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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