

Cash Flow

Ace Hood ft. T-Pain & Rick Ross

[Intro - DJ Khaled] We the Best, Def Jam
I introduce you to Ace
Ace, let's get money
[Intro - Rick Ross (T-Pain)] (Cash flow) Haha
It's too easy nigga (Bankroll)
We don't count money no more
We weigh that shit
[Verse 1 - Ace Hood] Eh knock knock, bang bang
Where the cash at?
We ain't got to leave you bloody like a Tampax
Come up shooting at you thugs Aflac
Then I fall in the suede black Maybach
See I'm back for the money like I left that
See I be running on the route where the cash go
And any nigga interfering with the cash flow
So he can get pumped on like Citgo
Make his body bounce bounce like a '64
Tall clips chrome lips see the big gold
See I'm a duffle bag boy like I move coke
Big crack through the music so the flow dope
I keep my money over bitches till the door close
I need money like a bitch need dick more
I'm trying to see it like I'm motherfucking Castro
Rubber bands in my pants, and a swift bankroll
[Chorus - T-Pain] I'll tell you one thing don't play about mine
I be banging on your front door with the .9
I'ma come see you (See you)
I'ma come see you (See you)
I need all my dough not a dollar short
And if you don't have it then you gotta go
I'ma come see you (See you)
Hey (Hey)
We put our hands in the sky let them know that we about that
Cash flow
I need it on time I'm, talking bank roll

My money, my money, my money
Cash flow
I need it on time I'm talking bank roll

My money, my money, my money
[Verse 2 - Ace Hood] And where my money young niggas got to have that
Rubber bands by the grands in a big bag
Pockets fat like I'm carrying a backpack
A couple grand for the Louis band napsack
Understand I'm the man who you can't match
Money man minivan full of brown bags
Bet a grand any man never top that
Because money and the gat pop those straps
Getting loot in the top drop right back
I ain't playing creep your avenue in all black
Bust shots like a New Year day blast
And I ride all day like a bus pass
Grinding hard for the bread and the cash flow
Kick doors wave .4's where the cash go
I'm trying to see it like I'm motherfucking Castro
Rubber bands in my pants and a swift bankroll
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Rick Ross] Big money in the dope hole
See the Beamers when you pull up in the dope home (My money)
Seventeen and he got his own kilo
Burning green, nigga living like Nino
Riding clean wax sitting for the C-note
It ain't green get it back with tha C-low
Momma dead broke, daddy fucked up
I'ma make them come and hit me with the recoup
Goddammit I'm still in the dope spot
Why the fuck you think I pull up in a dope car?
Gold shoes stepping out with a dope bitch
Cartel so she got to suck four dicks
I be me, V.I.P, DJ Khaled, M.O.B.
Girls so hot, Ace so cold, taking bets, Ace won't fold
[Chorus]

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