

Ace Hood

"Reminiscing"

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Let's take these niggers back to '98
Mama in the kitchen, cookin' up her favorite cake
Daddy gone, never home, he say he gotta stay
Five times I only seen that nigger to this day
And I was blind as a youngun but I learned better
Five kids, visitation, game, never
But ain't trippin', mama did your daddy work?
23 and got a crib that's seven figures worth
Even as a youngun I had bigger dreams
Maybe another way instead of triple beans
17 all about that green cream
Break that 9 to 5, I quitted in about a week
That's true story, it was overrated
They don't crack those middle fingers cuz they under
payment
Back on the block, not a single dollar
I told her mom that hottest nigger had a brother
They laughed at me, they clown me
They hatin' shit, don't want that bitch around me
So I joined the label, dollars and deals
I stayed around the corner for my missal deal
Stacking that money, switching them wips
Motivated by the dope boy ain't gettin' chips
My vision changed, the struggle came
I see my mama cryin', I can feel her pain
The pills are so behind we can't afford a thing
We can't afford a thing
Couple months I met with DJ Katadim
Saw my killing, got a hundred thousand dollars pimp
Call my mother crying like we outta here
Hard times, kiss my ass
Flew the Louie, pressing thousands in the duffle bag
That was 074, back to 20 12
Paid a set, I get one hitin' thirty well
Not sugar coating shit, you niggas fairytale
They free my niggers locked behind them prison cells
I'm one of just a few who send my niggers mail
Hearing a lot of talk 'bout what you niggas do
I'm everywhere, you never there, I'm like a prostitute
Brought my money, let that pistol brush your testicles
Speaking on my fam you get the medic room

A couple top tens, bitch I'm livin' good
Get house in Miami and that record do it
Make them bitches suck it till they catch the fluid
I just lost my daughter but I'm prayin' through it

Star faish, star faish
Livin' every day like I'm on vacaish
Underrated, they say I is
And Imma give Æ em heel over satan feels

Star faish, star faish
Like looking in the eyes of a poor baby
Poor baby, they scared not
Did it for you non-believers case you wonder why

Amen
Love

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