

Mister Hood

Ace Hood

Ooh, Mister Hood with that walk, so smooth
Ain't another who can spit game like you
Ha-ha, hello
In those streets, you got that style
It's me, he-he
Brand-new drop-top (Yeah)
And million-dollar smile (Yeah)
Uh

I'm arrivin' at the bank, they recognize me by my face
Know I'm good in 50 states, I'm a legend 'round my way
A disciple when you pray, you a peasant when you hate
Do the work and keep the faith, I stay aligned in namaste
But these niggas poppin' fly like I won't climb from out that space
I always played the humble role and they're gon' bite the bait
I'm ruthless when it's war, if I feel some type of way
Them Zoes get on your ass, they're just one call away
I'm dripped in diamonds chains, these Diors ain't got a stain
From the Maybach to the plane, I'm countin' euros out in Spain
Went Saint Laurent, the frames, my bitch covered in Vera Wang
With a two-tone Rollie plane, I made my millions spittin' pain
In the trenches givin' game, no obsession for no fame
No emotions for no lame, I stood on ten against the grain
Mister Hood
Life insurance on my name, trust funds for my kids
Niggas talkin' how they would've, couldn't did it how I did
Huh

Ooh, Mister Hood with that walk, so smooth
It gotta be in you, not on you, mane
Uh-huh, you're the man, don't try to be the man
Ain't another who can spit game like you
You dig? Fix myself
In those streets, you got that style
Yes, sir
Brand-new drop-top and a million-dollar smile
Yeah

Uh, new deposits in my safe, mini mansion in the A
Some of my homies call me "Ace", but Mister Hood got different taste
Triple sevens on my plates, I want the Brussels with my steak
Cut the grass and see the snakes, don't put no candles on my cake
Mister
Get the money, keep the faith, trick the blind and lead astray
Niggas terrible as a person
Think that money make them great
Mister, Mister Hood
Niggas lied, it's only God that kept his word until this day
From a youth of shootin' crates
To playin' ball on my estates
How it feel to lose your dog, when you finally got to ball?
When you finally got the call?
When you finally got it all?
That trauma turned to pain, I had to heal so we evolve
Are you talkin' Mister Hood?
I'ma pop it like I should
When the real ones come outside, we keep imposters in for good

Ever since I got married, they been poppin' out the woods
Mister Hood
I put that on my hood, I put that on my dogs
'Til the day I get that call, I only vouch to give my all
Nigga

Ooh, Mister Hood with that walk, so smooth
Ain't another who can spit game like you
In those streets, you got that style
Brand-new drop-top and a million-dollar smile
Yeah
Mister, Mister Hood