Letter To My Ex's

Ace Hood

uhh they might not like me for this one
ha fuck it got my pen n pad anyway...Mister HoodDear misses independent ho
Looking for you like my life time depending on
You're a centerfold, every womans inner goal
To meet a nigga and his money long
Haters a letter to my ex ho, before i start kiss my ass.. EX O's
Ok Let's talk about a gold digger
Met her at video shoot, go figure but she was bad in the mood flicker
See her looking got her number see what's up wit her
to make a long story short dog couple days i'm sleeping beating the kitty walls
Fell in love with it now we up in every mall
bought her first Louie bag she was so appaled
not a scout but she love to watch a nigga ball
bought her everything she had if i could recall
so couple months i gotta her movein in
they show money got me out of town
they got her trippin when i'm not around
she was moveing tryin playin me outta bounds
seein pictures of her and niggas because i hate to found
sad part was the bitch was trickin off outta the town
And i was too blind to see it sooner
knew this bitch was kind of fishy like some old tuna
Took her clothes n threw em in old sewer damn you shoulda really seen her face then
She oficially on my shit list
She pulled up on some shock shit
I'm talking bags in the Front trick
And that words on my common sense
See you ain't nothing but a has been i'm talking ashes to ashesChorus:
And here's a letter to my ex's
you aint' nothing but a has been
oh was only happy when the cash in
you try to play me like a band bitch
but i ain't trippin 'cause your pussy kinda average
oh her ego bigger than her ass is
Man i'm so glad you're the pass tense
I used to love you with the passion
Sincerely yours. BitchesOh, dear misses independent hoes
Still searching like my life time depended on
You're a centerfold every womans inner gold

to meet the nigga and his money long
If you ain't got it you can carry on
I'm talking like the Loiue bag homes
No matter swag or you new calogne
I swear my last was a bee like a honeycomb
I thought we'd woulda really last long
we were the ones to put the money on
damn in the begining it was fairytale
I'm talkin make believe love caught in make believe
But that's until i started buyin things
it was cool now she started wanted wedding rings
such a drama queen demanding all kinds of things
corrupted by a life she could only see the green
wanted kids so i can be there any means let her tell we were something, like a perect team
damn, had a cut it she was out of order
try to pull me on blast like a bill boarder
I call her mama tryin to transport her,
Did you throw her out dog? yeah kinda, sorta
She was mad so she file a restraining order
just to come and get a bag fill the trash house?
Swore to cops made me leave lily passed out
Hey but i end up moving back in
Oh my mama prego with a set of twins
pause
That's a whole lotto settle in
I guess the story really never ends
Well here's the letter to my ex then
I swear she used to be my best friend
Now she's a memory from back then
I know she probably misses that feeling
Big sprees and the mutha fuckin plane trips
She the last on my ex list lily hada nigga stressn
Damn.Somebody tell me what's love
What's your definition of love?
Is love buying one another different gifts
Hold up ..depending on the price tag
Is that love?
i mean a nigga just looking for somebody genuine too ride for. i'm feeling like fuck love
It don't' give a damn on me anyway
Maybe relationships aint for me,
I guess its why im writing this

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