

Get Money

Ace Hood

Ace Hood, Rosay

We the fucking best, Maybach

It's so incredible I do it for the thugs and the motherfucking gangstas

I do it for the strippers and the bitches put their ass up

I do it for the haters that them never put their hands up

I do it for the hustlers and this bitch throwing their grass up Nigga, get nigga, get money nigga

Get money nigga, get money nigga I'm like fresh outfit, blunts they lit

And a nigga out in bout who don't buck a shit

Yeah I gave you a classic in my day view

Cashflow for the hoes I bought

(Straight to) You wanna ride you can't be acting like Dre foo'

N.W.A, I bet you Ace played you

Hollywood, Hollywood, I see the big lights

And I'm with my big homie, Ricky, nigga, yeah right Every minute that my heart pump blood

Fuck what you heard, momma raised a fucking thug

Money on my mind, imagine what's up in the trunk

And it get me to the life of funk driver store's thug On the other ridges feeling like a billionaire

A got a couple mill, a couple more an' I'm really there

Haters talk around me fuck 'em like I really care

When we handle our business, sorry, they were never there I do it for the thugs and the motherfucking gangstas

I do it for the strippers and the bitches put their ass up

I do it for the haters that them never put their hands up

I do it for the hustlers and this bitch throwing their grass up Nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga

Get money nigga, get money nigga Money ain't a thing I remain blinged up

Hundred on the chain, bitch, I think I'm King Tuck

A nigga, young and rich, who feel like can't be touched

Fourty stacks for the chase, no, I can't see much Unless you get the dollars, still talking cash flow

Thousand dollar bill, President Fidel Castro

Nigga with a attitude .50 and a mac-10

Ross cool as Ice Cube, dicky and the black chef I'm in a heli chopper staring at the boat docks

Good weather, good weather means more flux

Look in my eyes, you can tell I'm seeing so clear

I get them bitches a prison an' feeling no fear More money means more Louis, carry on

When I touch your city you should see how hoes Carrillo

Bitch, what's my name?

Ace fucking Hood, ain't a damn thang change us I do it for the thugs and the motherfucking gangstas

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I do it for the haters that them never put their hands up

I do it for the hustlers and this bitch throwing their grass up Nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga

Get money nigga, get money nigga
Shit, shit and I'm a getting money ass, nigga
Fast with the duffle bags with the cash in it
White squares that's equivalence of mo dough
I hear my nigga, Ricky, selling on my promo
I make it rain, hoe better wear your poncho
To seek me on my TMO, I get you mo slow
The good life beats side of my condo
You know the name ask Jermaine on cut though
Wooh, you talking funny, would you fucking with the franchise?
I decide how much you form the shit we let ride
I gave niggas your first startup
Showed you how to dress, made the hood be a part of
Maybe I should have kept my thought off
It's all good neither he'd hit the guard off
Now you shit, nigga, garbage you's a rat
Never build for this mob shit
I do it for the thugs and the motherfucking gangstas
I do it for the strippers and the bitches put their ass up
I do it for the haters that them never put their hands up
I do it for the hustlers and this bitch throwing their grass up
Nigga, get money nigga, get money nigga
Get money nigga, get money nigga

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