

# 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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