

Ace Hood

"Luv Her"

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i used to luv her
f*ck it
hook:
she used to tear down the mall
fendi prada and all
swear that p**sy was great
i let her have it her wait
i used to luv her,
yeah boy i used to love her
she started f*cking them lames
throwing dirt on my name
tried to creep with my dawg guess it's a part of the
game
i used to luv her, yeah boy i used to love her
i had a bitch named diana stashed the work in her
hammer
bad bitch from atlanta had a job as a dancer
she was fine as a muh shaking her ass in the club
f*ck her once and i spoiler now i'm falling in love
i swear that p**sy was power distant dancers in hours
on some porn star shit she sniffed the coke off counter
this bitch was bad, super bad, cooking and cleaning
ass poking out them vicky secrets
wat she desire i supply her with some shopping sprees
gave her the card and my brand new panorama keys
til she went so sour heard so much about her in the
streets
they say she doing everybody that's including me
get off on working all the nigga she will go and see
tell me she love me but she creeping when a nigga
sleep
you old silly ass trick heres something up my sleeve
bitch where my card where my keys
youse a memory
[hook:]
okay this story about sonia
met her through rasheda while your drink was on the ..
coaster
we went down to costa rica
actions speak loud
and i feel that talk is cheaper
original d-boy i was texing using beepers

How I ended up with a Porsce
Started with a Regal
Ended-up with Sonya and started off with Lisa
See Sonya got a girl friend so you know
The prosedure
And I'm a keep it pimpin
Church Cathedral
Chopper in my beamer
Real nigga like Luseal
And I'm tired of ballin
But I ain't talking bout Tela
You have no ideal tequila in my freezer
And I didn't go to prom
I was in love with a beaker
Looked up to the felons
Said what's up to the preacher
Getting all this new money like it's nice to met you
Breakfast in the bedroom like it was nice to eat you
Took her to the mall
And brought her a bag with the sneakers
[hook:]
(Verse 3 Ace Hood)
I'm in that 4 door ho
Rocking my fresh polo
I got my seat back low
I'm in that bitch solo
I'm sick and tired of them hoes
Playing that role on the low
Claiming they faithful and shit
That's how that game gonna go
They fall in luv with your money
And like with your swagger
See that new chock you fucking
Nine out of ten I th'n had her
Keep my hoes to the money
Family is what matters
All that get is this dick
And bubblegum out the wrapper
I had a bad lil chick
I'm talkin' bad as shit
The way them titties was sitting
And all that ass so thick
I had to bag that quick
And I was gone all in
A couple months we done chill
Found out that bitch wasn't shit
They say the whole hood hit
I told her get lost trick
I should of knew you was shawn for the group you were
with
I used to, luv her

I used to luv her
But I ain't tripping I just hit the club and find another
[hook:]

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