

# This 'n That

Ace Hood

(It could be a better world)  
(If it wasn't for this)  
(And wasn't for that)  
If it wasn't for this it wouldn't be that  
You heard?  
Montana

Bad bitches, top down  
Foreign cars, poppin' bottles  
And niggas broker than my pride  
We givin' niggas what they want  
Dirty money we'll be spendin'  
Came from the bottom, now all my niggas winnin'  
Pull up in that drop, niggas get offended  
Hundred on the watch, I'm shinin' every minute

Yeah - I remember nights on those porches,  
I'm dreamin' Porsches and Benzes  
Drinkin' Hennessey plottin' on other ways I could win  
Back in the day I was troubled when knickerbockers was in  
Mama off in the kitchen cookin' my favourite again  
Had my sights on a million, most my niggas was dealin'  
Stashin' that work in them Civics, runnin' that board like the inning  
Hoppin' up in that new Chevy, that bitch was too pussy tinted  
Heard them jack boys are lurkin', bet I'll be one of the victims  
A cold world, a cold world  
Tryin' to make a dollar for my daughter and my ol' girl  
Gotta make a way, I'm chasin' paper, Maybach chauffeur  
If you don't grind then you don't shine, nigga, that's word  
Eh, that's word - I say "hey young world, how you doin' today?"  
"You ever ran out of answers, all you could do is pray?"  
She told me "baby, you'll recover" what my granny would say  
Don't got no grudge with my daddy, a millionaire to this day  
I taught myself how to be a man, ain't no father to thank  
I felt that nigga should be around just to show me the way  
Just know he wasn't, I was out here thuggin',  
Lookin' at them dope boys stuntin', fours on them Cutlass,  
Pockets full of them hundreds, bitches love it, low-key in buckets  
No kind of budget, screamin' "fuck it" when you came from nothin'  
Came from nothin', word...  
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Okay I hustle, it's off the muscle, this shit my religion  
Youngin focused, I'm on it, and I wanted to seize every figure  
Had to make our way out the struggle and sacrifice with decisions  
Ridin' low in the Taurus, I always prayed for the Bentley  
Had a whole other mission, to get rich on you bitches

Tired of goin' to the bank and they say my funds insufficient  
Only one thing to do, I had to go out and get it  
Always wanted to ball, I had to play my position  
And I did just that, put on my city in fact  
I kept a mil' in my safe, and plus there's 12 in the gat  
200k for the whip, you see the 30-day tag?  
I'm on a boat with some bitches, I give a fuck if you mad  
We livin' - straight out the gutter to makin' millions  
And I did it with real niggas  
(If it wasn't for this)  
(And wasn't for that)

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