

Guns High (feat. R. City)

Ace Hood

We come from a city where the young dies
So why not get to use and push your guns high
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise
And this is what it sounds like
Came up from the ground now I woke up on the morning yawnin
Mind addicted to money, grab the clip and them hundreds
and half a ounce of that scummy
Ready to hit the block, tryna to seek em before they tell me
If I don't make it home, tell my mama to pray for me
I'm a get it cuz I gotta, raced in it from the bottom
Pussy nigga get shot up, so shut up and give me props
Niggas they want me dead, and I swear that it ain't no stoppin
I'ma go out and get it, just watch me pop off your socket
Play the eighth for you haters, they see me at corner packin
We the best that's the lesson, I take you pussys to college
Imagine me, I'm Gutta, to be the best is a habit
I swear that til I parish, I keep these pussys in panic
We come from a city where the young dies
So why not get to use and push your guns high
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise
And this is what it sounds like
Came up from the ground now Watch me move through the city, caught up in my religion
Only vision to get it, is to take it without a witness
Say that they want me dead and it's fuck em, that's my decision.
Fuck em with middle fingers, them punks in the penitentiary
Walk the block with this energy, give a mug at my enemy
Tell em who they supposed to be, hang em up like a poster be
Play em like monopoly, til the end of my time I be
G.U.T.T.A, Mr. Ace double-o D, the protigy
Tell em they can follow me, only cabbage and celery
Gettin money heavily, smokin up on that privately
Ain't no vegetarians, play with me and you burn with me
Better have a pass to hit my streets with the curtosity
We come from a city where the young dies
So why not get to use and push your guns high
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise
And this is what it sounds like
Came up from the ground now Life from the ghetto, we be real-al
People only recognize, the real-al

Cops hate because we don't squeal-al
But we don't give a fuck bout how them feel-el
See ain't nobody stoppin way, tell them fast seat back away
Love where we come from, know where we come from
We don't care bout what them got to say
Let them know that we do not play, takin over soon as they
Let us open the door, so we can shibbi-dibbi do ba dehWe come from a city where the young
dies
So why not get to use and push your guns high
Bout to lose and that's the reason why we must try
The streets hot from the night to the sunrise
And this is what it sounds like
Came up from the ground now

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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