

Ace Hood

"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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