

# 4th Quarter

## Ace Hood

Going way, way up  
Know it's always us  
Know in God we trust  
Soon as I wake up  
Count, count, count up  
Only man that I trust  
Paper's full of that kush  
Balling out of your budget 4th quarter, down 10  
We just going for the win  
Crossover, hit the fade  
Not a stain on the Jays  
Courtside on the wood  
Water diamonds on me, flood  
Look who made it out the hood  
I just wish a nigga would  
Niggas hate me from the bleachers  
Niggas preying on your weakness  
I been rolling with the creatures  
20 thousand for the feature  
I'm just counting my blessings  
Ride up, smoke on that pressure  
Fuck niggas, freeze on  
You ain't allowed in my section  
We ain't the regular degular  
You lil niggas are amateurs  
Swagger so dope, it's embarrassing  
Pull up and tell me the damages  
Boy, I'm murder scene  
I'm super clean like Listerine  
And that Maybelline  
I gotta cover  
Nothing but net at the sound of the buzzer  
Going way, way up  
Know it's always us  
Know in God we trust  
Soon as I wake up  
Count, count, count up  
Only man that I trust  
Paper's full of that kush  
Balling out of your budget 4th quarter for the win

Kobe Bryant with the spin  
Clinton Portis on the rims  
Dwayne Wade with the bands  
Swaggy Dell with the sauce  
Makaveli with the law  
Keep the 40 like it's malt  
In case you reaching for the floss  
Go ahead, big timer  
Taking care of my mama  
Taking care of my daughter  
And my son like his father  
I'mma be totally honest  
I'm covered in that new designer  
I'mma be totally honest  
But some of these niggas vagina  
Keep it 1000 forever  
I promise, I promise, I promise  
Young niggas straight outta Broward  
And we came to fuck up some commas  
Niggas was sleep, they in pyjamas  
Wake up the beast, we got a problem  
Jump in that water, you see them piranhas  
He thinking he balling, I pull up beside him  
Going way, way up  
Know it's always us  
Know in God we trust  
Soon as I wake up  
Count, count, count up  
Only man that I trust  
Paper's full of that kush  
Balling out of your budget  
Boy you low class and a featherweight  
Thank God for the better days  
My chick thick as mayonnaise  
Now we fucking up the Chevy game  
Boy you better not miss the money train  
I just treat it like it's Hunger Games  
They will never want it as bad as I  
We are nothing like them other guys  
I just win and shook a hater hand  
Then I had to go and sanitise  
Team strong, this the theme song  
Got the rings on, nigga celebrate  
If I want it, she gon' come to daddy  
Never thinking twice or even hesitate  
Kush make a nigga levitate  
Big rocks in that bezzle face

Dripped down in that Bathing Ape  
Silence when I meditate  
Yo, I'm right back in it  
All your whips get rented  
Only here 'cause they paying  
Ain't paying no attention Going way, way up  
Know it's always us  
Know in God we trust  
Soon as I wake up  
Count, count, count up  
Only man that I trust  
Paper's full of that kush  
Balling out of your budget

Songwriters

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