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 Lamborghino
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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