

We Outchea

Ace Hood

Real life, Ace Hooooood
We the motherfuckin' best - HUH!
(Lil bro, ya know I gotcha)

I made my way from the bottom, and I'm grindin'
I wake up every morning lookin' for commas
Bout my dollars; I'm goin' all out
And that's on my mama, on my mama (yeeeeeah)
Cause we outchea (we outchea), we outchea (we outchea)
Ain't no sleepin' (ain't no sleepin'), cause we outchea (cause we outchea)
And we outchea (and we outchea), we outchea (we outchea)
Grindin' all damn night, cause we outchea

Everyday that I'm wakenin', I'mma say my prayers (Amen)
I'mma get on my grind off my mama need a new crib (Amen)
And I'mma make that shake, gotta put the food on they plate
Stay focus gotta get money, never gave a fuck what they say
Ain't no time to sleep, I get guap, ain't no Jordan's in the shoe box
Ain't no roof that came with that drop, chase that paper youngin' don't stop
Nigga I was born and raised in that jungle, tryin' to get my fuckin' in, tha
t's struggle
Fuck that nine to five that don't cut, ain't no job I guess that's my luck
Yeah, nigga outchea in safe date, tryin' to triple what I made today
This one right here is for my real niggas and bad bitches who gettin' cake
Count it up til your thumbs hurt, put fam second and God first
Hatin' niggas ain't phasin' me; you couldn't walk a mile in my foot work

Money over the best pussy
The blind hear me, the deaf lookin'
When opportunity knock
I run out the back door shit I thought it was the cops
Damn, I fuck the bitch with a broom stick
The same broom I didn't clean my room with
Stay on my toes, no ballet
Shout out my Zoe's, sak pase
I'm twisted weed in my mansion, I go dumb in alumni Stanford
Remember when moms couldn't afford Pampers, now she trying to avoid cameras
All I do is count my blessings, Weezy F. for Fortunate
I came up from that bottom, now I'm richer than chocolate
Lil Tunechi

I say another day, another dollar, thank the Lord for my praying mama
Watching back in this cold world cause everybody won't see tomorrow
Money callin' and I'm motivated, kill the beat, its pre-meditated
Still remember like yesterday when them hard times had me frustrated
Say any day I'mma go get it, pair of J's and my Florida fitted
Quittin' not in my vocab and no hate found in my soul spirit
Young nigga trying to feed the fail, hatin' on me I don't give a damn
Out here like what nigga? You don't get the picutre like Instagram
Hundred dollars to a couple grand, couple grand to a hundred bands
Hundred bands to those big M's, and my weight up like six gyms
I'm outchea and I mean that; We The Best, where my team at?
Bad vibes I don't need that, I'da come too far to be lookin' back

YOUNG MULA BAAAY-BAAAY!
Ace Hood, nigga
Fuck these lil bitch ass niggas