

Ace Hood, Get Money

ace hood, rosay
we the fucking best, maybach
it's so incredible
i do it for the thugs and the motherfucking gangstas
i do it for the strippers and the bitches put their ass up
i do it for the haters that them never put their hands up
i do it for the hustlers and this bitch throwin their grass up
nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga
i'm like fresh outfit, blunts they lit
and a nigga out in bout who don't buck a shit
yeah i gave you a classic in my day view
cashflow for the hoes i bought (straight to)
you wanna ride you can't be actin like dre foo'
N.W.A. i bet you ace played you
hollywood hollywood i see the big lights
And i'm with my big homie ricky nigga yeah right
every minute that my heart pump blood
fuck what you heard momma raised a fuckin thug
money on my mind imagine what's up in the trunk
and it get me to the life of funk driver store's thug
on the other ridges feelin like a billionaire
a got a couple mill a couple more an i'm really there
haters talk around me fuck em like i really care
when we handle our business sorry they were never there
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money ain't a thing i remain blinged up
hundred on the chain bitch i think i'm king tuck
a nigga young and rich who feel like can't be touched
fourty stacks for the chase no i can't see much
unless you get the dollars still talkin cashflow
thousand dollar bill president fidel castro
nigga with a attitude .50 and a mac-10
ross cool as ice cube dicky and the black chef
i'm in a heli-chopper starin at the boat docks
good weather good weather means more flux
look in my eyes you can tell i'm seeing so clear
i get them bitches a prison an feeling no fear
more money means more louis carry-on
when i touch your city you should see how hoes carrillo
bitch what's my name ace fuckin hood ain't a damn thang change us
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nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga
shit shit, and ima gettin money ass nigga
fast with the duffle bags with the cash in it
white squares that's equivalence of mo dough
i hear my nigga ricky selling on my promo
i make it rain hoe better wear your poncho
to seek me on my TMO i get you mo slow
the good life beats side of my condo
you know the name ask jermaine on cut thoug
wooh, you talkin funny would you fucking with the franchise
i decide how much you form the shit we let ride
i gave niggas your first startup
showed you how to dress made the hood be a part of
maybe i should have kept my thought off
it's all good neather he'd hit the guard off
now you shit nigga garbage you's a rat never build for this mob shit

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