

# 100's (feat. Chief Keef & æ)

## Tyga

Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
Hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnid hunnids  
Runnin' through the set, runnin' up a check, runnin' through the bag  
Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
Money in the sack, money in the sky, money in the ceilings  
Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
We don't need no motherfuck' money machine  
We like to touch it, touch it, touch it, touch it  
In the club, throwin' racks and I got swag bustin' out the bag  
(Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids)  
T-Raww pulled up on me in a motherfuckin' Lamb  
(Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids)  
Jumpin' on my dick, jumpin' on my dick, jumpin' on my dick  
'Cause I'm countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
We don't need no motherfuckin' money machine  
We like to touch it, touch it, touch it  
Runnin' up the set, throwin' up the set, bitches on set  
Yeah, got bitches in the hallway  
Dope in the stash, dope in the stash, hoes in the back  
Yeah, that Ferrari just foreplay  
Nigga put the swag, nigga put the cash, nigga put the bag  
Yeah, everybody know me, bitch  
Runnin' up a check, runnin' up a check  
Techs with a tech if a nigga play me, bitch  
Nigga, go that way, nigga, go that way  
Bitches come this way, bitches wanna kiss me  
Turn a freeway to a speedrace (Skrrt)  
Don't be actin' shit about the fam  
Don't be readin' shit in Daily Mail  
I just closed a big deal, lookin' through my email  
Watch this shit sell like Adele, yeah  
Countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
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'Cause I'm countin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
We don't need no motherfuckin' money machine  
We like to touch it, touch it, touch itUh, bought that whip off the show room (Skrrt, skrrt)  
Yeah, she do the same things them hoes do and that makes her a hoe too  
I'ma bachelor, I ain't got no boo, it's all be solo and nobu  
Uh, drunk off the sake and the soul juice, yeah, drop out, pull up in a old school, ooh  
Drop out but I'm pullin' drops out, got my cock out like I told you  
Heard the rumours 'bout you were so true, you thirsty and you ain't got no juice  
And gettin' bread somethin' that we toast to  
Two girls asked me what I'm gon' do, I said both of youYoung Nobu, we at the go-thru  
All my day ones is my go-tos  
Got my own show just to show you  
I don't trust you as far as I can throw you  
Ch-ch-chop it up like Pro Tools  
White diamonds drippin' like '02  
Niggas want beef but they Tofu  
They like G.O.O.D. Music, baby, that's a good moveCountin' hunnid, hunnid, hunnid, hunnids  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>