

2-12-12

Ace Hood

RIP Whitney Houston  
God bless her soul  
I'm just vibin' doe  
But for you haters

(Nothing's gonna stop me)  
I swear to God  
(Nothing's gonna stop me)  
Andi, Kiko, Renegades  
(Nothing's gonna stop me)  
(Nothing's gonna stop me)

Money talks so what's your conversation?  
Counting my blesses, my sweet elaborated  
Being broke ain't a joke, that feeling is devastating  
Nightmare so that force never stated  
Calculating every dollar bill  
Reminisce, they missin' like someone on a mill  
Still trippin', this life I'm livin' the dream still  
Look at my niggas loyalty's mad real  
That's cause we got this from the bottom up  
Number slidin' in my homie momma truck  
We did what we had to do, we ain't give a fuck  
Now we the niggas winnin' dog, wuddup?  
Ain't it funny how the time fly?  
Couple cars and a twenty story high rise  
Took a minute but shit connecting like wi fi  
It's fuck you to the niggas who sad my career died  
Shit, I'm livin' quite well  
On the beach I'm sippin' wine and cracking lobster tales  
With a Spanish mommy give me the opposite the tails  
Ask me do I like it, poppy I'm like hell yea  
We da best the fuckin' logo  
Just hope you get the picture when you take your photos  
Own a couple cars but I need one more though  
Felt I'm coming soon, real nigga YOLO  
True, I'm just rappin' doe aye

Nothing's gonna stop me  
I tell 'em (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Yea, feel good when you comin' from nothin' homie  
But I tell 'er (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Swear to God (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Starvation

In the studio, watching the Grammy's homie  
Pray today they nominate the one and only  
Probably cry some tears at the ceremony  
Only lord knows when they ready for me  
Inspiration runnin' through my blood  
Motivated from the fact I made it through the mud  
Kept my faith although they doubted when I lost my buzz  
All over somethin' that I'm winnin' ain't gon show me love  
In the street label me underrated  
Story for respect my only ultimatum  
They ask me who that's why you goin' hard  
Cause I just want my mama off that boulevard

I come from a city where there ain't many stars  
And given no pity promised them prison bars  
Teachers said I won't amount to shit  
Graduated high-school, college never in it  
Still I manage through seven figures with common sense  
And at the age of 52 my mama finally quit  
Fuck it right I never stop  
Found a way to motivate the niggas' block  
Whitney Houston died yesterday  
God bless 'er, hope she end up at them heaven gates  
Watching the Grammy's just as they dedicate  
In the mean time, let's let this marinate  
Yea, I'm just vibin' doe

Oh yea (nothing's gonna stop me)  
Ain't nothin' gonna stop me man  
(Nothing's gonna stop me)  
R.I.P Trayvon Martin  
Justice will be served my brother  
But guess what  
(Nothing's gonna stop me)  
Oh yea man (nothing's gonna stop me)  
God bless  
Hood