

Bugatti

Ace Hood ft. Future, Rick Ross

[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

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

I woke up in the new Bugatti

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]
 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]
 I woke up in the new Bugatti
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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]

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]

I woke up in the new Bugatti
I woke up in the new Bugatti

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