

# Bugatti (feat. Future & Rick Ross)

## Ace Hood

(Super, Future)I come looking for you with Haitians  
I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
I fuck bitches from different races  
You get money they started hatingI woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new BugattiNiggas be hatin I'm rich as a bitch  
100 K I spent that on my wrist  
Two hundred thousand I spent that on your bitch  
Do me a model, put that on my list  
Oh there he go in that foreign again  
Killin the scene bring the coroner in  
Murder she wrote, swallow or choke  
Hit her and go, I won't call her again  
Woke up early morning, crib as big as a college  
Smoke me a pound of the loudest  
Whippin some shit with no mileage  
Diamonds cost me a fortuneThem horses all in them Porsches  
You pussies can't hardly afford it  
4, 200 my mortgage  
Ballin on niggas like Kobe  
Fuck all you haters you bore me  
Only the real get a piece of the plate  
Reppin my city I'm runnin my state  
Give me a pistol then run with the K's  
Niggas want beef then I visit ya place Bang!  
I come looking for you with Haitians  
I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
I fuck bitches from different races  
You get money they started hating  
I woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new BugattiI woke up in a new Bugatti  
I woke up in a new Bugatti  
Yeah, and I'm at it againThere go that flow bringin tragedy in  
Copped me a chain your salary spent  
Niggas is sweet bring them cavities in  
Countin money, hourly trend  
Rolling them skinny like Olsen twins  
Niggas is squares, cabin and pens  
Neck full of Gold Olympian shit

Neimans, I'm blowing the check on they gear  
 Fall on some pussy then hop on the Lear  
 Shot with them choppers back of the rear  
 Sak pase' them killers is here  
 Woke up early morning, mind is tellin me money  
 Paper, mula, pockets is fat as a tumor  
 Billionaire nigga no rumor  
 Livin my life off of tuna  
 Wanted with me I deliver the beef  
 Real niggas only enjoyin the feast  
 Pull up a seat, bon appetite  
 No Louboutins put that red on your feet BangI come looking for you with Haitians  
 I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
 I fuck bitches from different races  
 You get money they started hatingI woke up in a new Bugatti  
 I woke up in a new Bugatti  
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 I woke up in a new Bugatti  
 I woke up in a new Bugatti  
 Photographs of dope boys, is all they taking  
 Finger prints on the Rolls Royce, is why they hatin'  
 Push a button on these broke boys, that's detonationWalk a road to riches bare feet  
 I watch mama struggle now she livin' carefree  
 That's why I hustle for half a key that's 12 G'sI'm tryin' to bubble every summer a new LP  
 You gotta love me I got shooters out the D-LeagueSignin' bonus hit that man that's from thirty  
 feet  
 Left in a puddle, finger prints is on hundred mill  
 And what it is?Ricky Rozay and Ace Hood, we hella Trill  
 YeahI come looking for you with Haitians  
 I stay smoking on good Jamaican  
 I fuck bitches from different races  
 You get money they started hating  
 I woke up in a new Bugatti  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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