Bugatti

Centenaire

[Bridge: Future]
I come looking for you Haitians
I stay smoking on good Jamaican
I fuck bitches from different races
you get money they started hating[Hook: Future]
I woke up in the new Bugatti
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I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 1: Ace Hood]
Niggas be hatin' I'm rich as a bitch
100K I spent that on my wrist
Two hundred thousand I spent that on your bitch
You and your model put that on the list
Oh there he go with that Foreign again
Killin the sebring and callin it end
Murder she wrote, swallow a choke
Hit her and go home and call her again
Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college fuck bitches hard oh oh oh oh oh
Smoke me a pound of the loudest
Whippin' some shit with no mileage
Diamonds cost me a fortune
Them horses follow them Porsches
You pussies cant handle, afford it
4,200 my mortgage
Ballin on niggas like Kobe
Fuck all you haters you bore me
Only the real get a piece of the plate
Reppin' my city Im runnin' my state
Give me a pistol then run with the Ks
Niggas want beef then I feed ya your plate
Bang![Bridge]
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I woke up in the new Bugatti
I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 2: Ace Hood]
Yeah, an I'm at it again
There go the flow bringin tragedy in
Copped me a chain your salary spent
Niggas is sweepin them cavities in
Countin money, hourly trend
Rolling them skinnies like Olsen twins
Niggas is squares, cabin and pens
Neck full of Gold Olympian shit
Niggas is blowing their checks on the gear
Fall on some pussy then hop on the leer
Shot with them choppers back of the rear
Popeye said them killers is here
Woke up early morning, mind is tellin me money
Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumor
Billionaire nigga no rumor
Livin' my life off of tuna
Wanted with me I deliver the beef
Real niggas only enjoyin' the feast
Pull up a seat, bon appetite
No Louis Vuittons put that red on your feet
Bang[Bridge]
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I woke up in the new Bugatti[Verse 3: Rick Ross]
Photographs of dope boys
Is all the take is finger prints on the Rolls Royce
Is why they hatin' push a button on these broke boys
Its detonation, walk a road to riches bare feet
I watch mama struggle now she livin care free
Thats why I hustle for half a Ki thats 12 Gs
Im tryin to bubble every summer out in LP
You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-league
Signin' bonus hit that man there from thirty feet
Left in a puddle finger prints is on hundred mill
And what it is, Ricky Ro-zay and Ace Hood
We hella Trill
Yeah![Bridge]

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