

# 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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get em  
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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  
(Huuuuhhhh)  
Yee aint got no stride  
(Nahhhhhhhhh)  
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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