

# 100 Yard Dash

Young Dro

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Y'all already know what it is when I'm on that Ecstasy  
Who dis is? Grand Hustle? Aye let's do it nigga

All we make is cash, straight drop glass  
Niggas try to jack it, we'll straight drop ass  
Trunk on blast and our cars go fast  
Choppa make a nigga do a 100 yard dash

I'ma bank head veteran, got 'em takin' eccederin  
Suckas caught headaches when they saw me on David Letterman  
Ride 'round sever an' off the heads to my brother en  
Man, this gangsta picture been on Paul Wall ever since

I was young wit medicine, now I'm in the yellow bent  
Thought the shit was lame, Das, why I ain't go and get the yellow tint?  
Tell 'em Kent we ride phantoms supplyin' anthems  
Body full of reptile camo's and fine pampers

Shine amper, fox fur, submarine boxster  
Kill a nigga ass on time, they call me clockster  
Light skin Mossberg, not the black but the chrome one  
26 Davins, the black back with the chrome front

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Aye look, Brasco Astro  
Big shipment in advance, dead fresh nigga plaid put on castro  
Give 'em what they ask for, 20 thousand in sacks  
Stand on the trap till I see the damn task force

Come back in a black porche, me and Bola  
This Xtaci time, when the sunshine's it's over  
White cola, systems are metric, force successive  
Ain't no choice, I'm aggressive

My brauds walk on giseptics and nati  
Mark Jacobs in the maple Marzarati  
I'm rich, nothin' to do, so I'm taking up karate  
And I'm taping up my body like the NFL quarterback  
Michael Vick shit, I know how to bring a quarterback

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Bitch please, shawty I know you ain't got these  
Varagomas on my face and some Juicy Gator jeans  
Bitch I'm ballin' wit some pimps who be lettin' they shoulda lean  
Know them grills gone bling and them banks go ching

Listen, I'm a queen, five carat ring  
See through blouse and my nipples ain't seen

Everybody know that I'm quick to beat a hoe ass  
In a quick flash, make them bitches hit the floor fast

Drop top in the other seat, I got plenty cash  
Always first class, bitch I was made to last  
You a old rag still stuntin' wit a coach bag  
Young fly bitches like to ride when the beat blast

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