

# 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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