

# Had To

Ace Hood

Ah look at what you made me do  
Trigger finger inching looking for a fix  
My current mood on some money-making Mitch  
Don't give a fuck if it don't get really rich!

Ah shit look what you made me do  
Bought AR rifles for a duck duck goose  
In the coupe, color butternut-squash soup  
I am the one  
I got the game in the choke too

Shit. Look what you made me do  
Got out pocket, now his story on the news  
Go 'head and pop it. This a million-dollar move  
We play for keeps, he think we playing by the rules  
I need some fine shit to use 'em as a muse  
We in the pent. I spend a grip just for the views  
Quiet as kept the elephant is in the room  
Feel like it's me versus myself. I got a lot to prove  
A lot to lose

They ain't fitting in my kinda shoes  
My people counting me daily. Gotta shake and move  
I can't assume I'm only fucking with who fuck with me  
I sent up prayers for my haters and my enemies

Been really healing from the trauma. I got wicked ways  
Whenever life would give me lemons, I made lemonade  
Whenever niggas wanted smoke, bitch, I was center stage  
I feel like Eminem and Hov. I'm a renegade  
I'm Deerfield to the grave  
That's where I was raised  
And ever since I lost my dog, shit don't feel the same  
Hope I'm forgiving my sins, wipe away shame  
This shit get treacherous, when tryna navigate game  
The game

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