

## We On

Ace Hood

Okay

Uh, okay I walk in the party Mr. swag, so gnarly  
With a bad Spanish mami that'll axe somebody  
Yea that's my maseratiii, going ham no salami  
That's your chick if I like it and I'm straight bogartin'  
In the club, where the bottles at? Rosé, no Moscato  
They see me, models follow, ass clap, ay, bravo  
I'll be why then my n-ggas see my jewels, they six figures  
F-ck your girl and her friend, I'm a dog, how'd you figure?  
Chillin' with my clique and I puff that loud  
She don't wanna f-ck then I tell the bitch bye  
Heart so cold, why waste my time?  
Twenty on the wrist cause I like to shine  
F-ck you n-ggas who hate on mine  
Credit card will not decline  
Missionary no, not me, I like that pussy from behind  
Bitch I'm balling every day, it's like somebody pressed rewind  
All my n-ggas came from nothing, mandatory that we shine  
Private planin', no complainin' if I happen to recline  
Same n-gga that they doubted and I'm gladly gon' remind  
Made a million off my hunger, that's just solely my reply  
Cause we the best, shit ain't a lie

Had to bring the money home  
I had to bring the money home  
Motherf-cker, we on  
I had to bring the money home  
Motherf-cker, we on  
I had to bring the money home  
Then I catch me in your city, with a clique of n-ggas with me  
Couple bitches getting tipsy, celebrating cause we winnin'  
We on (we on) we on (we on)  
And we on (and we on) and we on (and we on)  
I go so hard, n-ggas already know  
Still in the club and it close at 4  
Birthday girl gon drop it low  
Let's make a toast to never broke cause  
We on (we on) we on (we on)  
And we on (and we on) and we on (on)

Okay, now one for the money, Shorty two for the f-ck of it  
Pull up in some shit that just might destroy all your confidence  
Meet a bitch and hit it quick and never know a government  
I been rocking Hermes and that H don't stand for hooligan  
High boy, I fly, high n-gga, blast off  
You goof truth loose goose prove you ain't cotton soft  
We on, we on, way to keep on, bring on  
All these cases of that aces, bring her back to my oasis  
Taking shots after shots, like I'm busting off that.44  
Man, that ciroc got me feeling like I overdosed  
Living with my n-ggas, celebrating, rocking hella gold  
Ring hella big, you would think I won a Super Bowl  
Yeah, we in the building, why the f-ck you think it's super full?  
Tell the DJ bring it back and show 'em what we really on  
All these women love me cause they know we young and money long  
Mama told me get it so I had to bring the money home

Had to bring the money home  
I had to bring the money home  
Motherf-cker, we on  
I had to bring the money home  
Motherf-cker, we on  
I had to bring the money home  
Then I catch me in your city, with a clip the n-ggas with me  
Couple bitches getting siffy, celebrating cuz we winning  
We on (we on) we on (we on)  
And we on (and we on) and we on (and we on)  
I go so hard, n-ggas already know  
Still in the club when they close at 4  
Birthday girl gon drop it low  
Let's make a toast to never broke us  
We on (we on) we on (we on)  
And we on (and we on) and we on (on)