

6 Summers

Ace Hood

Six summers, six summers
Got enough work to ball six summers
Six bitches, six Hummers
Real niggas, all gunners
Six summers, six summers
Couple mill I'm just trying to live mama
Six summers, six summers
Got enough work to ball six summers

Young nigga, most wanted
Want him dead, twelve hundred
My youngin's rage a crib just for some lawyer fees
Know nothing bout no lobster, raised on pork and beans
Counting all this money with that chopper close
Every seen a million on your kitchen floor?
Feds taking pictures, think I'm moving dope
Never thought I'd see this shit for twenty four
Ten bitches, all fucking
Mercedes Benz, them six hundreds
Sixes on the Jeep, I name it 'Bron James
Hundred million dollars, that's my mind frame

I've been broke before, I remember that like yesterday
All this money that I'm counting got my mama straight
Always had that penny grind, I'm talking hard away
Then I lost my nigga [?] it took my heart away
That's why I ball on you niggas, that's why I stunt on you bitc
hes
That's why I'm riding that foreign, so you pussies never forget
me
And I'm still toting that nina, just pray to God be with me
My car dashing one-eighty, my bitch looking like Kimmy
My shirt label Versace, and king of diamonds tsunami
My sneakers [?], that red under my sneaks
No shoes off in them boxes, no books all in them bags
Don't count money we weigh that, then send it off to that stash
, ah