

2-12-12

Ace Hood

RIP Whitney Houston
God bless her soul
I'm just vibin' doe
But for you haters

(Nothing's gonna stop me)
I swear to God
(Nothing's gonna stop me)
Andi, Kiko, Renegades
(Nothing's gonna stop me)
(Nothing's gonna stop me)

Money talks so what's your conversation?
Counting my blesses, my sweet elaborated
Being broke ain't a joke, that feeling is devastating
Nightmare so that force never stated
Calculating every dollar bill
Reminisce, they missin' like someone on a mill
Still trippin', this life I'm livin' the dream still
Look at my niggas loyalty's mad real
That's cause we got this from the bottom up
Number slidin' in my homie momma truck
We did what we had to do, we ain't give a fuck
Now we the niggas winnin' dog, wuddup?
Ain't it funny how the time fly?
Couple cars and a twenty story high rise
Took a minute but shit connecting like wi fi
It's fuck you to the niggas who sad my career died
Shit, I'm livin' quite well
On the beach I'm sippin' wine and cracking lobster tales
With a Spanish mommy give me the opposite the tails
Ask me do I like it, poppy I'm like hell yea
We da best the fuckin' logo
Just hope you get the picture when you take your photos
Own a couple cars but I need one more though
Felt I'm coming soon, real nigga YOLO
True, I'm just rappin' doe aye

Nothing's gonna stop me
I tell 'em (nothing's gonna stop me)
Yea, feel good when you comin' from nothin' homie
But I tell 'er (nothing's gonna stop me)
Swear to God (nothing's gonna stop me)
Starvation

In the studio, watching the Grammy's homie
Pray today they nominate the one and only
Probably cry some tears at the ceremony
Only lord knows when they ready for me
Inspiration runnin' through my blood
Motivated from the fact I made it through the mud
Kept my faith although they doubted when I lost my buzz
All over somethin' that I'm winnin' ain't gon show me love
In the street label me underrated
Story for respect my only ultimatum
They ask me who that's why you goin' hard
Cause I just want my mama off that boulevard

I come from a city where there ain't many stars
And given no pity promised them prison bars
Teachers said I won't amount to shit
Graduated high-school, college never in it
Still I manage through seven figures with common sense
And at the age of 52 my mama finally quit
Fuck it right I never stop
Found a way to motivate the niggas' block
Whitney Houston died yesterday
God bless 'er, hope she end up at them heaven gates
Watching the Grammy's just as they dedicate
In the mean time, let's let this marinate
Yea, I'm just vibin' doe

Oh yea (nothing's gonna stop me)
Ain't nothin' gonna stop me man
(Nothing's gonna stop me)
R.I.P Trayvon Martin
Justice will be served my brother
But guess what
(Nothing's gonna stop me)
Oh yea man (nothing's gonna stop me)
God bless
Hood