

**Ace**

**Noname**

Whiskey with the team, got it bubblin  
I got trees in my luggage  
I got teams out in London  
Hope you came, what you say?  
Fuck is you sayin?  
Oh when I say I been at the Ace hotel  
You gotta tell me something  
Fuck is you sayin?  
Oh let me tell you, I been on the way  
What you sayin?  
I'm making runs

I'm roll on track, I'm in this field  
I'm shot, you put me in my feels  
She made it clap clap clap clappity-clap out in Clapton  
Swerve and I crash if the pillow ain't your passion  
She think I'm a liar like the Obamacare  
If the old never heard the soul country so slick  
Butterskin smooth Acne shoes, contradict  
You can hop right offa my country

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Smino Grigio, Noname, and Saba the best rappers  
And radio niggas sound like they wearing adult diapers  
And globalization is scary and fuckin is fantastic  
And frankly I find it funny that Morgan is still acting  
Bruce Almighty, Aphrodite and Dominoes  
Yummy biscotti, tamale, over mention my undertones  
Runnin the dolly, Chicago overzealous with talent though  
Westside get the money, is still a classic  
Move into LA, now I'm sippin on Sunny D  
And my niggas is hella pleased and I bought me a better pencil  
Bitch she ain't about to write, I'm perpetually smoking weed  
Yes me rolling, I'm sorry, I'm tapping out  
Room 25, the best album that's coming out  
Labels got these niggas just doing it for the clout  
I'm just writing my darkest secrets like wait and just hear me out  
Saying vegan food is delicious like wait and just hear me out

I ain't been at home in a minute, my landlord been getting pissed  
Cause I barely count as a tenant, I'm overseas with the yen and shit  
And I can't recall the last time that my live show was intimate  
The price of the show just went up in addition to tickets that  
They didn't figure it out in 2012 so I just said fuck it  
Cause we can drop all our albums ourselves yeah I just said fuck it  
Cause I know I got the gifts like an elf and been wrapping raps around them

like I'm a belt  
That's tea not ginger beer, I whisper in they ear  
Since I left the road, I got more hits than a deer  
A dollar and a dream like I'm Jermaine in the Ville  
You stand or fall, pray, shout out to NFL  
Pure bred delicatessen  
Damn, I'm real, I can tell it  
I do not fall to the pressure  
Cookin' up Barefoot Contessa  
I just raise the bar  
I look at with a measure  
With little to no effort  
I thought it gonna be messed up  
Bless up

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