[Verse 1: Cold 187Um] Ugh, now tell me who wanna step to the real? As I'm beatin' down they block with my clip ready to trip Ugh, yeah, now player haters gettin' chin checked quick Runnin' off, back them off, like the jealous groupie Sayin, I'm a jack him for his loot, all his loot His house, his whore and his fly Lexus Coupe' Well, if you killed me you can have all that But if not, don't be surprised where that missle bein' lost at And in his house, realest they can get You better check your bitch cause you stuck Ugh, yeah, and then it's just like you all takin' round Cause they don't give a care about your girl or your child Have you all tied up in your house Dynamite ready to blast with a gauge in your mouth Mad and stuck, cause you're squealin' like a snitch But they gonna fuck up everybody and do it quick Yo, to everybody that's gettin' hit up Cause he got twisted way twisted and mixed up Yo, cause rats playin' dumb, me and my homies west up When I was rollin' in the Candy blue 'llac on whip I be the player for life, ride I get love from the blue and the red side So pay them off all over my gun smoke I never slipped when I'm rollin' on my 100 Spokes, yeah [Chorus x2: females singing] You got the fliest shit Baby you got air line Baby you look so fly of, so fly of Of them 100 Spokes [Hook: DJ Total K-Oss] As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke [Verse 2: Km.G] When I bought my 100 Spokes, I bought a four five Just for a player like the Km, to stay alive Deep into the hell of a three, but we call it the trey Built like Coloride but it's named Choverlet Flowin' and crowin' what I need to To get though the hood player, or get to my crew And meditatin', regulatin' never perpetratin' And plot on these busters, fake, legit' hide Flip my chest when it comes to my ride My? got 3 wheels, 4 tracks providin' Rules to the gangbang, sounds are given Westcoast I now you love it, and wish you can live it Here's somethin' about them 100 Spokes When they be like dippin', whippin' around, they like wheelin' Freakin' all the freaky rats when they like spinnin' Above The Law givin' it up

[Chorus x2: females singing]

You got the fliest shit Baby you got air line Baby you look so fly of, so fly of Of them 100 Spokes

[Outro: DJ Total K-Oss repeats til fade] As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke As I floss my 100 Spokes there's no joke