100 Black Coffins

Rick Ross

Oooh, now you Explainare one lucky nigger
You gotta listen to your boss white boy
Oh, I'm gonna walk in the moonlight with you
You wanna hold my hand?
I need a hundred black coffins for a hundred bad menA hundred black graves so I can lay they ass in
I need a hundred black preachers, with a black sermon to tell
From a hundred black Bibles, while we send them all to hell
I need a hundred black coffins, black coffins, black coffins (oh, Lord!)
I need a hundred black coffins, black coffins, black coffins (oh, Lord!)
Black coffins! (I need a hundred...)
I seen a hundred niggas die
I put that on my life, Lord, I wouldn't tell a lieUnless it had to do with mine in the middle of the night
Killers coming for you life, all you wanna do is shine?
I broke off the chains only the realest remain
I see your praying to Jesus, but will that help ease the pain?
Seen a brother get slain for a jar full of change
Yet I post on the block, look like I'm Big Daddy Kane
Is you a cat or a mouse? Keep them rats out the house
A lotta scars on my back, get tattoes all around
Hundred dead bitches, hundred black coffins
Money on his head, bitch, I'm trying to make a fortune
I need a hundred black coffins for a hundred bad menA hundred black graves so I can lay they ass inI need a hundred black preachers, with a black sermon to tellFrom a hundred black Bibles, while we send them all to hell
I need a hundred black coffins, black coffins, black coffins (oh, Lord!)
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Black coffins! (I need a hundred...)
I seen a hundred women burn
As they stood firm, treat a nigga like a germ
What did she do to deserve? Put me on the farm
Pigs' feet in a jar; serve it to me warm
Any questions, they hang 'em, better pray for Dj-Django
Got me working in fields, too many years it gets fatal
All I want is my woman, such a wonderful mother, (mama!)
On the days that it rains, her smile bright like a summer
Our revenge is the sweetest, bitch cause I'm coming
Gonna die in my arms, for what you did to my mother (my mama!)
Hundred dead bitches, (Lord) hundred black coffins (why?)
12 gauge, shotgun, chest full of carbon (boom-boom)
I need a hundred black coffins for a hundred bad men

A hundred black graves so I can lay they ass in
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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