

# Ace Hood "Face Good"

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[Intro - Ace Hood]

Chea

Gutta

See what you have is that movement my nigga

It's Flo Rida

Ace Hood homie

[Chorus - Flo Rida]

You know my, face good while they ask me on deck

Flo Rida and Ace 'cause the ghetto got next

My face good, my face good in the hood

My face good

Yeah

You know my face good while they ask me on deck

Flo Rida and Ace 'cause the ghetto got next

My face good, my face good in the hood

My face good

Yeah

From the streets, to the block, to the trap, to the hood

I never got a problem let me get you understood

My face good, my face good in the hood

My face good

Hey

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Chea

1988 moma birthed a fuckin' G

I tell her fuck a bottle give me Hennessy to drink

The only drink allowed to put me in my deeper sleep

Wake up in the morning on the corner ain't no school  
for me

Nigga bought them peaches that be preachin'

Servin' work and trees, had a Visa card, hella stacks

And only seventeen, my face is good in the hood

I was servin' beans

A real nigga they salute you when you gettin' green

The youngest niggas on the block totin' .17s

The AR is tucked in side of my denim jeans

So show your past or get stretched like a flat screen

I'm certified and born to ride I am the streets

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Ace Hood]

Chea

I'm in that butter pecan Beamer creepin' through the hood  
Gotta keep it gutta, motherfuckers knew a nigga would  
But I got a pass courtesy of me and face good  
In the streets of my city, block in my damn hood  
Where niggas take your life for free like a canned good  
I'm certified me and Flo Rida remain hood  
Better state your presence when you steppin' through a man's hood  
Or you get caught up wit' them choppers  
Leave you dead holmes  
'Cause even in the middle of the hood you got a dead zone  
Red zone, fake face do your head gone  
I'm from the city niggas die to pay a cell phone  
It ain't right, that's life get your bang on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ace Hood]

Chea

And I was the low key nigga posted by the front do'  
Young dreadlock niggas rockin' the Dickies and a torch  
Got a house of red band got to keep me on the porch  
Look, I don't give a fuck 'cause these crackers show no remorse  
Tryna serve a nigga murder but never heard of the source  
They ask me where I got the weed from  
Then I serve 'em feed some  
Tryna put my finger prints all on a clean gun  
A real nigga never born to be a snitch  
Never knew I'd be rich  
But the streets made ki's  
And since legit a nigga stayed in the mix  
Never snitchin' on a bitch  
So the FEDS know shit  
Payed my dues to the real, I was good wit' the bricks

[Chorus]

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