

Ace Hood "Get Money"

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Ace Hood, Rosay
We the fucking best, Maybach
It's so incredible

I do it for the thugs and the motherfucking gangstas
I do it for the strippers and the bitches put their ass up
I do it for the haters that them never put their hands up
I do it for the hustlers and this bitch throwing their
grass up

Nigga, get nigga, get money nigga
Get money nigga, get money nigga

I'm like fresh outfit, blunts they lit
And a nigga out in bout who don't buck a shit
Yeah I gave you a classic in my day view
Cashflow for the hoes I bought
(Straight to)

You wanna ride you can't be acting like Dre foo'
N.W.A, I bet you Ace played you
Hollywood, Hollywood, I see the big lights
And I'm with my big homie, Ricky, nigga, yeah right

Every minute that my heart pump blood
Fuck what you heard, mamma raised a fucking thug
Money on my mind, imagine what's up in the trunk
And it get me to the life of funk driver store's thug

On the other ridges feeling like a billionaire
A got a couple mill, a couple more an' I'm really there
Haters talk around me fuck 'em like I really care
When we handle our business, sorry, they were never
there

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Nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga

Get money nigga, get money nigga

Money ain't a thing I remain blinged up
Hundred on the chain, bitch, I think I'm King Tuck
A nigga, young and rich, who feel like can't be touched
Fourty stacks for the chase, no, I can't see much

Unless you get the dollars, still talking cash flow
Thousand dollar bill, President Fidel Castro
Nigga with a attitude .50 and a mac-10
Ross cool as Ice Cube, dicky and the black chef

I'm in a heli chopper staring at the boat docks
Good weather, good weather means more flux
Look in my eyes, you can tell I'm seeing so clear
I get them bitches a prison an' feeling no fear

More money means more Louis, carry on
When I touch your city you should see how hoes Carrillo
Bitch, what's my name?
Ace fucking Hood, ain't a damn thang change us

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Nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga
Get money nigga, get money nigga

Shit, shit and I'm a getting money ass, nigga
Fast with the duffle bags with the cash in it
White squares that's equivalence of mo dough
I hear my nigga, Ricky, selling on my promo

I make it rain, hoe better wear your poncho
To seek me on my TMO, I get you mo slow
The good life beats side of my condo
You know the name ask Jermaine on cut though

Wooh, you talking funny, would you fucking with the
franchise?
I decide how much you form the shit we let ride
I gave niggas your first startup
Showed you how to dress, made the hood be a part of

Maybe I should have kept my thought off
It's all good neither he'd hit the guard off
Now you shit, nigga, garbage you's a rat
Never build for this mob shit

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