

100 Shooters (feat. Meek Mill & Doe Boy)

Future

[Future:]

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
Yeah, The Wizrd, woo[Future & Meek Mill:]
Perrier-Jouët, no tap water, this the real face
Fuck the bitch, broke her heart, she think we still dating
Three choppers sitting in the car, we play it real safe
Fifty million dollars in cash, that's a cold case
Spent so much cash in Chanel, they wanna see ID
Bust down on her, Oochie Wally, I'm so sincere
Got a hundred shooters sittin' outside
Got a hundred shooters sittin' outside

[Meek Mill:]

Yeah, uh
Fifty mil' buried in my safe, that's a graveyard
Fucked the bitch, seen her with her man, I had to play it off
Dreamchasers, we just like a label, we got A&Rs;
Famous ho, she threw me that pussy, I'ma slay her raw, yeah
You are now welcome to the Player's Ball (You're welcome)
Whole lot of money, lot of rich shit, yeah (Woah, woah)
Hundred shooters, I can get your clique hit (Woah, woah)
Get my dick sucked in a Lambo while I stick shift
Big shit, baby, it's the big fish
All these VVS's in my necklace and my wrist lit
I could wipe my ass with these hundred, I'm the shit, bitch
Shot up in her DM like James Harden, it went swish, swish
I'm sippin'...

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Got a hundred shooters sittin' outside
Got a hundred shooters sittin' outside I've been gettin' richer and richer
Damn near piss on bitches
I've been thinking real vindictive
Kill the opps, fuck they sisters
Fuckin' Catholic, send my Christians
Semi-automatic, I got vision
Diamond cuts and they princess, nigga
No rap cap, gave away Bentleys, nigga

Got a car for a watch, got a watch for a house
Semi-automatic Glock, get your block washed out
Bad bitch tried to rape me, tried to pull my cock out
I got murder money, so this shit can get hostile
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Got a hundred shooters sittin' outside [Doe Boy:]
Knowles Ave, dare your clique come slide
Got a hundred shooters sittin' outside (Brrr), yeah
All my bitches treat me just like God
I told her jump, bitch ask, "How high?" (Oh, really?), yeah
Opps said that I'ma die, I ain't dead
One in the head, put it right in your head, bitch (Grr, bah, bah)
Give a fuck about the feds, I ain't scared (No)
I ain't puttin' down my gun, I ain't Craig (Boom, boom, boom), yeah
Dissin' on the 'Gram, then I'm slidin' in his DM
Only time Doe Beezy play around is with your BM, uh
Got a hundred shooters parked outside
And they gon' kill you when you walk outside (Oh, really?) [Future:]
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