Can't See Y'all

Ace Hood

[Intro - Ace Hood]Ace Hood, homie
Gutta
Gutta
Ace Hood
Brisco, let's go
[Chorus - Ace Hood & Brisco][Ace Hood]Because I got my cash on check
My swag on check
Bitches all on my dick
And these niggas ain't know shit
Rolling on them thangs
Another one's next
Hater blockers is on, they can't tell me shit because
[Brisco]Because I don't see y'all
Because I don't see y'all
Because I don't see y'all
Because I don't see y'all
Nigga get on my level!
[Verse 1 - Ace Hood & Brisco][Ace Hood]A to the C to the E to the H double O D
Bitch I'm raised up in the streets
Keep it G-U-T-T-A
For my niggas serving yay
Moving weight and serving packages that pack it in the crate
We don't count that cash every duffle gets weighed
Big money I'm paid, bitch I'm feeling myself
You can tell I'm getting money Louis Vuitton belt
And I wish a nigga would make a move himself
[Brisco]See I get money
It's coming out my ass
And I don't fuck with hoes if they ain't about cash
Opa Locka goon, four Chevys and a dirtbike
I open up my trap
But took it back on the first night
Catch me in a Porsche
Or maybe on the porch
And we don't get jailed because we don't go to court
Yeah, nigga stunting
Your homeboy fronting
Talking that shit but

He ain't about nothing

[Chorus][Verse 2 - Ace Hood & Brisco][Brisco]I'm looking for a hood rat, call her Stacy
She cuss real bad, and she steal from Macy*s
I want her so bad, please someone pace me
Try and say a hater will soon come hate me
Bocce boy, bocce boy, these chopps hit is bocce boy
Bag his ass up E-Class, keep the party going
Yes sir, I'm certified 3-0
Till I die, tell them niggas come and see po'
[Ace Hood]And I'ma come see him blast like an airbag
Make his body bounce, bounce, twenty five shell count
Pussy nigga listen you don't listen you get hit with fifty missiles
Leave you living with the dead, understand that?
I got some bitches and niggas that wanna bandwag
I double up with the jewels and let my pants sag
A hundred stacks in the bag, now where the cash at?
Yes, I'm blind so you haters like a cataract
[Chorus][Ace Hood & Brisco - Verse 3][Brisco]What it do, what it is
See I don't talk to police and I don't play with kids
I'm home gutter, gangster, projects
I know the block hot, but I'ma open up regardless
[Ace Hood]Yeah, and damn right that coupe going topless
Vacant on the I, we do a 105
Me and Bris about cash we let it blow in the skies
Not let's blow money, never had more money
[Brisco]Now I'm the shit, believe that (Whoa!)
I know I got paper I just want a little more
I know you bitches talking, so just talk a little more
Because baby I'm me, and y'all niggas hoes
Let's go
[Ace Hood]And I'm gone, my nigga you know I got them
See, I am just a product, receiving all profit
See niggas want to hate, tell them "Silly rabbit, stop it"
See, me and Bris stars outer space like Martians
[Chorus]

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