

# Home Invasion

Ace Hood

Playa (hater)  
Turn yo head round (Turn yo head round)  
Lay on the ground,  
You've been robbed  
Wake up (Wake up)  
Open the door (Open the door)  
Lay on the floor,  
You've been robbed

Uh! Nigga I smell murda  
Glock 9, but them niggas turn up  
10 killas in the Chevy  
Nigga 16 with the burner  
Teller put the money in the bags, go and show me where the stash, actin funny with the cash hah?  
Ok, niggas wanna play dumb-dumb  
Dirty glocks, never knowin' where they come from  
Bang, motherfucker get low  
Hundred round chopper, that potato on the nose  
Killas stay lurkin and they do it on purpose  
I just tell em keep shootin like they tryna overdose  
Keep playin with a real nigga  
You gon end up in the box like Hilfiger  
Yea, man you lookin at a gorilla  
I don't like no niggas holdin niggas' glock like a 4 wheeler  
Cus that bitch go to kickin, blue caine  
All black when I'm ridin, Bruce Wayne  
Niggas bump to the money, Hussein  
Never change them true, 2 Chainz  
Hundred grand to yo boys like loose change  
Better hush for that choppa wanna do things  
Bang! Chit-chit bang-bang!  
Nigga!

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Phone call from my Haitian homie say Papi got the good yay  
No cellphone, no landlines, he do business off the 2 way  
Call the homies, they gon run up on him, got sticks a waving too late  
You know what I came for so don't play  
Leave 100 O's round where you stay  
Lawd, somebody call the popo  
Snitch niggas die slow  
Will they ever catch me?  
Pussy nigga nono  
Runnin out yo mouth, I'm just hopin you about it  
Every nigga with me, boy that ready get started  
No patdowns when I walk up in the party,  
Smoking that stank, who he think he, Bob Marley?  
No games  
When I pull up in that foreign kill niggas  
Hood nation, motherfucker, Real niggas  
Won't stop, getting money, deal with it  
Yea I'm fuckin yo bitch, I'm still in it

No tips on a whip so you see me in it  
I can run through a clip, less than 2 minutes  
Bang bang, reload til it start clickin

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Uh, half a drank like who gave you?  
Move caine, I've been Abel  
Bakin soda, no label  
TV on but no cable  
Streets talkin, I heard em  
Hands out but curd him  
He don't wanna work, he just wanted work  
That he can handout and just burn him  
Heard it all before though  
Then went and copped the 4 do  
Told pop I needed 4 mo  
He texted back like fo sho  
10 choppas goin fofo  
Come fofo, crack blow do  
Had em all magnets  
Why we don't spoke  
I mean no speak, I thought I won't eat, nah  
I'm tied niggas, tired niggas  
Quick to talk how they tie niggas  
I'm on the block like who's tied nigga  
Gun is cocked like who's fine quicker  
Corner pack like those my niggas  
G spots, we rackin em  
Church guarded, I'm backin em  
That's a lot of money, we stackin em

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