

# Get Em Up

## Ace Hood

Ace Hood (aye, get 'em up)

Gutta (aye, get 'em up)

(Ay, get 'em up) chea

(Ay, get e'm up) Gutta, Gutta, heyI got my drop top rollin' and I'm headin' to the mother land

Grippin' on that steering wheel, passenger's a duffel bag

Hundred in the Louis, don't confuse me with that other cat

Engine in the truck jack, pushin' like a super pack

Automatic button pad just to keep the top back

Ruby red insides, Lamborghini fruit snacks

Twenty-two, that's what I shoot, you know them bitches got a mack

Back to the back of the 'Lac incase them pussy niggas wanna jack

Know I keep that .45, turn you into Cabbage Patch

Hit you right between the eyes then leave you like an alley rat

100 for the bracelet, attract 'em, I'm like a magnet

Hit 'em with that gutta swag, swangin' with the Louis rag

Say I maybe gave a damn but I never gave a fuck

Rep your city like a G then put your middle fingers up

I got that east side rollin', and that west side smokin'

South side rollin' with me and the north side gon'

Get 'em up (aye, get 'em up) You rep your city nigga, gon' throw it upAnd it go, eenie meenie

mini mo, catch me slippin' never though

Know I keep that full clip, come and get cha super soak

Call me Mr. Cinemax, shoot you like a movie role

Hundred on the highway, let's see how fast the coupe can go

New edition fit the kid, they ship the shit from England

That's me in the foreign whip, climbing like the Ring-A-Lings

Yes, I'm on some other shit, don't know who you fuckin' with

Yes, I keep that .45, you better keep a body guard

Benz is in the parking lot so you know the block is hot

Tell 'em we don't give a shit and mother fuck the other side

Bitch you know I'm born to ride, H B and some murda minds

Open up the suicide doors, call it homicide

Say I maybe gave a damn but I never gave a fuck

Rep your city like a G then put your middle fingers up

I got that east side rollin', and that west side smokin'

South side rollin' with me and the north side gon'

Get 'em up (aye, get 'em up) You rep your city nigga, gon' throw it upI got my black flag

swangin' and I'm bangin on some gutta shit

Just copped me a spaceship, took it from the government

White-on-white drop top, call that bitch a Cool Whip

Had to blow the brains out, yeah I keep it ruthless

Know you niggas mad but tell 'em haters I does it

Better quit that fussin, don't know what's in the bullpit  
.45's a motherfucker, hit chu and your cousin  
Think I gave a damn but I never gave a fuck  
Got that oven heated up and bitch you lookin'like lunch  
Take them heaters to your gut like it's a million uppercuts  
Then I dip off in the cut and throw it up, who give a fuck?  
Got that vodka in my cup, bring my gangsta to the front, what's up? Say I maybe gave a damn  
but I never gave a fuck  
Rep your city like a G then put your middle fingers up  
I got that east side rollin', and that west side smokin'  
South side rollin' with me and the north side gon'  
Get 'em up (aye, get 'em up) You rep your city nigga, gon' throw it up  
Gutta

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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