

Ace Hood

"We Outchea"

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feat. Lil Wayne

I made my way from the bottom and I'm grinding
I wake up every morning lookin' for commas
'Bout my dollars
I'm going all out and that's on my mama, on my mama

Cause we outchea, we outchea
We outchea, we outchea
Aint no sleeping cause we outchea
We outchea, cause we outchea
Grinding all damn night, cause we outchea

Every day that I'm wakenin', I'mma say my prayers,
amen
I'mma get on my grind off, my mama need a new crib,
amen
And I'mma make that shake, gotta put the food on they
plate
Stay focus to get money, never gave a fuck what they
say
Aint no time to sleep, I get guap
Aint no Jordan's in the shoe box
Aint no roof that came with that drop
Chase that paper youngling, dont stop
Nigga, I was born and raised in that jungle
Trying to get my fucking in, that's struggle
Fuck that nine to five, that don't cut it
Aint no job, I guess thats my luck
Yeah, nigga outchea in safe date
Trying to triple what I made today
This one here is for my real niggas
And bad bitches who getting cake
Count it up till your thumbs hurt
Put fam second and God first
Hating niggas aint fazing me
You couldn't walk a mile in my foot work

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Money over the best pussy
The blind hear me, the deaf looking
When opportunity knock I run out the back door
Shit, I thought it was the cops, damn
I fuck the bitch with a broom stick
The same broom that I didn't clean my room with
Stay on my toes, no ballet
Shout out me sapa say
I'm twisted weed in my mansion
I go dumb in alumni Stanford
Remember when moms couldn't afford Pampers
Now she trying to avoid cameras
All I do is count my blessings
Weezy F. for fortunate
I came up from that bottom
Now I'm richer than chocolate, Lil Tunechi

And I'm grinding
I wake up every morning lookin' for commas
'Bout my dollars
I'm going all out and that's on my mama, on my mama

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I say another day, another dollar
Thank the Lord for my praying mama
Watching back in this cold world
'Cause everybody won't see tomorrow
Money calling and I'm motivated
Kill the beat, its pre-meditated
Still remember like yesterday when them hard times
had me frustrated
Say any day I'mma go get it
Pair of J's and my Florida fitted
Quitting not in my vocab and no hate found in my soul
spirit
Young nigga trying to feed the fail
Hating on me I dont give a damn
Out here like what nigga?

You don't get the picture like Instagram
Hundred dollars to a couple grand
Couple grand to a hundred bands
Hundred bands to those big M's
And my weight up like six gyms
I'm outchea and I mean that
We the best, where my team at?
Bad vibes, I dont need that
I done came too far to be looking back

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