

Get Him

Ace Hood

[Chorus]

You ain't coming around here talking all that shit
Talking about look at all them bricks
I'ma have to come around your way
Nigga I'm real you all too fake
Ain't no pistol where your mama stay
Act like I don't know where you lay
Better act right before I get uptight
Act up I'ma let the automatic spray Get them
Boy there he go
Get them
Boy there he go
Get them
Blocker, blocker, blocker, blocker
Boy there he go
Get them
Boy there he go
Get them
Boy there he go
Get them
Blocker, blocker, blocker, blocker
Boy there he go [Verse 1]
Hold up, where they at?
Khaled, dog let me get them
Gun cocked, where his children?
No talk, time to get them
Fake niggas going to make me kill them
Make his body shiver like he naked in a river
Matter of fact I'ma leave him in the river
Come and get him when it's winter, nigga holler back
I'm gutter, I told you that
Roc boy, bitch Hova back
Tell you we moving them slabs of crack
See nigga you a lie like Pac is back
Bend you niggas all cramped, and your homie won't last
See you something like paper tags
Don't make me slide them MACs
To save one blast and get his ass [Chorus] [Verse 2]
Now let me get him when I walk up in the place

Put the pace in your face, tell them give me that cake
Fuck niggas and I really don't think
That I know where they lay, duct tape they face
Pop pop, unload that K
Then we leave them and we find them in a couple of days
Pussy niggas know where you lay
Acting like I don't know where you stay
Running out your mouth that you niggas too fake
Telling other niggas that you rule them thangs
(What?)
You ain't about that lie
(Huh?)
You ain't got no stride
(Nah)
You really grind
Leave them in the streets till the D-boys find them
Dumb niggas and the honking on the grind in the middle of the town
We gon' g-g-get them[Chorus][Verse 3]
Now who am I motherfuckers want to know
When I pull up in a Rover, they know that it's over
Big hold and your body like coasters
Creep, creep we deep with soldiers
Black hoes that'll carry that toaster
Hot head now they calling me Folgers
But still creep in Adidas with them heaters and them meters
When I see where your family at
Pop pop, just call me Ace
Slump niggas I'ma call you dead
Click clack, now your T-shirt red
Hand them a tampon
No batteries included, know that the clip be hands on
And I take your man's arm
Leave his body slumped in the damn yard[Chorus]

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