

# Ace Hood "Clockin"

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[Intro - Ace Hood]

Yeah

Yay, straight up like that there B homie

Free Weezy!

Yay, let's get to the money my nigga

Mister Hood

[Chorus] X2

Money to be made best believe a nigga clocking

Money to be made best believe a nigga clocking

Money to be made best believe a nigga clocking

I run it myself like a quarter back option

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Okay there's money to be made

Let's go get this guap

And I'm fresh up on the block

Rubber band in my pockets

Nigga run it like I'm shock it

Balling like John Stockton

Couple stacks in my pocket

What the fuck is a wallet?

Nigga show me what you need oh

Call me the Young Nino

All I see is the C-notes

Triple digits and zeros

Nigga keep it on the D low

While I'm stacking the Fritos

I get the shit by you know

Send it to Puerto Rico

Nigga never move by two though

Tell them that's what it do though

Just bring my money back

Yeah I'm talking Polo

Nigga money to be made

That's money to be made

And if this ain't your shit

Then nigga you ain't getting paid

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Ace Hood]

Okay now hundred thousand dollars

That's around my collar  
Nigga I should see a doctor  
Addicted to them dollars  
Nigga holler (Holler) holler (Holler) holler (Holler)  
Fuck off with you cowards  
Just feed me with the money nigga  
Watch how I devour  
Nigga it's raining money  
Watch I take a shower  
All you niggas lame  
Nine to five scholar  
Nigga you be picking flowers  
My hand is so tired  
Counting for an hour  
My accountant cannot follow  
Nigga money to be made  
All my niggas paid  
Fresher than a mug in the latest fucking J's  
And your bitch be on my dick though  
Wet as fucking Crisco  
As soon as we be done nigga, back onto that cash flow

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - AC]

You ain't got to tell me  
But now the kush in my Louis V. duffle  
Bet a nigga smell me  
You little nigga, I'm better nigga  
If any nigga tell me, that money ain't here pronto  
Then I bet them chopper shells be arriving at his front  
door  
I got to step up on my guns so  
I see you from a distance  
I'm in love with all this money  
I ain't see some for you bitches  
I do it because I want to  
Clueless because I'm under  
Influence of this Goosey but my fooleys make me  
wonder  
Are they really hustling? Look at all these bundles  
Are they really human? They eat you like piranhas  
Look at my G-shock and you can tell a nigga clocking  
I know them hoes watching but it's

[Chorus] X3

