

# Double Cup

## Ace Hood

Ok now purple stuff in my styrofoam  
Sippin' slow while they blowin' strong  
All I need is my dirty sprite  
All I need is her super dome  
Dropped up & I'm dripped out  
K-dup and my pistol out  
Bad bitch, she thick as fuck  
And I'm tryna see what that pussy 'bout  
Bust it open for a real nigga  
Bust it open for a trill nigga  
Touchdown, what up h-town?  
Lonley the pimp this ones for you!  
Bun b my nigga thrae the truth  
Still in the coupe when I'm double deuce  
Still in the hood on that purple food  
You better know what I'm sippin' ain't grape juice  
I be floatin through the city, let my chain swang  
Hoy you living young nigga? tryna maintain  
Get money, fuck lames  
All my lil niggas on the same page  
Spittin' racks when I'm up in nema's  
Gimme head, she gon' catch the semen  
Hatin' on me? nigga so what  
Know what? (pour up)  
Double cup & I'm winnin' (i said it) (x3)  
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it  
Double cup & I'm winnin' (pour up) (x3)  
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it  
Gangsta nigga, I'm 'bout it  
I'm trill as fuck so don't doubt it  
Tell me what's the happs  
Cuz you know I'm strapped  
A nigga never leave home with out it  
I'm posted up in that cadi  
I'm twisting up a big fatty  
And it's full of dro and imma mack your hoe  
And you know she callin' me daddy  
I'm a trill og and I earned it  
That g-code, nigga I learned it

So when I saw the dough they had for me bro  
I just grabbed the knob and I turned it  
I wanted bread so I chased it  
And I got so close I could taste it  
Then I played the deck and got my respect  
So nigga I'm the king now just face it  
I'm in the house and I'm chillin'  
My mind on cash and I'm willin'  
I'm on a paper chase with no time to waste  
So I give a fuck how you feelin'  
I'm sideways on that buck  
My setas is stitched and they tucked  
You ain't down with that  
Then imma hide your hat  
And your ass would be outta luck, wassup?  
Double cup & I'm winnin' (x3) (yuh) (hold up)  
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it  
Double cup & I'm winnin' (already) (x3)  
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it  
Shit, well it's that young nigga  
From the south side, of the u.s.a  
I need calimine l-lotion cuz  
A nigga music bumpin'  
A nigga came from nothin to sayin nevermind  
To the pretty girls in the magazines  
Yo girlfriend look like maxime  
My phonebook full of billy jean's  
Condoms made out them limousine's  
I been a fiend for that codeine  
Since martin luther was like 13  
F-fuck then queenz cuz I'm a king  
Put 5% on everything  
I done threw 10 on top of 10  
Bumper kit on bumper kit  
Threw my last bitch on my new bitch  
Then threw 10 on my fuckin git  
I done came down,  
Hold it down for that h-town  
I'mma take the crown  
Sippin' hen don't fuck with crying  
But i'mma just drop this 4 for 9  
And free my cousin that's doing time  
I'mma pay the lawyer but I hope you down  
To hold it down for a real nigga  
Young kirko a young trill nigga

(bang)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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