

Yo Gotti

"Loco Wit' The Cake Remix"

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[Chorus - Schife]Spent thirty in the mall
Going loco with the cake
Five cars sitting tall
Going loco with the cake
Ten on some Cali' bud
Going loco with the cake
Then I hit the strip club
Going loco with the cake
Glittered up my wrist
Going loco with the cake
Then I Guccied up my bitch
Going loco with the cake
Repping five with the pimps
Going loco with the cake
I put on my whole team
Going loco with the cake

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]Now hold up, wait a minute let the
bad boy in it
I been off for about a minute
Now it's minutes on this grizzly
Where you been?
To every city, stacking money to the ceiling
Rubber bands, twenty grands in my pants, fuck with
me!
I am Ace to the double O D, and I got to O.D. with all this
cream
Going in loco, hello fellow yellow off Camaro
They know who it is!
Switching gears, boy you see what's in his ears
Piece of freezer on my chest, think my jeweler made a
mess
Got me twenty chains on, you can't even see my neck
Always on the phone with money, boy they know I'm so
obsessed
Underrated in the game, but I die for my respect
We the Best, Ace Hood, cut the motherfucking check
nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Yo Gotti]I'm going loco with the cake, I think I

lost my mind
Get Emmitt on the phone, because I can't see the time
He put diamonds in the face, he done tricked a nigga
again
Talked me into buying a necklace when I could've
bought a Benz
I'm going loco in the hood, you local in your hood
I got four mojos in the trunk, a 502 under the hood
That's a hundred grand Cutlass, a five star bitch
And if you think I ain't thugging, I go loco in this bitch
Thirty two shot Glock, clip hanging out the bottom
Let off, but I missed and my young niggas got him
Yo Gotti fuck nigga, you think you go harder?
Just rein script off Galveston, we loco with them
choppers

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Dro] Sniper boy, rifle boy, piper boy,
Spyder toy
All my rims Eiffel boy, kush I need a lighter boy
Ether G, GSG, P\$C, BAD, OMG, TTG, CTE, we be deep
P.O.L.O. PRP, AR he, they are we
SRT, SRG, Sergeant Dro, yes I be
Plus I got that vest, Bankhead you can't flex on me
Westside bitch I'm in the club, I got that TEC on me
Extra deep, TECs on me, swinging nothing less on me
Spending twenty at the bar, whole club, that's on me
Hunt it out, call it out, count it up, ball it out
I'm turning up, I'm turning up
Dro that what they talking about

[Chorus]

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