

Ace Hood f/ DJ Khaled, Rick Ross, T-Pain

"Cash Flow"

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(DJ Khaled)

We the best Def Jam
I introduce you to Ace
ace let's get money

(Rick Ross & T-Pain)

Cash flow... (haha)
It's too easy nigga (bankroll)
we don't count money no mo
we weight that shit
Let's get it...

(Ace Hood Verse)

Eh knock knock, bang bang where the cash at
If you ain't got it leave you bloody like a tampax
Come up swinging at you thugs aflac
Then I fall in the sway back may back
See I'm back for the money like I left dat
See I be runnin on the route where the cash go (where
the cash go)
And any nigga interfering with the cash flow
So he can get pumped on like Citgo
Make his body bounce bounce like a 64
Tall clips chrome lips see the big gold
I'm a duffle bag boy like I move coke
Big crack threw tha music so the flow dope
I keep my money ova bitches til the door close
I need money like a bitch need dick mo
I'm tryna see it like a motherfuckin castro rubber bands
in my pants and a swift bankroll

(T-Pain Chorus)

I'll tell ya one thang don't play about mine
I be bangin on your front door wit the nine
I'ma come see ya (see ya)
I'ma come see ya (see ya)
I need all my dough not a dolla short
And if you dont have it then you gotta go
I'ma come see ya(see ya) hey hey we put our hands
In the sky let em kno dat we bout that
Cash flow..I need it on time

I'm talkin bank roll my money my money my money
Cash flow...I need it on time
I'm talkin bank roll my money my money my money...

(Ace Hood Verse)

And where my money young niggaz gotta have that
Rubber bands by the grands in a big bag
Pockets fat like I'm carrying a backpack
A couple grand for the louie band napsack
Understand I'm the man who you can't match
Moneyman minivan full of brown bags
Better grand anyman never top that
Cause money and the gat pop those straps
Getting loot in the top drop right back
I ain't playin creep ya avenue and I'll blast
Bust shots like a new year day blast
And I ride all day like a buss pass
Grindin hard for the bread and the cash flow
Kick doors wave 4's where the cash go (where the cash go)
I'm trying to see it like a motherfuckin castro
Rubber bands in my pants and a swift bankroll

(T-Pain Chorus Repeat)

(Rick Ross Talking In Chorus)

Ace I see you nigga
Trilla
You M.O.B now nigga
You untouchable

(Rick Ross Verse)

Big money in the dope hole
See the beamers when ya pull up in the dope home (my money)
Seventeen and he got his own kilo
Running green nigga living like nino
Ridin clean wax sittin for the c note
It ain't green get it back with tha c loc
Momma dead broke daddy fucked up
I'ma make them come and hit me with the recoup
God dammnit I'm still in the dope spot
Why the fuck you think I pull up in a dope car
Gold shoes stepping out with a dope bitch
Cartel so she gotta suck four dicks
ID me VIP DJ Khaled M.O.B.
Girls so hot ace so cold takin bets ace won't fold

(T-Pain Chorus Repeat)

Hey we go by the runners just incase you forgot we did

it again

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