

# Gutta

## Trillbass

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  
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  
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  
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  
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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