

Lord Knows

Ace Hood

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

sick and tired of being sick and tired
muthaf-ck them other niggas be the state of mind
got them haters on the job like it's a 9 to 5
getting money, mind ya business and stay out of mine
50 thousands for this roly homie
i die tonight just bring my jewelry to the ceremony
lord knows i be shittin' on 'em
hottest nigga since that weather out in arizona
sleeping on me hope you choke and fall into a coma
smell the frangrance know the money be the new aroma
i'm just spazzing out, denims carry large amounts
got them bitches throwin' pussy what the asses out
true story, new glory
money stacking taller than a two story
real niggas countin money, never gets boring
last year i made a million of the state touring
fuck boys, know what you talking bout
i run my own team, aint no room for mascots
look around, peep at the winners circle
we the niggas touching paper like a social worker
plus them pistols keep them shells like a ninja turtle
wear rubber, cus these spanish bitches so fertile
lord knows i be going hardrip my nigga daniel, remember that garage
long nights, before that rap shit
i was thinking moving keys like a locksmith
no sir, the cops
them crackers dirty, i just hope you keep ya name clear
waiting for a nigga, trippin' i just stand still
i aint trippin' i just stand still
lord knows that i'm stressed out
walking through these roadblocks with my chest out
damn, 23 and made a million dollars

fucking put a quarter million dollars round a collar
couple more to cop a phantom i aint talking opera
they sya my flow sick i should see a fucking doctor
real niggas in ya presence
chopper raise a nigga head like you present
broward county i am that
only nigga in my city riding maybach's
motivation, motivation, my niggas fans are dead
they only location?
and thats word to my daughter
i'm just tryna make it your headquarters
word up

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