

# 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

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