

Clockin (feat. Young A.C.)

Ace Hood

[Intro - Ace Hood]

Yeah

Yay, straight up like that there B homie

Free Weezy!

Yay, let's get to the money my nigga

Mister Hood[Chorus] X2

Money to be made best believe a nigga clocking

Money to be made best believe a nigga clocking

Money to be made best believe a nigga clocking

I run it myself like a quarter back option[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Okay there's money to be made

Let's go get this guap

And I'm fresh up on the block

Rubber band in my pockets

Nigga run it like I'm shock it

Balling like John Stockton

Couple stacks in my pocket

What the fuck is a wallet?

Nigga show me what you need oh

Call me the Young Nino

All I see is the C-notes

Triple digits and zeros

Nigga keep it on the D low

While I'm stacking the Fritos

I get the shit by you know

Send it to Puerto Rico

Nigga never move by two though

Tell them that's what it do though

Just bring my money back

Yeah I'm talking Polo

Nigga money to be made

That's money to be made

And if this ain't your shit

Then nigga you ain't getting paid[Chorus][Verse 2 - Ace Hood]

Okay now hundred thousand dollars

That's around my collar

Nigga I should see a doctor

Addicted to them dollars

Nigga holler (Holler) holler (Holler) holler (Holler)

Fuck off with you cowards
Just feed me with the money nigga
Watch how I devour
Nigga it's raining money
Watch I take a shower
All you niggas lame
Nine to five scholar
Nigga you be picking flowers
My hand is so tired
Counting for an hour
My accountant cannot follow
Nigga money to be made
All my niggas paid
Fresher than a mug in the latest fucking J's
And your bitch be on my dick though
Wet as fucking Crisco
As soon as we be done nigga, back onto that cash flow[Chorus][Verse 3 - AC]
You ain't got to tell me
But now the kush in my Louis V. duffle
Bet a nigga smell me
You little nigga, I'm better nigga
If any nigga tell me, that money ain't here pronto
Then I bet them chopper shells be arriving at his front door
I got to step up on my guns so
I see you from a distance
I'm in love with all this money
I ain't see some for you bitches
I do it because I want to
Clueless because I'm under
Influence of this Goosey but my fooleys make me wonder
Are they really hustling? Look at all these bundles
Are they really human? They eat you like piranhas
Look at my G-shock and you can tell a nigga clocking
I know them hoes watching but it's[Chorus] X3

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

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