

Ace Hood

"Loco Wit The Cake"

Visit "[Loco Wit The Cake](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus - Schife]

Spent thirty in the mall
Goin' loco wit' the cake
Five cars sittin' tall
Goin' loco wit' the cake
Ten on some Cali' bud
Goin' loco wit' the cake
Then I hit the strip club
Goin' loco wit' the cake
Glittered up my wrist
Goin' loco wit' the cake
Went and Guccied up my bitch
Goin' loco wit' the cake
Reppin' five wit' the pimps
Goin' loco wit' the cake
I put on my whole team
Goin' loco wit' the cake

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]

Aye
You don't want to start a food fight
Get your attitude right
'Fore I put this cake all in your face and have your crew
like
Who that is? Ace Hood
You ain't know that's Ace Hood?
Ask around in every project they say that boy face
good
Put the Range Rover on them 24's I skate good
Especially wit' the paper ice, all over my Ace Hood
Chain, fuck a dummy I need hoes to educate me
Good brain!
Take the package up the temple come back home and
get, paid!
Seven days up out the week a nigga got to get, paid!
Quit your hatin' get on your job and hoe you can get,
paid!
Like Ace, like who? Like me nigga
That's why every bitch you tryin' to fuck like me nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Ace Hood]

I rep this pot like it's chemistry

Got an F in chemistry

Took the white and turned it green

Now that's what I call chemistry

That's what I call, Enterprise

Call my work, The Enterprise

Twenty junkies beamin' up to Scotty in my Enterprise

Smokin' in my spaceship, floatin' through the galaxy

They callin' me a shootin' star leave hoes off through
your calvery

Gangsters, goons, and killers only niggas on my salary

They all got charges pendin'

Murder, burglaries, and batteries

Niggas tryin' to battle me, end up findin' they tragedy

Laided out on the floor and breathin' fast and lookin'
up at me (Up at me)

Play me in your Chevy when you scramblin'

Ruthless than a motherfucker with hundred grand on
me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ace Hood]

Aye

You can call me Mister Cash Flow

Money out the asshole

Thuggin' gettin' paper what you think that Louis bag
hoe?

Pull up in that stoopid whip

Hundred for the stoopid wrist

Stoopid this, stoopid that, loco wit' the money bag

Lamborghini Murcielag' girl you got to stoopid that

Gucci this, Louis that, ridin' wit' them paper tags

And my bitch she bad as hell, Juicy, Louis, Gucci bag

All my niggas love to swag, Bentleys, Phantoms back to
back

Twenty grand I'll show you goin' low and tell 'em holler
back

Pain you a dummy blow about thirty on a whip and then

Swing on them 30's

I drop the top on them verties

Switch lanes, on them haters I'm throwin' paper to
make them spend

[Chorus]

Visit [Ace Hood](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

