

# Nothing to Something

## Ace Hood

Uh, a dollar and a dream  
Get it by any means  
Started with a couple niggas, loyal to a team  
Hard work, it was once a dream  
Won it all my nigga, I'm all about the cream  
From nothing to something  
Nothing to something  
Broke every joke, the niggas would think it was funny  
Nothing to something  
From nothing to something  
How we the niggas on the boulevard who run it  
From nothing to something (yea)  
To frequently stuntin' (yea)  
Used to diss me now them bitches be easily fuckin'  
No use for the bucket, I'm whippin' a Phantom  
Still I know who get it cheap out of Little Havana  
Keep it caution niggas, know who be talkin' bananas  
Watch you block up, give a fuck if you holdin' umbrellas  
Watch the niggas you around cause motherfuckin' jealous  
Pillow talkin' with them bitches could be repercussions  
No pity for weak, we playin' for keeps  
Put feet on the Jeep and ride with that piece on the seat  
No sleep when it's beef here, don't trust the whole from the streets  
Niggas set you up and act like they one of your peeps  
I got it from nothing, to money your bundles  
Don't give a fuck if niggas owe me a couple of hundred  
I need that, I'm talkin' asap  
Got this shit off the muscle, I'm talkin' way back  
Little Frangle you niggas, bitches you hatin' ass  
Only reason I come through stuntin' with paper tags  
Yellow diamonds be shining, know how to pay back  
You niggas boring, I whipped the foreign, it's 8 spac  
A dollar and a dream  
Get it by any means  
Started with a couple niggas, loyal to a team  
Hard work, it was once a dream  
Won it all my nigga, I'm all about the cream  
From nothing to something  
Nothing to something  
Broke every joke, the niggas would think it was funny  
Nothing to something

From nothing to something  
How we the niggas on the boulevard who run it Chasing that money still to church on the Sunday  
Hustling foreigners, upgrade you swagger from bummy  
Still got that pistol tucked by the waist and the tummy  
Fucking these bitches, still they can't get nothing from me  
Rolling on 4G idles and move to the paper  
Let the wrist, ain't got the window to fuck up a hater  
Let's get 'em pissed, look at my latest bitch  
You will think Beyonce ride with me at the wheel  
Bitch we the business, couple million  
Swimmin' in fuck what you think or you feelin'  
Hustle hard, so potent with balls  
Still whippin' them cars, don't know what's in the garage  
I'm rich yay, crib got a few in the made  
She cook what I crave, wake up to water and waves  
It's boos livin', pimpin', you in it or not  
Whole team balling, bitches you fuckin' or not?  
Rollie on me, got more cracks than a crack-head  
26's on the chicas in Bali  
I got what I needed, consistently dreamin'  
Lookin' at hustler dog if you never seen it

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