

'bout Me

Ace Hood

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]Mister Hood

Nigga I'm good

Ace Hood

Face good

Wish a nigga would

Take this

Bake this

Feed it to the wolves

A motherfucker should

I'm beating like band wood

That black flag swag is part of my man hood

That pistol on that seat is just keeping your man good

I'll pop his top like drops and can goods

I'm gutter

Tell you one thing about me

I'm stuck to the green

Like the coke to the fiends

And if by all means

Just pay me in all green

Sprite chasing the promethezine, I'm on lean

Ball Greez my dude, we goon your whole team

I'm him them dangers ask your man mane

Fifteen bottles of Rose and champagne

Niggas they know the name and understand the game

I know you see the chain

It's We the Best the game

[Chorus - Ace Hood]Bitch I'm ruthless

Boy I'm a G

And you don't know a motherfucking thing about me

One thing about me

I do it for the streets

I do it for the killers and them young O.G.s

Tell you this about me

(About me)

About me

(About me)

I'm a G I'ma rock with that beat

Tell you this about me

(About me)

About me,
(About me)
I'ma keep that black flag on me

Tell you that about me
[Verse 2 - Ballgreezy]I'ma stack my bread and fuck nigga's hoes
Shoot dice, drink liquor, and sell dope
Tote fire, stay fresh everywhere I go
Pop pills and while I'm getting my goon on
Pack extra clips, and get my suit on
Ask bitch ass niggas who want to move wrong
So if you got it on your mind let a nigga know
So I could show you that the .9 send niggas home
Other than that, the street niggas love Greez
Even though they baby momma want to fuck me
I'm one hundred about everything the boy do
That's why the crowd behind me everywhere I move
And you can tell by the swag Greez about money
And I don't play no games when it's about money
I do it for them young niggas that pop beams
The hot boys with big stacks the cops see

[Chorus][Verse 3 - Ace Hood]Aye where my goons at?

Where my G's at?
Where them killers and them zoes staying so strapped?
Broward County on the map, that's a known fact
And when I talk back, people running four flat
And night see the light, you can follow that
I creep all black
So strapped
Fuck rap get your baby boy kidnapped
Black flag, my rag got the wrist wrap
Respect G, when I walk not a pen tap
Because I'm me
Who's he? We could end that
Street nigga ain't no time for that chit chat
I'm cold like Coronas in a 6 pack
Ace Hood getting head like a ball cap
One thing about me I don't call back
Fall back, I'm addicted to the brown bag
MC Hammer swag
'Can't touch that'
[Chorus]