

# Rick Ross, 100 Black Coffins

-Oooh, now you are one lucky nigger  
-You gotta listen to your boss white boy  
-Oh I'm gonna walk in the middle of the night with you  
-You wanna hold my hand?  
- Hehehehe

I need a hundred black coffins for a hundred bad men  
A 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!)  
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Black coffins! (I need a hundred...)

I seen a hundred niggas die  
I put that on my life, Lord, I wouldn't tell a lie  
Unless 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 tattooes all around  
Hundred dead bitches, hundred black coffins  
Money on his head, bitch, I'm trying to make a fortune

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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 Jack 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)

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