

How I'm Raised

Ace Hood

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ace Hood
I chase that money every day I wake
Oh I keep my pistol on me, yea yea
And I just won't stop until my family straight
That's just how I'm raised, amen
And these niggas got me fucked up
If they don't think I'm grinding
Dude you must be fucked up
If you don't see me shinin'
Never ran to the feds
And told on my people, I promise
That's just how I'm raised, amen
I done been through hell and back
But know a nigga still lurkin'
Hope the Lord watch over me
'Cause I'mma need his mercy
And I'mma put this real shit
In each one of my verses
That's just how I'm raised
Ain't never snitched or told on my dawg
Ain't never copped a plea to get off
Ain't never testified on no stand
Ain't never point a hand at no man
I done seen gangstas, niggas turn stay
Seen some friends who turned into snakes
I ain't never took for granted no days
Start getting money, them niggas'll hate
Pray every day 'cause a young'n do sin
Trap with that 40, don't need 'em a friend
Rack up a millie then do it again
Copped a Ferrari, I call that revenge
Wake up, I'm thankin' the Lord to begin
Kiss my lil' daughter then hop in the Benz
Honor thy mother, be loyal to friends
I chase that money every day I wake

Oh I keep my pistol on me, yea yea
And I just won't stop until my family straight
That's just how I'm raised, amen
And these niggas got me fucked up
If they don't think I'm grinding
Dude you must be fucked up
If you don't see me shinin'
Never ran to the feds
And told on my people, I promise
That's just how I'm raised, amen I heard them people out there, be cautious
Bitch niggas runnin' off like forces
That's the type of shit that get you in a coffin
No talkin', that 4-5 sparkin'
Get money, no sleep, you crazy?
Hear 'em higher but it really don't phase me
Straight cash on the whip, no payments
I make a movie like I know P. Swayze
All of my life I just wanted to ball
Most of my niggas still dodging the law
Rest in peace to my homies I lost
Word to my fam, I do it for y'all
Fuck all you pussies, you haters Ru Paul
When you go broke there'll be no one to call
Reason I'm hustlin' hustlin' hard, amen
Only interested if we talkin' money
Clique full of real niggas with me and they all 100
Now I lay me down to sleep
Thank the Lord for every day I see
Told my mama put it all on me I chase that money every day I wake
Oh I keep my pistol on me, yea yea
And I just won't stop until my family straight
That's just how I'm raised, amen
And these niggas got me fucked up
If they don't think I'm grinding
Dude you must be fucked up
If you don't see me shinin'
Never ran to the feds
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That's just how I'm raised, amen