

Get 'em Up

Ace Hood

[Intro] Ace Hood (Aye, get them up)

Gutta (Aye, get them up)

(Aye, get them up) chea

(Aye, get them up) Gutta, Gutta, hey

[Verse 1] I got my drop top rolling and I'm heading to the mother land

Gripping on that steering wheel, passenger's a duffel bag

Hundred in the Louis, don't confuse me with that other cat

Engine in the trunk jack, push it like a super pack

Automatic button pad, just to keep the top back

Ruby red insides, Lamborghini fruit snacks

.22, that's what I shoot, you know them bitches got a MAC

Back to the back of the 'Lac incase them pussy niggas wanna jack

Know I keep that .45, turn you into Cabbage Patch

Hit you right between the eyes and leave you like an alley rat

Hundred for the bracelet, attract them I'm like a magnet

Hit them with the gutter swag, swinging with the Louis rag

[Chorus] Say I maybe gave a damn but I never gave a fuck

Rep your city like a G then put your middle fingers up

I got the Eastside rolling, and the Westside holding

Southside rolling with me, and the Northside gon'

Get them up (Aye, get them up) [x7]

You rep your city nigga, gon' throw it up

[Verse 2] And it go, eenie meenie mini mo, catch me slipping never though

Know I keep that full clip, come and get your super soak

Call me Mister Cinemax, shoot you like a movie role

Hundred on the highway, let's see how fast the coupe can go

New edition fit the kid, they ship the shit from England

Catch me in the foreign whip, climbing like the Ring-A-Lings

Yes, I'm on some other shit, don't know who you fucking with

Yes, I keep that .45, you better keep a body guard

Benz is in the parking lot, so you know the block is hot

Tell them we don't give a shit and motherfuck the other side

Bitch you know I'm born to ride, H.B. on some murder minds

Open up the suicide doors, call it homicide

[Chorus][Verse 3] I got my black flag swinging, and I'm banging on some gutter shit

Just got me a spaceship, took it from the government

White on white drop top, call that bitch the Cool Whip

Had to blow the brains out, yeah I keep it ruthless

Know you niggas mad but tell them haters I does this
Better quit that fussing, don't know what's in the pulpit
.45's a motherfucker, hit you and your cousin
Think I give a damn, but I never gave a fuck
Got that oven heated up, and bitch you looking like lunch
Take them heaters to your gut like it's a million uppercuts
Then I dip off in the cut, and throw it up, who give a fuck?
Got that vodka in my cup, bring my gangster to the front, what's up?
[Chorus]Gutta

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