

Loco Wit the Cake (feat. Schife)

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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Goin loco with the cake 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
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 Goin loco with the cakeAy 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 spendSpent thirty
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>