass shit and for free
You throw one Ferrari? Now I can buy three
We fall off in the club and we two hundred deep
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks
My swag is on, 3000
What the fuck am I doin'?
I'm paper-cakin' like what you do before baby making? I'm fresh
I make it happen, I have to make it, so I create it
I rap and tap and I smoke this weed until I'm sedated
I'm catching all of these flights
Bitch, I'm in your city
Catchin' all of these hoes and I bet the bitches is pretty
I ain't spendin' a dime ho, pimpin' all of my money, nigga
In the club the hoes are wild enough to go around and call that book
I move around like ultrasound, the bitch I bounce you down and now she hook
I turnt her up they turnt her out
That's the shit that I'm about
Taylor Gang is in the house, smell the weed, the bottle's out
Your bitch is gon and she's with us
Your bitch is gon and she's with us
Chevy over there bangn'
Juicy over there trippy
Five shots that gin
Five shots that gin
Rumors here spendin', I'm baked out of my mind
Nate bossin' more women, we caked off a straight grind nigga
We fall off in the club and we
two hundred deep
50000, flip that four times, that's two hundred G's
Back to back, all black look like 200 Jeeps
Let's get ratchet in this bitch, it's like 200 freaks

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