

That Part

Ace Hood

Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that part

Meantime, in between time, I'm King Kong in the phenom
Bomb like a napalm, don't give a fuck if niggas hate mine
Got faith, gotta keep calm never had a weak mind
Niggas snakes like a python, catch you playing with my life line Glock might
FaceTime
I'm in the building nigga what they do
I got the Wraith painted neon blue, who I thought they knew?
Chain cold like the freon do, I'm too blessed gotta say ah-choo
Execute my moves, God with me I just can not lose, be legendary like the Mou
lin Rouge
You niggas better than who? LOL nigga that part
Got a shorty super thick who tryna ride me like a NASCAR
Baby got back she a camel, playing with the dick like a banjo
Everybody know I got the antidote, let my nuts hang like a cantaloupe
That part nigga that part, no I ball like LeBron niggas better check the sta
t charts
Hazard gotta smoke herb, I'm star like the Converse, wild at the concert
F me then its F you too, 488 Ferrari zoom
Them dead presidents in Nino tomb
The safe filled I'm a need more rooms
Somebody free Lil Tune, he the greatest when it come to the booth
Give credit this is evident proof, 14 I was mimicking you
And I feel like I'm the best lil nigga 'cause the flows way sicker and I thi
nk I got the remedy too
God gave me the juice, kept faith all praises due
So I'm thankful I made it through

Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that part

Ayy! That part
Bang this shit in the hood one time
Lil bitch I'm back and poppin'
Tell that ugly bitch to move away, I need more options
Broke? Then fix your pockets, all I do is profit

Few million made and still ain't changed... that part
Me, my girl got matchin' bling... that part
I'm a get so blowed, I'm a lose my brain... that part
Me and XO only thing go straight
Need me a bitch that'll go both ways
Style on top of style, nigga
Since a youngin' I wanted to ball, nigga
Had a pistol in my drawls, nigga
When I was broke, I had to sauce, nigga
Got a Chevy with side to side on it
Hundred spokes, the dana danes on it
Got a chopper that stand at 5'2"

I put your homies down beside you

Me no conversate with the fake, that part
All my bitches independent bitches, that part
I just want the paper, that part
All my bitches flavored
That part, that part, that part, that part
Ayy! That part
That part
That part

Walkin' livin' legend, man I feel like Kobe (That part)
I just dropped 60, man I feel like Kobe
Lamar was with me, man I feel like Kobe
Pippen at my weddin', man I feel like Jordan
Trippin' at my weddin', I be raaa-uh-ayy
Ain't say shit, nigga
You was listenin' close though
You was listenin' to hoes though
You wouldn't listen to the flow though
Listen to the 'Go
Listen to a young nigga from the 'Go though
I'm a freestyle this mothafucka, who knew?
When I'm with my niggas, nigga, ScHoolboy Q
And uh, Top Dawg, call Top Dawg
Get that nigga on the phone
Top Dawg on the phone!
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy! Hah!