Loco Wit The Cake

Ace Hood

[Chorus - Schife]Spent thirty in the mall
Going loco with the cake
Five cars sitting tall
Going loco with the cake
Ten on some Cali' bud
Going loco with the cake
Then I hit the strip club
Going loco with the cake
Glittered up my wrist
Going loco with the cake
Went and Guccied up my bitch
Going loco with the cake
Repping five with the pimps
Going loco with the cake
I put on my whole team
Going loco with the cake
[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]Aye
You don't want to start a food fight
Get your attitude right
Before I put this cake all in your face and have your crew like
Who that is? Ace Hood
You ain't know that's Ace Hood?
Ask around in every project they say that boy face good
Put the Range Rover on them 24's I skate good
Especially with the paper ice, all over my Ace Hood
Chain, fuck a dummy I need hoes to educate me
Good brain!
Take the package up the temple come back home and get, paid!
Seven days up out the week a nigga got to get, paid!
Quit your hating, get on your job, and hoe you can get, paid!
Like Ace, like who? Like me nigga
That's why every bitch you trying to fuck like me nigga
[Chorus]
[Verse 2 - Ace Hood]I rep this pot like it's chemistry
Got an F in chemistry
Took the white and turned it green
Now that's what I call chemistry
That's what I call, Enterprise
Call my work, The Enterprise

Twenty junkies beaming up to Scotty in my Enterprise
Smoking in my spaceship, floating through the galaxy
They calling me a shooting star, leave hoes off through your calvery
Gangsters, goons, and killers only niggas on my salary
They all got charges pending
Murder, burglaries, and batteries
Niggas trying to battle me, end up finding they tragedy
Laided out on the floor and breathing fast and looking up at me (Up at me)
Play me in your Chevy when you scrambling
Ruthless than a motherfucker with hundred grand on me
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Ace Hood]Aye
You can call me Mister Cash Flow
Money out the asshole
Thugging getting paper, what you think that Louis bag hoe?
Pull up in that stoopid whip
Hundred for the stoopid wrist
Stoopid this, stoopid that, loco with the money bag
Lamborghini Murcielag', girl you got to stoopid that
Gucci this, Louis that, riding with them paper tags
And my bitch she bad as hell, Juicy, Louis, Gucci bag
All my niggas love to swag, Bentleys, Phantoms back to back
Twenty grand I'll show you going low and tell them holler back
Pain you a dummy, blow about thirty on a whip and then
Swing on them 30's
I drop the top on them verties
Switch lanes, on them haters, I'm throwing paper to make them spend
[Chorus]

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