

My Blower

Ace Hood

Knock knock

Drinking on all this yac
Shit never made me throw up
Putting on all my chains
Bitch I'm bout to blow up
You don't know a nigga who realer
Benz in the Maybach Thrilla
When I'm on the track, its illa
You know a nigga better go get em

How could you have the audacity
Sleeping on me is insanity
Pardon my manners and self esteem
I feel like the undisputed king
I'm in some shit that you never seen
I'm with a chick that be in your dreams
I'm in the gym getting super lean
I got it covered like Maybelline
I want the money bags please
'Cause I gotta feed my peeps
I need my hands unchained
Since you got the keys keys keys
You can't not stop what is destined
Me and my maker we best friends
I will not walk with my chest in
Show me respect nothing less than
Holy water on my Effen
Only shooting for the game win
Had to show a nigga phase 10
Meditate and then I praise dance
I feel like Al Capone
I kept a humble composure
They looking for me to fold
Fuck 'em and fuck what they on
Bruno Mali on the way
80s baby from the Tre
South Florida on the face
Deerfield I'm the face
I must express you my gratitude
I had to check on my attitude
Plotting and planning on bigger moves
And I told my brother we'll never lose
Feel like the weight of the world on me
I will not ever complain bout it
I seen a cop shoot a black man
Broad day caught a plane up out it
Cock suckers doing nothing bout it
White man taking more vows
They some reckless motherfuckin cowards
Police badges ain't got super powers
I am the black and the great one
Beauty embedded in my bloodline
They wanna give us some fed time
Kill us then pick up the Pompoms
Oh Lord keep the devil off me
Got my numbers doing somersaults

100 reasons I don't fuck with y'all
This your number I'm a never call nigga

Drinking on all this yac
Shit never made me throw up
Putting on all my chains
Bitch I'm bout to blow up
You don't know a nigga who realer
Benz in the Maybach Thrilla
When I'm on the track, its illa
You know a nigga better go get em