

# Bugatti-Ace Hood feat. Future and Rick Ross - Lyrics

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## "Bugatti"

We the motherfucking best nigga

Ace Hood

Super, Future

I come looking for you with Haitians

I stay smoking on good Jamaican

I fuck bitches from different races

You get money they started hating

Turn up

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

I woke up in a new Bugatti

OK, niggas be hating I'm rich as a bitch  
One hundred K I spent that on my wrist  
Two hundred dollars spent that on your bitch  
Do me a model put that on my list  
Oh there he go in that foreign again  
Killing the scene bring the coroner in  
Murder she wrote, swallow or choke  
Hit her and go home, I won't call her again  
Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college  
Smoke me a pound of the loudest  
Whipping some shit with no mileage  
Diamonds cost me a fortune  
Them horses all in them Porsches  
You pussies can't hardly afford it  
Forty two hundred my mortgage  
Balling on niggas like Kobe  
Fuck all you haters you bore me  
Only the real get a piece of the plate  
Repping my city I'm running my state  
Give me a pistol then run with the Ks  
Niggas want beef then I visit your place

Bang

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Yeah, and I'm at it again

There go the flow bringing tragedy in

Copped me a chain your salary spent

Niggas is sweet bring them cavities in

Counting money, hourly trend

Rolling them skinny like Olsen twins

Niggas is squares, cabin and pens

Neck full of Gold Olympian shit

Neimans, I'm blowing the check on they gear

Fall on some pussy then hop on the Lear

Strapped with them choppers back of the rear

Sak pase them killers is here

Woke up early this morning, mind is telling me money

Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumor

Millionaire nigga no rumor

Living my life off of tuna

Wanted with me I deliver the beef

Real niggas only enjoying the feast

Pull up a seat, bon appetite

No Louboutins put that red on your sneaks bang

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Photographs of dope boys

Is all they taking is finger prints on the Rolls Royce  
Is why they hating push a button on these broke boys

It's detonation, walk a road to riches bare feet

I watch mama struggle now she living carefree

That's why I hustle for the half a key that's 12 Gs

I'm tryna bubble every summer a new LP

You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-League

Signin' bonus hit that man that's from thirty feet

Left in a puddle finger prints is on a hundred mill

And what it is? Ricky Rozay and Ace Hood

We hella Trill

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I fuck bitches from different races

You get money they started hating

Turn up

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