

Bugatti (Ft. Future & Rick Ross)

Ace Hood

We the motherfuckin' best nigga (Mike Will Made It)
Ace Hood (yeah)
Its over, Future (yeah) I come looking for you with Haitians
I stay smoking on good Jamaican
I fuck bitches from different races
You get money they started hating
I woke up in the new Bugatti
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I woke up in the new Bugatti OK, niggas be hatin' I'm rich as a bitch
100 K I spent that on my wrist
Two hundred thou I spent that on your bitch
Do me a model put that on my list
Oh there he go in that foreign again
Killin' the scene bring the coroner in
Murder she wrote, swallow or choke
Hit her and go, I won't call her again
Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college
Smoke me a pound of the loudest
Whippin' some shit with no mileage
Diamonds cost me a fortune
Them horses all in them Porsche's
You pussies can't 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 I'm runnin' my state
Keep me a pistol then run with the K's
Niggas want beef then I visit ya place, Bang! I come looking for you with Haitians
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I woke up in the new Bugatti Yeah, I'm at it again

There go that flow bringin' tragedy in
 Copped me a chain your salary spent
 Niggas is sweet, bring them cavities in
 Countin' money, hourly trend
 Rolling them skinny like Olsen twins
 Niggas is squares, cabin Benz
 Neck full of Gold Olympian shit
 Neimans, I'm blowin the check on the gear
 Fall in some pussy then hop on the leer
 Strapped with them choppers in back of the rear
 Sak pase, them killers is here
 Woke up early morning, mind is tellin' me money
 Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumour
 Millionaire nigga no rumour
 Livin' my life off of tuna
 Want it with me, I deliver the beef
 Real niggas only enjoyin' the feast
 Pull up a seat, bon appetite
 No Louboutin's when that red on your sneaks, BangI come looking for you with Haitians
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 I woke up in the new BugattiPhotographs of dope boys (I see you)
 Is all they taking, finger prints on the Rolls Royce
 Is why they hatin' push a button on these broke boys
 That's detonation, walk a road to riches bare feet
 I watch mama struggle now she livin' care free
 That's why I hustle for that half a key that's 12 G's
 I'm tryin' to bubble every summer a new LP
 You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-League
 Signin' bonus hit that man that's from thirty feet
 Left in a puddle, finger prints is on a hundred mill
 And what it is? Ricky Rozay and Ace Hood
 We hella Trill
 YeahI come looking for you with Haitians
 I stay smoking on good Jamaican
 I fuck bitches from different races
 You get money they started hating
 I woke up in the new Bugatti
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Songwriters

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NAYVADIUS DEMUN WILBURN

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