

100, I Shute

Starlito

100 I shoot [x4]

Look I don't dab, yeah I rap but bitch I tote my own strap
Pussy nigga wanted a feature, I never sent his song back
You ain't a rapper, you a trapper, well OK go on trap
Cuz we listened to your mixtape and every song wack
You can call it paranoia, I think every phone tapped
And these broads ain't never loyal, I think every hoe'll rat
Or get off in her feelings and fuck another nigga with a sack
Or a broke nigga that need her to keep her self esteem intact
I got nobody to call if I ever need a stack
That's what got me out there selling weed, 17 and strapped
I was still going to class, studio spending my last
(Grind hard) Fast forward I'm just recycling the paper
I had this bitch out Magic City, don't know why she like when I tape
her
I think she tried to hack my iCloud and Kim K & Ray J me
I know some good girls I should've married but I'm too fucking crazy
Still trying to fuck up your nearest dice game like "Who got me faded
?"
It's Lito

100 I shoot [x4]

(That's my last name. I'm talking bout 100 shots too, pussy ass nigga
.)

I got a pocket full of hundreds, finna give it to my mama
Told my accountant, look I promise I'm finna get this other comma
Look lil nigga don't make giggle, cuz you really don't want no proble
ms
You'll get hit up make my hitta go commit another homi
Hoe the feds got my lil homie, I saw 'em sitting in the lobby
At my hotel before a show, but he wasn't with me and they ain't bothe
r me
I had a pistol, 15 stacks, and a eighth of drank in my front pocket
He got scooped up the next day, man I'm still thankful God got me
Press rewind I almost died in Oakcrest, me, Elroy, and Notty
I'm just glad my nigga lived, must I repeat yeah God got me
Probably somewhere with a connect like a fucking hotspot
Either that or getting neck from a bopping thot pocket
Pull off from prison in a Porsche, my partner hopped out chopping up
the profit
Since he been gone I been grinding hard everyday, ain't finna stop it
Every day it's steak and lobster, my filet served oscar
200 I straight? Make it 200 I 6-8, aye drop it

100 I shoot [x4]

And I'm still working for Nashville rappers. JAY-Z know me. He just d
one made more money than me. Jay-Z. Shoutout, Jazzy Coach. You rememb
er, 1988, how we used to live. Your life just done got a little bette
r than mine. I work for Nashville rappers, man. Jay-Z, you need to br

ing me that money; so I can help Nashville rep. Jay-Z. Bring me some money man. You know how we did in '88. Let's do it in 2017-'18, Jay-Z!

"I got too many vices/ I love to smoke weed, love to shoot dices"