

Ace Hood

"Get 'Em"

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[Hook:]

You ain't comin round here talkin all that shit
Talkin bout look at all them bricks
I'm a 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 umma let the automatic spray

[Chorus:]

Get em
Boy there he go
Get em
Boy there he go
Get em
Blocka blocka blocka blocka
Boy there he go
Get em
Boy there he go
Get em
Boy there he go
Get em
Blocka blocka blocka blocka
Boy there he go

[Verse 1:]

Hold up, where dey at
Khaled don't let me get em
Gun cocked, where his children
No talk, time to get em
Fake niggas gon make me kill em
Make his body shiver like he's naked in a river
Matter of fact umma leave him in da river
Come and get him when it's winter nigga holla back
I'm gutta done told ya that
Roc boy bitch hova back
Tell ya movin dem stabs of crack
See nigga you a lie like pac is back
Bend ya niggas all cramped and ya homie won't last
See ya something like paper tags
Don't make me slide dem macs

To save one blast and get his ass

[Hook:]

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[Verse 2:]

Now let me get him when I walk up in da place
Put da pace in ya face tellem gimme dat cake
Fuck niggas and I really don't think
That I know where dey lay ducktape dey face
Pop pop, unload dat K
Then we leave em and we find em in a couple of days
Pussy niggas, know where you lay
Actin like I don't know where you stay
Runnin out ya mouth that ya niggas too fake
Tellin other niggas that you rule dem thangs
(Whaaaaaat)
Yee ain't talk that lie
(Huuuuhhhh)
Yee ain't got no stride
(Nahhhhhhhh)
You really grind
Leave em in da streets till the d-boyz find em
Dumb niggas and the honkin on da grind in the middle
of the town
We gon g-g-gettem

[Hook:]

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[Verse 3:]

Now who am I muthafuckas, wanna know
When I pull up in a rova, they know that it's ova
Big hold and ya body like coasters
Creep creep we deep with soldiers
Black hoes that'll carry that toaster
Hot head now they callin me foldiers
But still creep in adidas with dem heatas and dem
meters
When I see where your family at
Pop pop just call me ace
Slump niggas umma call you dead
Click clack then your t-shirt red
Hand em a tampon
No batteries included, know that the clip be hands on
And I take your mans arm
Leave his bodie slumped and the damned dawn

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