

# Money Ova Here

## Ace Hood

[Hook] Fresh Louis V. jeans and a fitted cap  
A brand new old school with the top back  
See ain't another getting money so clear  
We got money over here, kick it with a millionaire  
[Chorus] Because I look like money, I smell like money  
My swag one hundred, system full of that scummy  
I ball like a dawg seven days of the week  
They don't get it like this, tell them get like me  
We got money over here, we got money over here  
We got money over here, we got money over here  
See you chilling with a lame baby he ain't got change  
Ain't no money over there, kick it with a millionaire

[Verse 1]

Fresh on the scene a hundred grand in the jeans  
Bet you can't get these, spent a grand for the Visa  
Let my pants hang and you know I'm on lean  
Rolling with some O.G.'s, and they all tote beams  
I'm the man in my city tell them get like me  
I'm the man in the club blowing stacks every week  
Ask your chick about the kid bet she wanna do me  
And I let her put the donk, plus the stacks and the ki's

Give her drank in a Louis V. type things  
We got money over here, we got money over here  
See the jewels too loud baby girl I can't hear  
Trash bag full of ones, throw the money in the air  
[Chorus][Verse 2] We got money over here, you can tell by the wrist glow  
Cash flow, nympho, see me in a '64  
Pants hang low because the dough got me Krypto  
Drop straight cash while you crabs at a rental  
Eighty for the Jag', paper tags, what is info?  
Money out the ass I don't brag I just get more  
Say you getting cash, trying to flash I don't think so  
Pull up in the jalapen Lamborghini  
Up on a truck bet you've never seen those  
With a hot little momma named Jalapeno  
Drop stacks in a bag got to keep it G-code  
There ain't no money over there, and she already know  
[Chorus][Hook] Gutta

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