

Ace Hood "Turn Up"

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[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

They told me "Where you getting money? Boy them niggas hate"

Taught to trust nobody other than my .38

Fuck a nigga, petty weight

It's just me and all this money I'll be okay

Hustle hard, each and every day

Thinking of a master plan, accumulating cake

Very rapid pace, motherfucker bang

IRS be watching, stash it in the safe

Never trust a nigga, even in his face

Catch him stealing from me, that's another case

Prices on your head, show up to your weight

Cold blooded killer, one more to the face

Don't nobody side, fuck who got away

Happy Meal clips, have a nice day

Money is the motive, nothing mediocre

Keep that pussy popping, like a canned soda

Let her ride the dick, come and be my chauffeur

Heavy money piles, I need a bulldozer

So keep away the hate, I can't stand the odor

I'm just getting started, Indy try and told them

[Chorus - Ace Hood]

They told me "Were you getting money? Boy them niggas hate"

Me and Ballgreezy get this shit by any way

Real niggas, fuck with us

We'll be bucking in this bitch until they come get us

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

I wish a nigga would

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

Turn up

The whole hood want him

[Verse 2 - Ballgreezy]

Fuck the other side, bitch I'm going ham
Pocket full of bands, so rock your head, yeah!
Coconut, and it taste good, Ballgreezy and Ace Hood
Big pistols, and blowing reefer

Up in this bitch, because my face good
Me and my niggas make movies
Going down about my foolish
Hell naw, you can't hit the weed
Or make the drink, bitch keep it moving
Around here, it's G-code
Ask around, the streets know
Love fucking them freak hoes
With a fat ass and a deep throat
My outfit, is so shaw
My shoe game, is so hard
Stomp with the groupies
Sitting nigga that's your hoe job
The music all the way turned up
Rosay getting poured up
My cellphone keep blowing up
By the bad bitch that I'm going to fuck
My shades on, and they real dawg
My ice shining real hard
Niggas acting real hard, that beef shit, and we'll solve
Pop up with that loose shit, thinking that I ain't going to
do shit
Thinking I ain't going to shoot shit
Won't give a fuck about who hit

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ace Hood]

Okay, I'm gone off of tequila
Hopping out of that Regal
24's on my whip
Toasting my neck colder than freezers
I'm turned up with my top down
Bad bitch and she turn around
Ass fat and I dick her down
Fuck her free like I'm sights or sounds
And bitch I'm heavy balling
Nicknamed Mister Spalding
Momma told me kill them, dead man walking
Riding with that reefer, rip through any carcass
It's We the Best forever, bitch I'm just now getting
started
Hold up

[Chorus]

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