

Trailer

Ace Hood

Uh, okay now fuck all this bullshit, I'm fresh off a full clip
Counting this fucking money, did that with no scholarship
I guess what that money taught, so fuck what you niggas thought
My bitch got a Porsche truck, like look what that pussy parked
Got that hustler demeanor, fresh and I'm out that two seater
Got to sleep with the reaper, and watch out for them people
Cause the devil be lurkin', all these pistols are dirty
All my niggas is riders, their clips extended with thirty
I woke up early this morning, thanked the lord I'm alive
Kissed my daughter then told my lady I'm back on the grind
Gotta do it for [?], that's my daily remind
Fuck these bitches, the money, power, respect on my mind
It ain't no love for the week, ain't no top on the Jeep
Tell them haters I'm over sea's, I'll be back in a week
I'm trying to get richer than Trump, a couple million for lunch
I need the cover of Forbes with We The Best on the front
I'm going main, nigga kiss my ass
These niggas be stealing my flow and all, ain't even mad
I swear my flow is dope as coke, come get your bag
Just bought that Aston Martin, ymmm', that fucker fast
Nigga started with a dollar and a dream, show me the cream
All about that profit piling, partner that's by any means
That fifty-thousand in my pocket busting out the seams
Hopping out that coupe, that roof go missing bitch like bada-
bing
Knock knock, bang bang, ever since back then they wanna know wh
o I be
H double-O-
D, was running the streets since I was like seventeen
I put it on mama, always dreamed of having a Lamborghini'
Them niggas was hating, still I was skating in that Oh I mean I
t's money over bitches, what my niggas claim
Probably in the whip with my little Spanish thing
All day, in the back of the back number nine J's
I be balling, small thing know what I mean?
I say what's up with them bitches? Molly, weed, and some liquor
I'm the type of nigga do you first and then your sister
I'm a savage, with fifty karats
Came from the bottom of the barrel, to living lavish
Blood on my sneakers, brother's keeper I see dead people
'Bout them figures, squeeze them triggers I'm just soul seeking
I think you pussy, I can smell it on you loud and clear
And since my daddy left me young, I ran up out of fear
And when it come down to my family, bitch I die for them
Blow that chopper through your chest to show you shit is real