Gutta

J.R. Writer

It's so incredible
Ace
You ain't comin' round here
Talkin' all that shit
Talkin' 'bout you get all them bricks
I'm a have to come round your way
Nigga I'm real you all too fake
And a pistol where ya mama stay
Act like I don't know where you lay
Betta act right fo' I get uptight
Act up I'm a let the automatic spray
(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
You ain't comin' round here
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Talkin' 'bout you get all them bricks
I'm a have to come round your way
Nigga I'm real you all too fake

And a pistol where ya mama stay
Act like I don't know where you lay
Betta act right fo' I get uptight
Act up I'm a let the automatic spray
Now let me get 'em
When I walk up in the place
Put the pace in ya face
Tell 'em gimme that K
Fuck niggas and they really don't think
That I know where they lay duct tape they face
Pop pop, unload that 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 nigga's too fake
Tellin' all the niggas that you move them thangs, what?
Y'ain't 'bout that lie. huh? Y'ain't got no stride, naw
You'nt really grind, leave em in the 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
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I'm a have to come round your way
Nigga I'm real you all too fake
And a pistol where ya mama stay
Act like I don't know where you lay
Betta act right fo' I get uptight
Act up I'm a let the automatic spray
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)
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