

Ace Hood f/ Ludacris

"Born an OG"

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Chorus: (Ludacris Ad-Libs) I wake up and got four or five bitches in the bed (in the bed) Smokin' weed, Drinkin' liquor by the keg (by the keg) I was born an O.G. if you ain't heard about me I put four or five bullets in your head Ace Hood! [Ludacris] Yeah! Luda! As if the guillotine chopped off my noggin I got my head gone Got my pedal to the metal and my Lambo poppin' in the red zone Speedin' like demons is reason heathens is breathin' hard but I roll with some heathens that just, just don't seem to believe in God They'll whoop your head boy, put your body in the bottom of the ocean Mean while Ludacris is in the MIA with Ace Hood somewhere smokin' Got a pound of the purp and the smell on my shirt so I'm lookin' like roll it up I be swimmin' in a pool of blood cause the A.K. super soak it up Hahaha nahh fuck that I'ma come back with it, right quick, like this Come back with it, ha ha ha ha, Nasty and Ludacris on the track with it Got enough ammo to blow you out of proportion and put a motherfucker on his back with it I'm so wrong, I'm so Gutta, I'm so dangerous, ain't I? I'm so gone off these suckers but the flamers will bang you, cause I'm a solid aimer The fat lady got a song to sang ya Meanwhile I stashed all your bricks in my ? air plane hanger I'm so high, I'm so fly, that is a fuckin shame Smokin' weed by the bush with that kush, and you's a fuckin' lame Chorus: (Ludacris Ad-Libs) I wake up and got four or five bitches in the bed (in the bed) Smokin' weed, Drinkin' liquor by the keg (by the keg) I was born an O.G. if you ain't heard about me I put 4 or 5 bullets in your head (in your head) [2x] [Ace Hood] In your head nigga, Young Gutta, Ace Hood homie Yo! Luda I got 'em, Ruthless homie And I'm a ball like a dog and I'm never gon' fall you can call me Jordan baby In a Lamborghini drop top and I can't stop myself from stuntin' lately And I'm stickin' to the dollars and my motto you can follow, tell 'em holler, it's "Fuck you, pay me!" I'll meet those hollows in the back of the Tahoe, they comin' at a spiral, borrow that And any nigga want to get it, I ain't trippin', I'll send about 50 with a body bag Zip it up, ship, ship his ass at the bottom of the ocean fast Then I

sit back, laugh, with a pound of that hash, me and
Ludacris pass that You will need a gasmask think you
can still bag that Mmmm haha, Ace Hood, Ace Hood,
G's hood homie And guess who, guess who I'm back
with it Ace Hood motherfucker don't act with it Ruthless
than a motherfucker, tell them other brothers don't try
'cause they know that I'm packin' it Give me your car,
then your keys, then your jeans, then your green If you
sneeze then you comin' up absent And I roll with a pack
of them goons and they only think tools with bodies
packed in it More money I'ma keep on stackin' it
Hundred thousand for the chain, immaculate New
whips I'ma keep plate taggin' it New swag and a Louis
duff bag with it Ace Hood, that's who, you mad with it
To all you haters and you fake antagonists I got a hit,
what's your name? You can have it! Chorus: (Ludacris
Ad-Libs) I wake up and got 4 or 5 bitches in the bed (in
the bed) Smokin' weed, Drinkin' liquor by the keg (by
the keg) I was born an O.G. if you ain't heard about me I
put 4 or 5 bullets in your head(in your head) [2x]

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