

## **Ace Hood**

### **"2-12-12"**

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RIP Whitney Houston  
God bless her soul  
I'm just vibin' dog  
But for you haters

Nothing's gonna stop me  
I swear to god  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Andi, Kiko, Renegades  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Nothing's gonna stop me

Money talks so what's your conversation?  
Counting my blesses, my sweet elaborated  
Being broke ain't a joke, that feeling is devastating  
Night met 'er so that force never stated  
Calculating every dollar bill  
Reminisclin', they missin' like someone not a mill  
Still trippin', this life I'm livin' the dream still  
Look at my niggas loyalty's mad real  
That's cuz we got this from the bottom up  
Number slidin' in my homie momma truck  
We did what we had to do, we ain't give a fuck  
Now we the niggas winnin' dog, wuddup?  
Ain't it funny how the time fly?  
Couple cars and a twenty story high rise  
Took a minute but shit connecting like wi fi  
It's fuck you to the niggas who sad my carrier died  
Shit, I'm livin' quite well  
On the beach I'm sippin' wine and cracking laughter  
tales  
With a Spanish mommy give me, I pursue the tails  
Ask me do I like it, poppy I'm like hell yea  
We da best the fuckin' logo  
Just hope you get the picture when you take your  
photos  
Own a couple cars but I need one more though  
Felt I'm coming soon, real nigga yellow  
True, I'm just rappin' dog aye

Nothing's gonna stop me  
I tell 'em: nothing's gonna stop me

Yea, feel good when you comin' from nothin' homie  
But I tell 'er: nothing's gonna stop me  
Swear to god (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Starvation

In the studio, watching the Grammy's homie  
Pray today they nominate the one and only  
Proibly cry some tears at the ceremony  
Only lord knows when they ready for me  
Inspiration runnin' through my blood  
Motivated from the fact I made through the mud  
Kept my faith although they doubted when I lost my  
buzz  
All over somethin' that I'm winnin' ain't gon show me  
love  
In the street label me underrated  
Story for respect my only ultimatum  
They ask me who that's why you goin' hard  
Cuz I just want my mama off that boulevard  
I come from a city where there ain't many stars  
And given no pity promised them prison bars  
Teachers said I won't amount a shit  
Graduated high-school, college never in it  
Still I manage through seven figures with common  
sense  
And at the age of 52 my mama finally quit  
Fuck it right I never stop  
Found a way to motivate the niggas' block  
Whitney Houston died yesterday  
God bless 'er, hope she end up at them heavy gates  
Watching the Grammy's just as they dedicate  
In the mean time, let's let this marinate  
Yea, I'm just vibin' dog

Oh yea (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Ain't nothin' gonna stop me man  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
I write poetry via Martin  
Justice will be served my brother  
But guess what  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Oh yea man (nothing's gonna stop me)  
God bless  
Hood

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