

# Fed Bound

## Ace Hood

[Intro]

Whenever we meet  
Out on the street  
Good for him

He's gutta... gutta... gutta... gutta  
(fuck them crackers man)

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

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)

G-U-T-T-A

(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

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>