

## M.O.B.

Ace Hood

At the end of the day my nigga  
I do this shit for my family  
And my niggas dawg  
You feel me?

Lord knows I'm a go getter  
Lord knows I'm a go getter  
I chase that money every 24  
I chase that money every 24  
Lord knows I'll always be a real nigga  
Lord knows I'll never be a fuck nigga  
I chase that money every 24  
Money over bitches, you know how it go

You lookin at the hottest nigga in the city  
Fuck the city, how this nigga in my state?  
Free the nigga Boosie Boo, I hope he beat the case  
Keepin blunt and counting money, nigga that's every day  
Back and I'm on my block lookin like 100 bricks  
Nigga don't want no problem, choppa catch a 50  
Chain so disrespectful yall should slap my jeweler  
Walkin around this bitch, I think I'm with The Ruler  
Countin another mill, I'm screamin hallelujah  
Spit the type of dope that get shipped yall to Cuba  
Anybody want that work I got a clean cut  
My shit' so potent you'll be high for 3 months  
Foreign cars, crib look like a fuckin mall  
Hurt myself as sport but found a way to ball  
I pray you pussy niggas life a living hell  
Fuck that countin money, weigh it on a scale  
Nigga

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So much people like that waitin on me to fail  
Answer to that question, coldest day in hell  
Fuck nigga talkin tough, gon make me take it there  
I move like a turtle mean I keep them shells  
Lost so many niggas to this fuckin struggle  
RIP for Fif, he was like my fuckin brother  
Runnin up and down them streets, in and off that Chevy Bubble  
Show a nigga getting that money, all we do is hustle  
Ain't no food in refrigerator nor the shelf  
Ain't no handouts here, I did this shit myself  
Lil mam said that pussy good, I'm tryina see it then  
Guaranteed she bust it once she see the Benz  
Everyone knows I am a go getter  
Tryina stay away from all you fuck niggas  
Aye like that boy be on some other shit  
Fuck a hater, you can run and tell em this

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All this cash, I can drink to a nigga  
Can't even fit in these jeans my nigga  
Won't give a damn, we gon flex on the hood  
Bit for you honey, I'm like the one that fucked the police, I paid for the ticket  
Thrown bout 100 in the air, I admit it  
My bad, I ain't show no love  
Putting money over all these bitches  
What you doin you lame we did it  
Now we going where these niggas can't go  
Stayed on grass as long as they don't get it  
They'll get this, all they got like hoes  
I swear boy it ain't no different  
Well we won't get the same 24  
I go hard every chance I get  
Stepped in the plane, thought all would be Rolls  
Aye don't mention so low, but my mind belong to these racks  
Slingin this paper right on these strippers  
How the club owner callin me by  
Bitch I had, she was a'ight  
Last time at show she al that  
I really wanna tip drip  
That bitch no, she sex it to the max  
I paid for it, it ain't on the paper  
I been getting it since too easy  
I might blow ahead, make it back  
And I got summoned here for no reason  
I see you flashin for the night  
But guess what nigga we do this all season  
You could go and sit where you can watch me  
And then one of you niggas don't believe me  
That rough

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