

Can't See Yall (feat. Brisco)

Ace Hood

Ace Hood, homie
Gutta, Gutta... Ace Hood... Brisco, let's go
Cause I got my cash on check
My swag on check
Bitches dey love my dick dey need to gizzay no shiit
Rollin on dem thangs
And [?] next
Hata blockas is on, they can't tell me shit causeCause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Nigga get on my level!
A to the C to the E to the H double O-D
Bitch I'm raised up in the streets
Keep it G-U-T-T-A
For my niggas servin yay
Movin weight and servin' packages dat pack it in the crate
We don't count dat cash every duffel gets weighed
Big money I'm paid bitch I'm feelin my soul
You could tell I'm gettin money Louie V San Do
And I wish a nigga'd make a move himselfSee, I get money
It's comin' out my ass
And I don't fuck with hoes if dey ain't about cash
Opa Locka goon, 4 chevys and da dirtbike
I open up mah trap
Shit get back on da 1st night
Catch me in da Porsche
Or maybe on da porch
And we don't get jailed cause we don't go to court
Yeah, nigga stuntin'
Ya homeboy frontin'
Talkin dat shit but... he ain't bout nothin
Cause I got my cash on check
My swag on check
Bitches dey love my dick dey need to gizzay no shiit
Rollin on dem thangs
And [?] next
Hata blockas is on, they can't tell me shit causeCause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Nigga get on my level!I'm lookin for a hood rat, hood rat, call her Stacy

She cuss real bad, and she still throw Maceys
I want it so bad, please someone pace me
Try and say a hater we don't sue, come hate me
Boty boy boty boy, dese chopp's hit dis boty boy
Bag his ass up E class, keep da party goin'
Yes sir, I'm certified 3-0 And I'm a come see him blast like an airbag
Make his body bounce, bounce, 25 shell count
Pussy nigga listen you don't listen you get hit with 50 missiles leave you livin with da dead,
understand dat?
I got some bitches and niggas dat wanna bandwag
I double up with da jewels and let da pants sag
100 stacks in da bag, now where da cash at?
Yes, I am blind to you hatas I got cataracts! Cause I got my cash on check
My swag on check
Bitches I love my dick dey need to gizzay no shiit
Rollin on dem thangs
And [?] next
Hata blockas is on, they can't tell me shit cause Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Nigga get on my level! What it do, what it is
See I don't talk to police and I don't play with kids, uh
I'm gutta, gangsta, projects
I know da block hot but I'm a open up regardless.
Yeah, and dey don't write dat couple gone topless
Vacant on da I, we a hunned and five
Me and Bris bout cash we let it blow in da skies
Not dat's blow money neva had no money
Now I'm da shit, believe dat (Whoah)
I know I got paper I just want a lil' mo'
I know you bitches talkin, so just talk a lil' mo'
Cause baby I'm me, and ya'll niggas hoes
Let's go
And I'm gone, my nigga you know I got em
See, I am just a product, receivin' all profit
See niggas wanna hate, tell em silly rabbit, stop it
See, me and Bristar outta space like martians Cause I got my cash on check
My swag on check
Bitches I love my dick dey need to gizzay no shiit
Rollin on dem thangs
And [?] next
Hata blockas is on, they can't tell me shit cause Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Cause I don't see ya'll
Nigga get on my level!

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

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