

# Guns High (feat. R. City)

## Ace Hood

We come from a city where the young dies  
So why not get to use and push your guns high  
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try  
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise  
And this is what it sounds like  
Came up from the ground now I woke up on the morning yawnin  
Mind addicted to money, grab the clip and them hundreds  
and half a ounce of that scummy  
Ready to hit the block, tryna to seek em before they tell me  
If I don't make it home, tell my mama to pray for me  
I'm a get it cuz I gotta, raced in it from the bottom  
Pussy nigga get shot up, so shut up and give me props  
Niggas they want me dead, and I swear that it ain't no stoppin  
I'ma go out and get it, just watch me pop off your socket  
Play the eighth for you haters, they see me at corner packin  
We the best that's the lesson, I take you pussys to college  
Imagine me, I'm Gutta, to be the best is a habit  
I swear that til I parish, I keep these pussys in panic  
We come from a city where the young dies  
So why not get to use and push your guns high  
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try  
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise  
And this is what it sounds like  
Came up from the ground now Watch me move through the city, caught up in my religion  
Only vision to get it, is to take it without a witness  
Say that they want me dead and it's fuck em, that's my decision.  
Fuck em with middle fingers, them punks in the penitentiary  
Walk the block with this energy, give a mug at my enemy  
Tell em who they supposed to be, hang em up like a poster be  
Play em like monopoly, til the end of my time I be  
G.U.T.T.A, Mr. Ace double-o D, the protigy  
Tell em they can follow me, only cabbage and celery  
Gettin money heavily, smokin up on that privately  
Ain't no vegetarians, play with me and you burn with me  
Better have a pass to hit my streets with the curtosity  
We come from a city where the young dies  
So why not get to use and push your guns high  
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try  
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise  
And this is what it sounds like  
Came up from the ground now Life from the ghetto, we be real-al  
People only recognize, the real-al

Cops hate because we don't squeal-al  
But we don't give a fuck bout how them feel-el  
See ain't nobody stoppin way, tell them fast seat back away  
Love where we come from, know where we come from  
We don't care bout what them got to say  
Let them know that we do not play, takin over soon as they  
Let us open the door, so we can shibbi-dibbi do ba dehWe come from a city where the young  
dies  
So why not get to use and push your guns high  
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try  
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise  
And this is what it sounds like  
Came up from the ground now

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

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