

Ace Hood, Get 'Em

[Intro]

Ace Hood (Ay, Get Em Up)

Gutta (Ay, Get Em Up)

(Ay, Get Em Up) Chea

(Ay, Get Em Up) Gutta, Gutta, Hey

[Verse 1]

I got my drop top rollin' and I'm headin to the mother land

Rippin' on that steering wheel, passenger's a duffel bag

Hundred in the louie, don't confuse me with that other cat

Engine in the truck jack, pushin like a super pack

Automatic button pad just to keep the top back

Ruby red insides, lamborghini fruit snacks

Twenty-two, thats what I shoot, you know them bitches got a mack

Back to the back of the lac incase them pussy niggas wanna jet

Know I keep that .45, turn you into Cabbage Patch

Hit you right between the eyes then leave you like an alley rat

100 for the bracelet, a track, I'm like a magnet

Hit 'em with that gutta swag, swangin with the louie rag

[Chorus]

Say I maybe gave a damn but I never gave a f**k

Rep your city like a G then put your middle fingers up

I got that east side rollin', and that west side smoke

South side rollin wit me and the north side gon

Get Em Up (Ay, Get Em Up) x7

You rep your city nigga, gon' show it up

[Verse 2]

And it go, eenie meenie mini mo, catch me slippin' never though

Know I keep that full clip, come and get cha super soak

Call me Mr. Cinemax, shoot you like a movie role

Hundred on the highway, let's see how fast the coupe can go

New Edition fit the kid, they ship the shit from england

That's me in the foreign whip, climbing like the ring-a-lings

Yes, I'm on some other shit, don't know who you f**kin wit

Yes, I keep that .45, you better keep a body guard

Benz is in the parking lot so you know the block is hot

Tell em we don't give a shit and mother f**k the other side

Bitch you know I'm born to ride, H B and some murda minds

Open up the suicide doors, call it homicide

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I got my black flag swangin and I'm bangin on some gutta shit

Just copped me a spaceship, took it from the government

White-on-white drop top, call that bitch a cool whip

Had to blow the brains out, yeah I keep it ruthless

Know you niggas mad but tell em haters I does it

Better quit that fussin, don't know what's in the bullpit

.45's a motherf**ker, hit chu and your cousin

Think I gave a damn but I never gave a f**k

Got that oven heated up and bitch you lookin like lunch

Take them heaters to your gut like it's a million uppercuts

Then I dip off in the cut and throw it up, who give a f**k?

Got that vodka in my cup, bring my gangsta to the front, what's up?

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Gutta