

## Ace Hood "The Trailer"

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(Intro)

Ace Hood

You know I think it's every young nigga dream to  
come from the bottom to the top  
From being in the dirt  
Counting the millions

(Verse)

Uh, okay now fuck all this bullshit, I'm fresh off a full  
clip  
Counting this fucking money, did that with no  
scholarship  
I guess all that money talk, so fuck what you niggas  
thought  
My bitch got a Porsche truck, like look what that pussy  
parked  
Got that hustler demeanor, fresh and I'm out that two  
seater  
Got to sleep with the reaper, and watch out for them  
people  
Cause the devil be lurkin', all these pistols are dirty  
All my niggas are riders, their clips extended with thirty  
I woke up early this morning, thanked the Lord I'm alive  
Kissed my daughter then told my lady I'm back on the  
grind  
Gotta do it for Sela, that's my daily remind  
Fuck these bitches, the money, power, respect on my  
mind  
It ain't no love for the weak, ain't no top on the Jeep  
Tell them haters I'm overseas, I'll be back in a week  
I'm trying to get richer than Trump, a couple million for  
lunch  
I need the cover of Forbes with We Da Best on the front  
I'm going mane, nigga kiss my ass  
These niggas be stealing my flows and all, ain't even  
mad  
I swear my flow is dope as coke, come get your bag  
Just bought that Aston Martin, yummm', that fucker fast  
Nigga started with a dollar and a dream, show me the  
cream  
All about that profit piling, partner that's by any means  
That fifty-thousand in my pocket busting out the seams

Hopping out that coupe, that roof go missing bitch like  
bada-bing  
Knock knock, bang bang, ever since back then they  
wanna know who I be  
H double-O-D, was running the streets since I was like  
seventeen  
I put it on mama, always dreamed of having a  
Lamborghini'  
Them niggas was hating, still I was skating in that  
Mossolin  
Oh I mean mo say  
It's money over bitches, what my niggas claim  
Probably in the whip with my little Spanish thing  
All day, in the back of the back number nine J's  
I be balling, small ding know what I mean  
I say what's up with them bitches? Molly, weed, and  
some liquor  
I'm the type of nigga do you first and then your sister  
I'm a savage, with fifty karats  
Came from the bottom of the barrel, to living lavish  
Blood on my sneakers, brother's keeper I see dead  
people  
'Bout them figures, squeeze them triggers I'm just soul  
seeking  
I think you pussy, I can smell it on you loud and clear  
And since my daddy left me young, I ran up out of fear  
And when it come down to my family, bitch I die for  
them  
Blow that chopper through your chest to show you shit  
is real

(Outro)  
Show you shit is real  
Shout to 7 new  
Starvation 2 on the way nigga  
Moun up  
Moun up nigga  
We da best be that logo ah  
Ha ha ha  
Brap, brow

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