

# One Hundred (feat. Z-Ro & Yung Redd)

## Paul Wall

When you up, you up and when you down, you down  
But when you fall off just peep out who still come around  
It ain't too many gon' hold you down  
When you down and not on ya luck  
But I'ma be right by your side even when that road get rough I keep it cool when the streets is  
hot  
And all your friends that soon forgot  
They leavin' you all alone to rot  
But I'll be there till you back on top I'm down with you with no strings  
No matter what, one hundred or more than a few  
I'm gettin' that paper to feed my crew  
And no matter what you goin' through, I'm stayin' true  
I know you been searchin' for someone  
To keep it one hundred  
So tired of mixed love and bullshit  
And keep keepin' it comin' Damn right, he came up from nothin'  
But now he's got money  
And he's feedin' his people  
Ain't no one of 'em gon' ever go hungry I represent Mo' City until the day I die  
I speak the truth even when I say a lie  
Even lil' babies know better than to play with I  
Would be to lost and never found to say bye bye Y'all already know I got a lot of evil in me  
But I got a lot of that love shit too  
'Cause I promise I'm in love with my ride  
And I'm in love with what it's sittin' on  
Bitch and my pants so blue  
Thanks to Paul Wall  
You already know I got love for ya bro  
My cup empty yo cup, if you less pour some mo'  
My nigga T-Faris and J-Dawg  
And even my old school nigga fuck When they show us hate, we gon' show 'em back love  
Now but last year would've been a different scene  
But I'ma let you make it  
'Cause I'm really tryna keep it one hundred  
So stay the fuck away from me, please I know you been searchin' for someone  
To keep it one hundred  
So tired of mixed love and bullshit  
And keep keepin' it comin' Damn right, he came up from nothin'  
But now he's got money  
And he's feedin' his people  
Ain't no one of 'em gon' ever go hungry Homie, I'm different like a alien  
Drivin' in that mothership, it's black, it's midnight

I'm sittin' high up on that numbers list  
Wet from all this paper rain but now I'm never drowsy  
They talk but I can't even hear the way they whisper 'bout me  
Even if they doubt me, haters I'm  
off limits

Blowin' cake, oh yeah, I make desert for a livin'  
So many times I swear I spare my last one hundred  
Like a grade in the class, now that's extra credit  
I know you been searchin' for someone

To keep it one hundred  
So tired of mixed love and bullshit  
And keep keepin' it comin'  
Damn right, he came up from nothin'  
But now he's got money  
And he's feedin' his people  
Ain't no one of 'em gon' ever go hungry

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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