

# Bugatti

## Ace Hood

[Bridge: Future]

I come looking for you Haitians  
I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
I fuck bitches from different races  
you get money they started hating[Hook: Future]

I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Niggas be hatin' I'm rich as a bitch  
100K I spent that on my wrist  
Two hundred thousand I spent that on your bitch  
You and your model put that on the list  
Oh there he go with that Foreign again  
Killin the sebring and callin it end  
Murder she wrote, swallow a choke  
Hit her and go home and 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 follow them Porsches  
You pussies cant 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 Im runnin' my state  
Give me a pistol then run with the Ks  
Niggas want beef then I feed ya your plate

Bang![Bridge]

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You get money they started hating[Hook]  
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I woke up in the new Bugatti  
I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 2: Ace Hood ]  
Yeah, an I'm at it again  
There go the flow bringin tragedy in  
Copped me a chain your salary spent  
Niggas is sweepin them cavities in  
Countin money, hourly trend  
Rolling them skinnies like Olsen twins  
Niggas is squares, cabin and pens  
Neck full of Gold Olympian shit  
Niggas is blowing their checks on the gear  
Fall on some pussy then hop on the leer  
Shot with them choppers back of the rear  
Popeye said them killers is here  
Woke up early morning, mind is tellin me money  
Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumor  
Billionaire nigga no rumor  
Livin' my life off of tuna  
Wanted with me I deliver the beef  
Real niggas only enjoyin' the feast  
Pull up a seat, bon appetite  
No Louis Vuittons put that red on your feet  
Bang[Bridge]  
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I fuck bitches from different races  
You get money they started hating[Hook]  
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I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 3: Rick Ross]  
Photographs of dope boys  
Is all the take is finger prints on the Rolls Royce  
Is why they hatin' push a button on these broke boys  
Its detonation, walk a road to riches bare feet  
I watch mama struggle now she livin care free  
Thats why I hustle for half a Ki thats 12 Gs  
Im tryin to bubble every summer out in LP  
You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-league  
Signin' bonus hit that man there from thirty feet  
Left in a puddle finger prints is on hundred mill  
And what it is, Ricky Ro-zay and Ace Hood  
We hella Trill  
Yeah![Bridge]

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