

Nothing to Something

Ace Hood

Uh, a dollar and a dream
Get it by any means
Started with a couple niggas, loyal to a team
Hard work, it was once a dream
Won it all my nigga, I'm all about the cream
From nothing to something
Nothing to something
Broke as a joke, the niggas would think it was funny
Nothing to something
From nothing to something
How we the niggas on the boulevard who run it

From nothing to something (yea)
To frequently stuntin' (yea)
Used to diss me now them bitches be easily fuckin'
No use for the bucket, I'm whippin' a Phantom
Still I know who get it cheap out of Little Havana
Keep it caution niggas, know who be talkin' bananas
Watch you block up, give a fuck if you holdin' umbrellas
Watch the niggas you around cause motherfuckin' jealous
Pillow talkin' with them bitches could be repercussions
No pity for weak, we playin' for keeps
Put feet on the Jeep and ride with that piece on the seat
No sleep when it's beef here, don't trust the whole from the streets
Niggas set you up and act like they one of your peeps
I got it from nothing, to money your bundles
Don't give a fuck if niggas owe me a couple of hundred
I need that, I'm talkin' asap
Got this shit off the muscle, I'm talkin' way back
Little Frangle you niggas, bitches you hatin' ass
Only reason I come through stuntin' with paper tags
Yellow diamonds be shining, know how to pay back
You niggas boring, I whipped the foreign, it's 8 spac

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Chasing that money still to church on the Sunday
Hustling foreigners, upgrade you swagger from bummy
Still got that pistol tucked by the waist and the tummy
Fucking these bitches, still they can't get nothing from me
Rolling on 4G idles and move to the paper
Let the wrist, ain't got the window to fuck up a hater
Let's get 'em pissed, look at my latest bitch
You will think Beyonce ride with me at the wheel
Bitch we the business, couple million
Swimmin' in fuck what you think or you feelin'
Hustle hard, so potent with balls

Still whippin' them cars, don't know what's in the garage
I'm rich yay, crib got a few in the made
She cook what I crave, wake up to water and waves
It's boos livin', pimpin', you in it or not
Whole team balling, bitches you fuckin' or not?
Rollie on me, got more cracks than a crack-head
26's on the chicas in Bali
I got what I needed, consistently dreamin'
Lookin' at hustler dog if you never seen it

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