

Ace Hood "Can't Stop"

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Ooh yeah, ooh yeahhh,
Ace hood, Konvict Music,
I know they want us to stop,
But we immune to lose it,
Hey,
Hey,

[Chorus:]

I can't stop gettin this money now,
Cause I'm out here livin this hustlas life.
I be workin all day but no 9 to 5,
And you know we don't play when it's time to grind.
That's how it goes,
You wanna get that dough.
I'm makin it but I'm still hungry,
But whatever it takes I gotta go get this money.

[Verse 1:]

When I first jumped in the game I was 7 years old,
Drop a model get the money, give a fuck about a ho.
Servin' porcelain to people left a brick up in my coat,
Always told to eat fast,
Never snitchin was the code.
I would never post pone cause the money get gone,
Never waitin by the phone gotta get it on your own.
Real niggas get paid every second of the day,
Hit the mall blow a quote that I can't fit in this phrase,
Just know it's two colors in that Def Jam chain,
Lil money wanna scam,
Bitch I'm outta your range.
Make way,
Feed me,
Gotta get this money.
Smokin nothin but the best yeah the boy so flooded,
and I still want money...

[Chorus:]

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Cause I'm out here livin this hustlas life.
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And you know we don't play when it's time to grind.
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But whatever it takes I gotta go get this money.

[Verse 2:]

See niggas shut down,
My money keeps comin.
You niggas take breaks,
My team keeps runnin.
They bring me back bags,
Louis vitton somethin.
Don't really know the price,
Just know it costs money,
And when it comes to money,
They know it ain't nothin,
Throw a 100 on jewels,

Make it back up on a monday.
Why niggas tryna floss,
They ballin outta budget.
Everyday on the grind,
Bitch my mind is on my money.
Tell 'em roll up the trees,
And deliver me the scummy.
Forget a 9 to 5,
Overrated me to quit.
Now a day since legit,
I get it opposite legit.
Me and my nigga 'Kon so addicted to the chips.
He gon let you know the script...

[Chorus:]

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But whatever it takes I gotta go get this money.

[Verse 3:]

And whatever it takes,
Ace Hood bout money.
How much for the chain?
I spend bout a 100.
See you can dim the lights,
But my wrist still sunny.
They know I'm on the block,
And my fitted in the glock.
Dickies cut with a frame,

And a half up in my sock,
Gotta get it anyway,
And keep it level from the cops.
Bitch I never play the grind,
First rule off top.
I been in it for the dough,
You niggas need props .
I'm just in it for the guap,
100 million in the pot.
Only know to go get it
So the printer don't stop.
Grab 50 hit a lot,
And go and dump it on the drop.
I'm starvin like marvin,
It ain't no give and bargain, like target.

[Chorus:]

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