

Get Him

Ace Hood

{Hook}

you aint comin round here talkin all that shit
talkin bout look at all them bricks
imma have to come around your way
nigga im real you all too fake
aint no pistol where your mama stay
act like i dont 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
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{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 hes naked in a river
Matter of fact umma leave him in da river
Come and get him when its winter nigga holla back
Im 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 wont last
See ya something like paper tags
Don't make me slide dem macs
To save one blast and get his ass

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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 aint talk that lie

(Huuuuuhhhh)

Yee aint got no stride

(Nahhhhhhhhhh)

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

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{Verse 3}

Now who am I muthafuckas, wanna know

When I pull up in a rova, they know that its 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 wit 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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