

# 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'...

[Future:]

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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 Perrier-Jouët, no tap water, this the real face  
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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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