

# Loco Wit the Cake

Ace Hood

Spent thirty in tha mall  
Goin loco with the cake  
Five cars sittin tall  
Goin loco with the cake  
Ten on some Cali Bud  
Goin loco with the cake  
Den I hit the strip club  
Goin loco with the cake  
Glittered up my wrist  
Goin loco with the cake  
Went and Guccied up my bitch  
Goin loco with the cake  
Reppin five with the beams  
Goin loco with the cake  
I put on my whole team  
Goin loco with the cake

Ay you wanna start a food fight get your attitude right  
For I put this cake all in your face and have your crew like who dat is Ace Hood  
You didn't know that's Ace Hood ask around in every project they say his face good  
Put the range rover on them 24s I skate good specially with the paper ace 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 about a week a nigga gotta get PAID  
Quit yo hatin get on yo 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

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I rep this crack 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  
20 junkies beamin up tuscotti in my enterprise  
Smokin in my space ship floatin through the galaxy  
They callin my a shootin star leave hoes off through yo calvery  
Ganstas goons and killers only niggas on my salary they all got charges pending

Murder burglaries and batteries

Niggas tryin to battle me end up finding they tragedy laided out on the floor and breathin fast and lookin up at me UP AT ME

Pantin? on your chevy when you scramblin ruthless than a muthafucka with hundred grand on me

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Ay you can call me mister cash flow money out tha asshole

Thugin gettin paper what you think now Louis bag hoe pull up in that stupid whip

Hundred for this stupid wrist stupid this stupid that loco with the money bag

Lamborghini murcielago girl you got a stupid? Gucci this Louis that ridin with them paper tags

And my bitch she bad as hell Juciy Loius Gucci bag

All my niggas love to swag Bentleys? back to back

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

Pain you a dummy blow about thirty on a whip and then swang on them thirties

I drop the top on them verties switch lanes on them haters I'm throwin paper to make them spend

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