

'Bout Me

Ace Hood

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Mister Hood
Nigga I'm good
Ace Hood
Face good
Wish a nigga would
Take this
Bake this
Feed it to the wolves
A motherfucker should
I'm beating like band wood
That black flag swag is part of my man hood
That pistol on that seat is just keeping your man good
I'll pop his top like drops and can goods
I'm gutter
Tell you one thing about me
I'm stuck to the green
Like the coke to the fiends
And if by all means
Just pay me in all green
Sprite chasing the promethezine, I'm on lean
Ball Greez my dude, we goon your whole team
I'm him them dangers ask your man mane
Fifteen bottles of Rose and champagne
Niggas they know the name and understand the game
I know you see the chain
It's We the Best the game [Chorus - Ace Hood]
Bitch I'm ruthless
Boy I'm a G
And you don't know a motherfucking thing about me
One thing about me
I do it for the streets
I do it for the killers and them young O.G.s
Tell you this about me
(About me)
About me
(About me)
I'm a G I'ma rock with that beat
Tell you this about me

(About me)
About me,
(About me)
I'ma keep that black flag on me
Tell you that about me[Verse 2 - Ballgreezy]
I'ma stack my bread and fuck nigga's hoes
Shoot dice, drink liquor, and sell dope
Tote fire, stay fresh everywhere I go
Pop pills and while I'm getting my goon on
Pack extra clips, and get my suit on
Ask bitch ass niggas who want to move wrong
So if you got it on your mind let a nigga know
So I could show you that the .9 send niggas home
Other than that, the street niggas love Greez
Even though they baby momma want to fuck me
I'm one hundred about everything the boy do
That's why the crowd behind me everywhere I move
And you can tell by the swag Greez about money
And I don't play no games when it's about money
I do it for them young niggas that pop beams
The hot boys with big stacks the cops see[Chorus][Verse 3 - Ace Hood]
Aye where my goons at?
Where my G's at?
Where them killers and them zoes staying so strapped?
Broward County on the map, that's a known fact
And when I talk back, people running four flat
And night see the light, you can follow that
I creep all black
So strapped
Fuck rap get your baby boy kidnapped
Black flag, my rag got the wrist wrap
Respecet G, when I walk not a pen tap
Because I'm me
Who's he? We could end that
Street nigga ain't no time for that chit chat
I'm cold like Coronas in a 6 pack
Ace Hood getting head like a ball cap
One thing about me I don't call back
Fall back, I'm addicted to the brown bag
MC Hammer swag
'Can't touch that'[Chorus]

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