

Born an OG (feat. Ludacris)

Ace Hood

I wake up and got four or five bitches in the bed (in the bed)
Smokin' weed, Drinkin' liquor by the keg (by the keg)
I was born an O.G. if you ain't heard about me
I put four or five bullets in your head Ace Hood! Yeah!
Luda!

As if the guillotine chopped off my noggin I got my head gone
Got my pedal to the metal and my Lambo poppin' in the red zone
Speedin' like demons is reason heathens is breathin' hard
but I roll with some heathens that just, just don't seem to believe in God
They'll whoop your head boy, put your body in the bottom of the ocean
Mean while Ludacris is in the MIA with Ace Hood somewhere smokin'
Got a pound of the purp and the smell on my shirt so I'm lookin' like roll it up
I be swimmin' in a pool of blood cause the A.K. super soak it up
Hahaha nahh fuck that I'ma come back with it, right quick, like this Come back with it, ha ha ha
ha, Nasty and Ludacris on the track with it
Got enough ammo to blow you out of proportion and put a motherfucker on his back with it
I'm so wrong, I'm so Gutta, I'm so dangerous, ain't I?
I'm so gone off these suckers but the flamers will bang you, cause I'm a solid aimer
The fat lady got a song to sang ya
Meanwhile I stashed all your bricks in my? air plane hanger
I'm so high, I'm so fly, that is a fuckin shame
Smokin' weed by the bush with that kush, and you's a fuckin' lame I wake up and got four or
five bitches in the bed (in the bed)
Smokin' weed, Drinkin' liquor by the keg (by the keg)
I was born an O.G. if you ain't heard about me
I put 4 or 5 bullets in your head (in your head) In your head nigga, Young Gutta, Ace Hood
homie
Yo! Luda I got 'em, Ruthless homie
And I'm a ball like a dog and I'm never gon' fall you can call me Jordan baby
In a Lamborghini drop top and I can't stop myself from stuntin' lately
And I'm stickin' to the dollars and my motto
you can follow, tell 'em holler, it's "Fuck you, pay me!"
I'll meet those hollows in the back of the Tahoe, they comin' at a spiral, borrow that
And any nigga want to get it, I ain't trippin', I'll send about 50 with a body bag
Zip it up, ship, ship his ass at the bottom of the ocean fast
Then I sit back, laugh, with a pound of that hash, me and Ludacris pass that
You will need a gasmask think you can still bag that
Mmmm haha, Ace Hood, Ace Hood, G's hood homie And guess who, guess who I'm back with
it
Ace Hood motherfucker don't act with it
Ruthless than a motherfucker, tell them other brothers don't try 'cause they know that I'm
packin' it

Give me your car, then your keys, then your jeans, then your green
If you sneeze then you comin' up absent
And I roll with a pack of them goons and they only think tools with bodies packed in it
More money I'ma keep on stackin' it
Hundred thousand for the chain, immaculate
New whips I'ma keep plate taggin' it
New swag and a Louis duff bag with it
Ace Hood, that's who, you mad with it
To all you haters and you fake antagonists
I got a hit, what's your name? You can have it! I wake up and got 4 or 5 bitches in the bed (in
the bed)
Smokin' weed, Drinkin' liquor by the keg (by the keg)
I was born an O.G. if you ain't heard about me
I put 4 or 5 bullets in your head (in your head)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>