

We On

Ace Hood

Okay

Uh, okay I walk in the party Mr. swag, so gnarly
With a bad Spanish mami that'll axe somebody
Yea that's my maseratiii, going ham no salami
That's your chick if I like it and I'm straight bogartin'
In the club, where the bottles at? Rosé, no Moscato
They see me, models follow, ass clap, ay, bravo
I'll be why then my n-ggas see my jewels, they six figures
F-ck your girl and her friend, I'm a dog, how'd you figure?
Chillin' with my clique and I puff that loud
She don't wanna f-ck then I tell the bitch bye
Heart so cold, why waste my time?
Twenty on the wrist cause I like to shine
F-ck you n-ggas who hate on mine
Credit card will not decline
Missionary no, not me, I like that pussy from behind
Bitch I'm balling every day, it's like somebody pressed rewind
All my n-ggas came from nothing, mandatory that we shine
Private planin', no complainin' if I happen to recline
Same n-gga that they doubted and I'm gladly gon' remind
Made a million off my hunger, that's just solely my reply
Cause we the best, shit ain't a lie

Had to bring the money home
I had to bring the money home
Motherf-cker, we on
I had to bring the money home
Motherf-cker, we on
I had to bring the money home
Then I catch me in your city, with a clique of n-ggas with me
Couple bitches getting tipsy, celebrating cause we winnin'
We on (we on) we on (we on)
And we on (and we on) and we on (and we on)
I go so hard, n-ggas already know
Still in the club and it close at 4
Birthday girl gon drop it low
Let's make a toast to never broke cause
We on (we on) we on (we on)
And we on (and we on) and we on (on)

Okay, now one for the money, Shorty two for the f-ck of it
Pull up in some shit that just might destroy all your confidence
Meet a bitch and hit it quick and never know a government
I been rocking Hermes and that H don't stand for hooligan
High boy, I fly, high n-gga, blast off
You goof truth loose goose prove you ain't cotton soft
We on, we on, way to keep on, bring on
All these cases of that aces, bring her back to my oasis
Taking shots after shots, like I'm busting off that.44
Man, that ciroc got me feeling like I overdosed
Living with my n-ggas, celebrating, rocking hella gold
Ring hella big, you would think I won a Super Bowl
Yeah, we in the building, why the f-ck you think it's super full?
Tell the DJ bring it back and show 'em what we really on
All these women love me cause they know we young and money long
Mama told me get it so I had to bring the money home

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Then I catch me in your city, with a clip the n-ggas with me
Couple bitches getting siffy, celebrating cuz we winning
We on (we on) we on (we on)
And we on (and we on) and we on (and we on)
I go so hard, n-ggas already know
Still in the club when they close at 4
Birthday girl gon drop it low
Let's make a toast to never broke us
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