

Fed Bound

Ace Hood

Whenever we meet
Out on the street
Good for him
He's gutta...gutta...gutta...gutta

I'm so gutta, gutta, gutta, I gotta duck them crackers
Pussy niggas they hack us tryna get me into those shackles
Tell 'em just send 'em at me I'm shooting at em like AK's
Favorite movies is action I FedEx them like a package
Bullet holes in your cucumber turn yo ass into a salad
Finna rally them goons and they muthafuckin into my cab
Hundred mounts and I'm climbin' I speeded that automatic
And I'm wishin' I'm dyin' and half a brick in my baggage
Gutta, gutta, gutta, gotta shake them off
Hundred stacks in my seats and banana clip on the mouth
Put my life on the line, I'm 95 headed south
Catch this dude if you can, I told you what I'm about

(gutta, gutta, g-g-gutta...)
Gotta keep it hood, wish that would be my enemy
(Good for him, he's gutta)
I keep it G-U-T-T-A to the enemy
(gutta, gutta, g-g-gutta...)
Gotta keep it hood, know I'm good when I'm in the streets
(Good for him, he's gutta)
I keep it G-U-T-T-A until I D-I-E

And I keep them lands, that pistol sharpen your head
Get your block with that chopper I know that they want me dead
Tell them cats if they want me come see me, Satan with dreads
How the hell he get away, as I middle finger the feds (Fuck 'em)
Back, back, back, with that automatic
It's screaming havoc for crackers to spring and bounce like a mattress
Rat-tat-tat, now I'm laughing, you bastards, here go your package
Special order, you sign it, in blood puddles you have it
Tell them feddies I'm laughing, now kill me if they imagine
Ace Hood, I'm packin' and bustin' good, I'm swaggin'
I'm a G, G, G, U-T-T-A
With the premonition of murder, I sleep with the burner piece

And I'm gone, gone, gone, gotta get this money
Half a mil in the Pontiac, even sheets of them hundreds
Drop 'em, stop 'em my house them [???] deep in my stomach
Misdemeanor no option but 20 plus what they pumpin'
Life in the peniten gonna take me away from my Benz
Take me away from my ends, can't picture me in the pen
Doin' hundred and five on the 95 in the win'
Head up out to the meadow refuse to practice the when
I'm gutta, gutta, gutta, I gotta shake them off
Red and blue on my tail, got some residue on my pouch
Helicopters they stoppin' they target me on the road
Grab the work and the money and tell them crackers I'm out

(Good for him, he's gutta, gutta, gutta...)
Ch-chea, Gutta, fuck you crackers nigga, they ain't fucking with me nigga

Attention all units, attention all units, we are on the lookout for a suspect

t heading southbound on I-95. Suspect is arriving in a black Chevy Malibu. Suspect is considered armed and dangerous. Proceed with caution