

## Ace Hood "Letter To My Ex's"

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uhh they might not like me for this one  
ha fuck it got my pen n pad anyway...

Mister Hood

Dear misses independent ho  
Looking for you like my life time depending on  
You're a centerfold, every womans inner goal  
To meet a nigga and his money long  
Haters a letter to my ex ho, before i start kiss my ass..  
EX O's  
Ok Let's talk about a gold digger  
Met her at video shoot, go figure but she was bad in  
the mood flicker  
See her looking got her number see what's up wit her  
to make a long story short dog couple days i'm  
sleeping beating the kitty walls  
Fell in love with it now we up in every mall  
bought her first Louie bag she was so appaled  
not a scout but she love to watch a nigga ball  
bought her everything she had if i could recall  
so couple months i gotta her movein in  
they show money got me out of town  
they got her trippin when i'm not around  
she was moveing tryin playin me outta bounds  
seein pictures of her and niggas because i hate to  
found  
sad part was the bitch was trickin off outta the town  
And i was too blind to see it sooner  
knew this bitch was kind of fishy like some old tuna  
Took her clothes n threw em in old sewer damn you  
shoulda really seen her face then  
She oficially on my shit list  
She pulled up on some shock shit  
I'm talking bags in the Front trick  
And that words on my common sense  
See you ain't nothing but a has been i'm talking ashes  
to ashes

Chorus:

And here's a letter to my ex's  
you aint' nothing but a has been

oh was only happy when the cash in  
you try to play me like a band bitch  
but i ain't trippin 'cause your pussy kinda average  
oh her ego bigger than her ass is  
Man i'm so glad you're the pass tense  
I used to love you with the passion  
Sincerely yours. Bitches

Oh, dear misses independent hoes  
Still searching like my life time depended on  
You're a centerfold every womans inner gold  
to meet the nigga and his money long  
If you ain't got it you can carry on  
I'm talking like the Loieue bag homes  
No matter swag or you new calogne  
I swear my last was a bee like a honeycomb  
I thought we'd woulda really last long  
we were the ones to put the money on  
damn in the begining it was fairytale  
I'm talkin make believe love caught in make believe  
But that's until i started buyin things  
it was cool now she started wanted wedding rings  
such a drama queen demanding all kinds of things  
corrupted by a life she could only see the green  
wanted kids so i can be there any means let her tell we  
were something, like a perect team  
damn, had a cut it she was out of order  
try to pull me on blast like a bill boarder  
I call her mama tryin to transport her,  
Did you throw her out dog? yeah kinda, sorta  
She was mad so she file a restraining order  
just to come and get a bag fill the trash house?  
Swore to cops made me leave lily passed out  
Hey but i end up moving back in  
Oh my mama prego with a set of twins  
pause  
That's a whole lotto settle in  
I guess the story really never ends  
Well here's the letter to my ex then  
I swear she used to be my best friend  
Now she's a memory from back then  
I know she probably misses that feeling  
Big sprees and the mutha fuckin plane trips  
She the last on my ex list lily hada nigga stressn  
Damn.

Somebody tell me what's love  
What's your definition of love?  
Is love buying one another different gifts  
Hold up ..depending on the price tag  
Is that love?

i mean a nigga just looking for somebody genuine too  
ride for. i'm feeling like fuck love  
It don't' give a damn on me anyway  
Maybe relationships aint for me,  
I guess its why im writing this

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