

bugatti (remix)

Ace Hood

We the motherfuckin' best nigga (Mike Will Made It)

Ace Hood (yeah)

Its over, Future (yeah)[Chorus]

I come looking for you with Haitians

I stay smoking on good Jamaican

I fuck bitches from different races

You get money they started hating

I woke up in the new Bugatti

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I woke up in the new BugattiOK, niggas be hatin' I'm rich as a bitch

100 K I spent that on my wrist

Two hundred thou I spent that on your bitch

Do me a model put that on my list

Oh there he go in that foreign again

Killin' the scene bring the coroner in

Murder she wrote, swallow or choke

Hit her and go, I won't call her again

Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college

Smoke me a pound of the loudest

Whippin' some shit with no mileage

Diamonds cost me a fortune

Them horses all in them Porsche's

You pussies can't 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 I'm runnin' my state

Keep me a pistol then run with the K's

Niggas want beef then I visit ya place, Bang! [Chorus] Yeah, I'm at it again

There go that flow bringin' tragedy in

Copped me a chain your salary spent

Niggas is sweet, bring them cavities in

Countin' money, hourly trend

Rolling them skinny like Olsen twins

Niggas is squares, cabin Benz

Neck full of Gold Olympian shit

Neimans, I'm blowin the check on the gear
Fall in some pussy then hop on the leer
Strapped with them choppers in back of the rear
Sak pase, them killers is here
Woke up early morning, mind is tellin' me money
Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumour
Millionaire nigga no rumour
Livin' my life off of tuna
Want it with me, I deliver the beef
Real niggas only enjoyin' the feast
Pull up a seat, bon appetite
No Louboutin's when that red on your sneaks, Bang[Chorus]Photographs of dope boys (I see you)
Is all they taking, finger prints on the Rolls Royce
Is why they hatin' push a button on these broke boys
That's detonation, walk a road to riches bare feet
I watch mama struggle now she livin' care free
That's why I hustle for that half a key that's 12 G's
I'm tryin' to bubble every summer a new LP
You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-League
Signin' bonus hit that man that's from thirty feet
Left in a puddle, finger prints is on a hundred mill
And what it is? Ricky Rozay and Ace Hood
We hella Trill
Yeah[Chorus]

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