

# Bout Me

## Ace Hood

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Mister Hood  
Nigga I'm good  
Ace Hood  
Face good  
Wish a nigga would  
Take this  
Bake this  
Feed it to the wolves  
A motherfucker should  
I'm beating like band wood  
That black flag swag is part of my man hood  
That pistol on that seat is just keeping your man good  
I'll pop his top like drops and can goods  
I'm gutter  
Tell you one thing about me  
I'm stuck to the green  
Like the coke to the fiends  
And if by all means  
Just pay me in all green  
Sprite chasing the promethezine, I'm on lean  
Ball Greez my dude, we goon your whole team  
I'm him them dangers ask your man mane  
Fifteen bottles of Rose and champagne  
Niggas they know the name and understand the game  
I know you see the chain  
It's We the Best the game [Chorus - Ace Hood]  
Bitch I'm ruthless  
Boy I'm a G  
And you don't know a motherfucking thing about me  
One thing about me  
I do it for the streets  
I do it for the killers and them young O.G.s  
Tell you this about me  
(About me)  
About me  
(About me)  
I'm a G I'ma rock with that beat  
Tell you this about me

(About me)

About me,

(About me)

I'ma keep that black flag on me  
Tell you that about me[Verse 2 - Ballgreezy]  
I'ma stack my bread and fuck nigga's hoes  
Shoot dice, drink liquor, and sell dope  
Tote fire, stay fresh everywhere I go  
Pop pills and while I'm getting my goon on  
Pack extra clips, and get my suit on  
Ask bitch ass niggas who want to move wrong  
So if you got it on your mind let a nigga know  
So I could show you that the .9 send niggas home  
Other than that, the street niggas love Greez  
Even though they baby momma want to fuck me  
I'm one hundred about everything the boy do  
That's why the crowd behind me everywhere I move  
And you can tell by the swag Greez about money  
And I don't play no games when it's about money  
I do it for them young niggas that pop beams  
The hot boys with big stacks the cops see[Chorus][Verse 3 - Ace Hood]  
Aye where my goons at?  
Where my G's at?  
Where them killers and them zoes staying so strapped?  
Broward County on the map, that's a known fact  
And when I talk back, people running four flat  
And night see the light, you can follow that  
I creep all black  
So strapped  
Fuck rap get your baby boy kidnapped  
Black flag, my rag got the wrist wrap  
Respecet G, when I walk not a pen tap  
Because I'm me  
Who's he? We could end that  
Street nigga ain't no time for that chit chat  
I'm cold like Coronas in a 6 pack  
Ace Hood getting head like a ball cap  
One thing about me I don't call back  
Fall back, I'm addicted to the brown bag  
MC Hammer swag  
'Can't touch that'[Chorus]

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