

Birdman "Bugatti"

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(Intro: Future)

We the motherfuckin best nigga

Ace Hood

It's Over, Future

(Hook: Future)

I come looking for you with Haitians

I stay smoking on good Jamaican

I fuck bitches from different races

You get money they started hating

I woke up in the new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

(Verse 1: Ace Hood)

Niggas be hatin I'm rich as a bitch

100 K I spent that on my wrist

Two hundred thousand I spent that on your bitch

You and your model put that on the list

Oh there he go in that foreign again

Killin the scene bring the coroner in

Murder she wrote, swallow or choke

Hit her and go home and call her again

Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college

Smoke me a pound of the loudest

Whippin some shit with no mileage

Diamonds cost me a fortune

Them horses all in them Porsches

You pussies can't handle afford it

4, 200 my mortgage

Ballin on niggas like Kobe

Fuck all you haters you bore me

Only the real get a piece of the plate

Reppin my city I'm runnin my state

Give me a pistol then run with the K's

Niggas want beef then I visit ya place Bang!

(Hook: Future)

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(Verse 2: Ace Hood)

Yeah, and I'm at it again
There go that flow bringin tragedy in
Copped me a chain your salary spent
Niggas is sweepin them cavities in
Countin money, hourly trend
Rolling them skinny like Olsen twins
Niggas is squares, cabin and pens
Neck full of Gold Olympian shit
Neiman's, I'm blowing the check on they gear
Fall on some pussy then hop on the leer
Shot with them choppers back of the rear
Sak pase' them killers is here
Woke up early morning, mind is tellin me money
Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumor
Billionaire nigga no rumor
Livin my life off of tuna
Wanted with me I deliver the beef
Real niggas only enjoyin the feast
Pull up a seat, bon appetite
No Louboutins put that red on your feet Bang

(Hook: Future)

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(Verse 3: Rick Ross)

Photographs of dope boys, is all they taking
Finger prints on the Rolls Royce, is why they hatin'
Push a button on these broke boys, that's detonation
Walk a road to riches bare feet
I watch mama struggle now she livin' careifree
That's why I hustle for half a key that's 12 G's
I'm tryin' to bubble every summer a new LP
You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-League
Signin' bonus hit that man that's from dirty feet

Left in a puddle finger prints is on hundred mill
And what it is?
Ricky Rozay and Ace Hood, we hella Trill
Yeah

(Hook: Future)
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