

# Bugatti

## [unknown]

[Bridge: Future]

I come looking for you Haitians  
I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
I fuck bitches from different races

you get money they started hating[Hook: Future]

I woke up in the new Bugatti  
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I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti

I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Niggas be hatin' I'm rich as a bitch

100K I spent that on my wrist

Two hundred thousand I spent that on your bitch

You and your model put that on the list  
Oh there he go with that Foreign again

Killin the sebring and callin it end  
Murder she wrote, swallow a choke  
Hit her and go home and call her again

Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college fuck bitches hard oh oh oh oh

Smoke me a pound of the loudest  
Whippin' some shit with no mileage

Diamonds cost me a fortune  
Them horses follow them Porsches  
You pussies cant handle, afford it  
4,200 my mortgage

Ballin on niggas like Kobe

Fuck all you haters you bore me  
Only the real get a piece of the plate  
Reppin' my city Im runnin' my state  
Give me a pistol then run with the Ks

Niggas want beef then I feed ya your plate

Bang![Bridge]

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I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 2: Ace Hood ]  
    Yeah, an I'm at it again  
    There go the flow bringin tragedy in  
    Copped me a chain your salary spent  
    Niggas is sweepin them cavities in  
        Countin money, hourly trend  
    Rolling them skinnies like Olsen twins  
    Niggas is squares, cabin and pens  
        Neck full of Gold Olympian shit  
    Niggas is blowing their checks on the gear  
        Fall on some pussy then hop on the leer  
        Shot with them choppers back of the rear  
        Popeye said them killers is here  
    Woke up early morning, mind is tellin me money  
        Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumor  
        Billionaire nigga no rumor  
        Livin' my life off of tuna  
        Wanted with me I deliver the beef  
        Real niggas only enjoyin' the feast  
        Pull up a seat, bon appetite  
    No Louis Vuittons put that red on your feet  
        Bang[Bridge]  
        I come looking for you Haitians  
        I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
        I fuck bitches from different races  
        You get money they started hating[Hook]  
        I woke up in the new Bugatti  
        I woke up in the new Bugatti  
        I woke up in the new Bugatti  
        I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 3: Rick Ross]  
    Photographs of dope boys  
    Is all the take is finger prints on the Rolls Royce  
    Is why they hatin' push a button on these broke boys  
        Its detonation, walk a road to riches bare feet  
        I watch mama struggle now she livin care free  
        Thats why I hustle for half a Ki thats 12 Gs  
        Im tryin to bubble every summer out in LP  
    You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-league  
    Signin' bonus hit that man there from thirty feet  
    Left in a puddle finger prints is on hundred mill  
        And what it is, Ricky Ro-zay and Ace Hood  
        We hella Trill  
        Yeah![Bridge]

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