

# 2-12-12 (Thoughts)

## Ace Hood

R.I.P Whitney Houston  
God bless her soul  
I'm just vibin' though  
But for you haters Nothing's gonna stop me  
I swear to god  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Andy, Kiko, Renegades  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Money talks so what's your conversation?  
Counting my blesses, my sweet elaborated  
Being broke ain't a joke, that feeling is devastating  
Nightmare so therefore is never stated  
Calculating every dollar bill  
Reminisce they missin' like someone without a meal  
Still trippin', this life I'm livin' the dream still  
Look at my niggas loyalty's mad real  
That's cuz we got this from the bottom up  
Remember slidin' in my homie momma truck  
We did what we had to do, we ain't give a fuck  
Now we the niggas winnin' though, wuddup?  
Ain't it funny how the time fly?  
Couple cars and a twenty story high rise  
Took a minute but shit connecting like wifi  
And fuck you to them niggas who said my career died  
Shit, I'm livin' quite well  
On the beach I'm sippin' wine and cracking lobster tails  
With a Spanish mami give me opposite of tails  
Ask me do I like it papi I'm like hell yea  
We da best the fuckin' logo  
Just hope you get the picture when you take your photos  
Own a couple cars but I need one more though  
Phantom coming soon, real nigga YOLO  
True, I'm just vibin' though  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
I tell 'em: nothing's gonna stop me  
Yea, feel good when you comin' from nothin' homie  
But I tell 'er: nothing's gonna stop me  
Swear to god (nothing's gonna stop me)

Starvation  
In the studio, watching the Grammy's homie  
Pray today they nominate the one and only  
Prolly cry some tears at the ceremony  
Only lord knows when they ready for me  
Inspiration runnin' through my blood  
Motivated from the fact I made through the mud  
Kept my faith although they doubted when I lost my buzz  
All over somethin' that I'm winnin' ain't gon show me love  
In the street label me underrated  
Starving for respect my only ultimatum  
They ask me Hood that's why you goin' hard  
Cuz I just want my mama off that boulevard  
I come from a city where there ain't many stars  
And given no pity promised them prison bars  
Teachers said I won't amount a shit  
Graduated high-school, college never went  
Still I manage them seven figures with common sense  
And at the age of 52 my mama finally quit  
Fuck it right I never stop  
Found a way to motivate them niggas' blog  
Whitney Houston died yesterday  
God bless her, hope she end up at them heaven gates  
Watching the Grammy's just as they dedicate  
In the mean time, let's let this marinate  
Yea, I'm just vibin' though Oh yea (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Ain't nothin' gonna stop me man  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
R.I.P Trayvon Martin  
Justice will be served my brother  
But guess what  
Nothing's gonna stop me  
Hold ya head man (nothing's gonna stop me)  
God bless  
Hood

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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