

# Ace Hood, Gutta

(feat. Trick Daddy)

(It's so incredible)

Ace...

[Chorus:]

You ain't comin round here talkin all dat shit

Talkin bout you get all dem bricks

I'm a have to come round your way

Nigga I'm real you all too fake

And a pistol where ya mamma stay

Act like I don't know where you lay

Betta act right fo' I get uptight

Act up I'm a let da automatic spray

[x2:]

(Get em) boy there ya go

(Get em) boy there ya go

Blocka Blocka Blocka Blocka

Boy there you go

Hol' up with it, Khaled don't let me get em

Gun cocked, where his cheerin'?

No talk, time to get him

Fake niggas gon' make me kill him

Make his body shiver like he naked in a river

Matter fact I'm a leave him in the river

Come and get him when it's winter

Nigga holla back

I'm gutta. I done told ya that

Rock boy bitch over bags

Say you movin them slabs of crack

See nigga you a lie like Pac is back

Man you niggas all crap

And you homies won't last

Til your somethin like paper tags

Don't make me slide the mask

To save from blast

Get his ass

[Chorus]

Now let me get em

When I walk up in the place

Put the pace in ya face

Tell em gimme dat K

Fuck niggas and they really don't think

That I know where they lay duct tape they face

Pop pop, unload dat K

Then we leave em and we find em in a couple of days

Pussy niggas know where you lay

Actin like I don't know where you stay

Runnin at ya mouth man ya niggas too fake

Tellin all the niggas that you move them thangs

What?

Y'ain't bout dat lie

Huh?

Y'ain't got no stride

Naww

You'nt really grind

Leave em in da streets til the D boys find em

Dumb niggas and they huggin on the grind

In the middle of this town

We gon' G-G-Get em

[Chorus]

Now who am I? mothafuckas wanna know

When I pull up in that rover

They know that it's over

Big holes in ya body like coasters

Creep Creep we deep with soldiers

Black holster to carry that toaster  
Hot head now they callin me folgers  
But still creep in adidas with the heaters, millimeters  
Wanna see where yo family at  
Pop pop just call me ace  
Slump niggas I'm a call you dead  
Click clack now ya T-shirt red  
Hand em an tampon  
No batteries included know that the clip be hands on  
It'll take yo mans on  
Leave his body slumped in the damn yard  
(Get em)  
[Chorus]