

# Face Good

## Ace Hood

[Intro - Ace Hood]

Chea

Gutta

See what you have is that movement my nigga

It's Flo Rida

Ace Hood homie[Chorus - Flo Rida]

You know my, face good while they ask me on deck

Flo Rida and Ace because the ghetto got next

My face good, my face good in the hood

My face good

Yeah

You know my, face good while they ask me on deck

Flo Rida and Ace because the ghetto got next

My face good, my face good in the hood

My face good

Yeah

From the streets, to the block, to the trap, to the hood

I never got a problem let me get you understood

My face good, my face good in the hood

My face good

Hey[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Chea

1988 momma birthed a fucking G

I tell her fuck a bottle give me Hennessy to drink

The only drink allowed to put me in my deeper sleep

Wake up in the morning on the corner ain't no school for me

Nigga bought them peaches that be preaching

Serving work and trees, had a Visa card, hella stacks

And only seventeen, my face is good in the hood

I was serving beans

A real nigga they salute you when you getting green

The youngest niggas on the block toting .17s

The AR is tucked in side of my denim jeans

So show your past or get stretched like a flat screen

I'm certified and born to ride, I am the streets[Chorus][Verse 2 - Ace Hood]

Chea

I'm in that butter pecan Beamer creeping through the hood

Got to keep it gutter, motherfuckers knew a nigga would

But I got a pass courtesy of me and face good

In the streets of my city, block in my damn hood  
Where niggas take your life for free like a canned good  
I'm certified, me and Flo Rida remain hood  
Better state your presence when you stepping through a man's hood  
Or you get caught up with them choppers, leave you dead holmes  
Because even in the middle of the hood you got a dead zone  
Red zone, fake face do your head gone  
I'm from the city niggas die to pay a cell phone  
It ain't right, that's life, get your bang on [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Ace Hood]

Chea

And I was the low key nigga posted by the front door  
Young dreadlock niggas rocking them Dickies and a torch  
Got a house of red band, forced to keep me on the porch  
Well look, I don't give a fuck because these crackers show no remorse  
Trying to serve a nigga murder but never heard of the source  
They ask me where I got the weed from  
Then I serve and feed some  
Trying to put my finger prints all on a clean gun  
A real nigga never born to be a snitch  
Never knew I'd be rich  
But the streets made ki's  
And since legit a nigga stayed in the mix  
Never snitching on a bitch  
So the FEDS know shit  
Payed my dues to the real, I was good with the bricks [Chorus]

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