

## Face Good

Ace Hood

Chea

Gutta

See whatchu have is that movement my nigga

It's Flo Rida, Ace Hood homie

You know my face good while they ask me on deck, Flo Rida and Ace cause the ghetto got next, my face good, my face good in the hood, my face good yeahh, You know my face good while they ask me on deck, Flo Rida and Ace cause the ghetto got next, my face good, my face good in the hood, my face good yeahh, from the streets to the block to the trap to the hood, I neva got a problem let me getcha understood, my face good, my face good in the hood, my face good heyyy.

Chea, 1988 momma birthed a fuckin G, I tell her fuck a bottle gimme Hennesey to drink, the only drink allowed to put me in my deeper sleep, wake up in the morning on the corner no school fame, nigga bought them peaches that be preachin servin work and trees, had a Visa Card hella stacks and only 17, my face is good in the hood I was servin beans, a real nigga they salute you when you getting green, the youngest niggas on the block totin 17s, the AR is tucked in side of my denim jeans, so show your past or get stretched like a flat screen, I'm certified and born to ride "I am the streets".

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Chea, I'm in that butta pecan bimmer creepin thru the hood, gotta keep it gutta mafuckas knew a nigga would, but I gotta pass courtesy of me and face good, in the streets of my city block in my damn hood, where niggas take your life for free like a canned good, I'm certified me and Flo Rida remain hood, betta state yo presence when you step in thru a man's hood, or you get caught up with them choppas leave you dead holmes, cause even in the middle of the hood you got a dead zone, red zone fake face do yo head gone, I'm from the city niggas die to pay a cell phone, it ain't right this life getcho bang on.

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Chea, and I was the low key nigga posted by the front do, young dreadlock niggas rockin them Dickies and a torch, got a house a red band gotta keep me on the porch, look I don't give a fuck cause these crackas show no remorse, tryin serve a nigga murderer but neva heard of the source, they ask me where I got the weed from then I serve em feed some, tryin put my finga prints all on a clean gun, a real nigga neva born to be a snitch, neva knew I'd be rich but the streets made ki's, and since a (incomprehensible) a nigga stayed in the mix, neva snitchin on a bitch, and the Feds know shit, payed my dues to the real on the bricks .

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