

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]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>