

Gutta (feat. Trick Daddy)

Ace Hood

(It's so incredible)Ace[Chorus]
You ain't coming round here talking all that shit
Talking 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 mamma stay
Act like I don't know where you lay
Betta act right for I get uptight
Act up I'm a let the automatic spray[Repeat: x2]
(Get 'em) boy there ya go
(Get 'em) boy there ya go
Blocka Blocka Blocka Blocka
Boy there you goHol' up with it, Khaled don't let me get em
Gun cocked, where his cheering?
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 moving 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 something like paper tags
Don't make me slide the mask
To save from blast
Get his ass[Chorus]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
Acting like I don't know where you stay

Running at ya mouth man ya niggas too fake
Telling all the niggas that you move them things
What?
Y'ain't bout that lie
Huh?
Y'ain't got no stride
Naww
You'nt really grind
Leave em in da 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[Chorus]Now who am I? motherfuckers 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 calling 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)[Chorus]

Songwriters

JACKSON, PETER JR./JACKSON, GERALD/MCCOLISTER, ANTOINE/LONG, BUDDY

YOSHIKIPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>