

M.O.B.

Ace Hood

At the end of the day my nigga
I do this shit for my family
And my niggas dawg
You feel me?

Lord knows I'm a go getter
Lord knows I'm a go getter
I chase that money every 24
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Lord knows I'll always be a real nigga
Lord knows I'll never be a fuck nigga
I chase that money every 24
Money over bitches, you know how it go

You lookin at the hottest nigga in the city
Fuck the city, how this nigga in my state?
Free the nigga Boosie Boo, I hope he beat the case
Keepin blunt and counting money, nigga that's every day
Back and I'm on my block lookin like 100 bricks
Nigga don't want no problem, choppa catch a 50
Chain so disrespectful yall should slap my jeweler
Walkin around this bitch, I think I'm with The Ruler
Countin another mill, I'm screamin hallelujah
Spit the type of dope that get shipped yall to Cuba
Anybody want that work I got a clean cut
My shit' so potent you'll be high for 3 months
Foreign cars, crib look like a fuckin mall
Hurt myself as sport but found a way to ball
I pray you pussy niggas life a living hell
Fuck that countin money, weigh it on a scale
Nigga

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So much people like that waitin on me to fail
Answer to that question, coldest day in hell
Fuck nigga talkin tough, gon make me take it there
I move like a turtle mean I keep them shells
Lost so many niggas to this fuckin struggle
RIP for Fif, he was like my fuckin brother
Runnin up and down them streets, in and off that Chevy Bubble
Show a nigga getting that money, all we do is hustle
Ain't no food in refrigerator nor the shelf
Ain't no handouts here, I did this shit myself
Lil mam said that pussy good, I'm tryina see it then
Guaranteed she bust it once she see the Benz
Everyone knows I am a go getter
Tryina stay away from all you fuck niggas
Aye like that boy be on some other shit
Fuck a hater, you can run and tell em this

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All this cash, I can drink to a nigga
Can't even fit in these jeans my nigga
Won't give a damn, we gon flex on the hood
Bit for you honey, I'm like the one that fucked the police, I paid for the ticket
Thrown bout 100 in the air, I admit it
My bad, I ain't show no love
Putting money over all these bitches
What you doin you lame we did it
Now we going where these niggas can't go
Stayed on grass as long as they don't get it
They'll get this, all they got like hoes
I swear boy it ain't no different
Well we won't get the same 24
I go hard every chance I get
Stepped in the plane, thought all would be Rolls
Aye don't mention so low, but my mind belong to these racks
Slingin this paper right on these strippers
How the club owner callin me by
Bitch I had, she was a'ight
Last time at show she al that
I really wanna tip drip
That bitch no, she sex it to the max
I paid for it, it ain't on the paper
I been getting it since too easy
I might blow ahead, make it back
And I got summoned here for no reason
I see you flashin for the night
But guess what nigga we do this all season
You could go and sit where you can watch me
And then one of you niggas don't believe me
That rough

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