

Cash Flow (Feat. Rick Ross & T-Pain)

Ace Hood

We the best def jam
I introduce you to ace
Ace lets get moneyCash flow
It's too easy nigga (bankroll)
We don't count money no mo
We weight that shit[Rick Ross]
Let's get it[Ace Hood]
Eh knock knock, bang bang
Where the cash at
If you ain't got it leave you bloody like a tampax
Come up swinging at you thugs Aflac
Then I fall in the sway back may back
See I'm back for the money like I left that
See I be running on the route where the cash go (where the cash go)
And any nigga interfering with the cash flow so he can get pumped on like Citgo
Make his body bounce bounce like a 64
Tall clips chrome lips see the big gold
I'm a duffle bag boy like I move coke big crack threw the music so the flow dope
I keep my money ova bitches til the door close
I need money like a bitch need dick mo
I'm tryin' to c it like a motherfucking castro rubber bands in my pants and a swift bankroll[Chorus: T-Pain]
I'll tell ya one thing don't play about mine
I be banging on your front door with the nine
I'ma come see ya (see ya)
I'ma come see ya (see ya)
I need all my dough not a dolla short
And if u don't have it den u gotta go
I'ma come see ya(see ya) hey hey we put our hands
In the sky let em know that we bout that
Cash flow, I need it on time I'm
Talking bank roll my money my money my money
Cash flow, I need it
On time I'm talking bank roll my money my money my money[Ace Hood]
And where my money young niggas gotta have that
Rubber bands by the grands in a big bag
Pockets fat like I'm carrying a backpack
A couple grand for the Louie band nap sack
Understand I'm the man who you can't match
Money man minivan full of brown bags

Better grand any man never top that
Cause money and the gat pop those straps
Getting loot in the top drop right back
I ain't playing creep ya avenue and I'll blast
Bust shots like a new year day blast
And I ride all day like a buss pass
Grinding hard for the bread and the cash flow
Kick doors wave 4's where the cash go (where the cash go)
I'm trying to see it like a motherfucking castro
Rubber bands in my pants and a swift bankroll[Chorus][Rick Ross]

Ace I see you nigga

Trilla

You m o b now nigga

You untouchable[Rick Ross]

Big money in the dope hole

See the beamers when ya pull up in the dope home (my money)

Seventeen and he got his own kilo

Running green nigga living like nino

Riding clean wax sitting for the c note

It ain't green get it back with the c loc

Momma dead broke daddy fucked up

I'ma make them come and hit me with the recoup

God damnnit I'm still in the dope spot

Why the fuck you think I pull up in a dope car

Gold shoes stepping out with a dope bitch cartel

So she gotta suck four dicks I d me v I p DJ Khaled m o b

Girls so hot ace so cold taking bets ace won't fold[Chorus]Hey we go by the runners just incase you forgot we
did it again

Songwriters

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FAHEEM / MCCOLISTER, ANTOINIE / COSSUM, KC

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