

Ace Hood "Can't See Yall Ft. Brisco"

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[Ace Hood:]

Ace Hood, homie
Gutta, Gutta... Ace Hood... Brisco, let's go
Cause I got my cash on check
My swag on check
Bitches dey love my dick dey need to gizzay no shiit
Rollin on dem thangs
And [?] next
Hata blockas is on, they can't tell me shit cause

[Brisco:]

Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Nigga get on my level!

[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 servin' yay
Movin weight and servin' packages dat pack it in the
crate
We don't count dat cash every duffel gets weighed
Big money I'm paid bitch I'm feelin my soul
You could tell I'm gettin money Louie V San Do
And I wish a nigga'd make a move himself

[Brisco:]

See, I get money
It's comin' out my ass
And I don't fuck with hoes if dey ain't about cash
Opa Locka goon, 4 chevys and da dirtbike
I open up mah trap
Shit get back on da 1st night
Catch me in da Porsche
Or maybe on da porch
And we don't get jailed cause we don't go to court
Yeah, nigga stuntin'
Ya homeboy frontin'
Talkin dat shit but... he ain't bout nothin

[Chorus: Ace Hood]
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And [?] next
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[Brisco:]
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[Brisco:]
I'm lookin for a hood rat, hood rat, call her Stacy
She cuss real bad, and she still throw Maceys
I want it so bad, please someone pace me
Try and say a hater we don't sue, come hate me
Boty boy boty boy, dese chopp's hit dis boty boy
Bag his ass up E class, keep da party goin'
Yes sir, I'm certified 3-0
[?], tell dem niggas come and see [?]

[Ace Hood:]
And I'm a come see him blast like an airbag
Make his body bounce, bounce, 25 shell count
Pussy nigga listen you don't listen you get hit with 50
missiles leave you livin with da dead, understand dat?
I got some bitches and niggas dat wanna bandwag
I double up with da jewels and let da pants sag
100 stacks in da bag, now where da cash at?
Yes, I am blind to you hatas I got cataracts!

[Chorus: Ace Hood]
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[Brisco:]
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[Brisco:]

What it do, what it is

See I don't talk to police and I don't play with kids, uh

I'm gutta, gangsta, projects

I know da block hot but I'm a open up regardless.

[Ace Hood:]

Yeah, and dey don't write dat couple gone topless

Vacant on da I, we a hunned and five

Me and Bris bout cash we let it blow in da skies

Not dat's blow money neva had no money

[Brisco:]

Now I'm da shit, believe dat (Whoah)

I know I got paper I just want a lil' mo'

I know you bitches talkin, so just talk a lil' mo'

Cause baby I'm me, and ya'll niggas hoes

Let's go

[Ace Hood:]

And I'm gone, my nigga you know I got em

See, I am just a product, receivin' all profit

See niggas wanna hate, tell em silly rabbit, stop it

See, me and Bristar outta space like martians

[Chorus: Ace Hood]

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