

Face Good (feat. Flo Rida)

Ace Hood

Chea

Gutta

See whatchu have is that movement my nigga

It's Flo Rida

Ace Hood homie[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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.

[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Chea

1988 momma birthed a fuckin G

I tell her fuck a bottle gimme Hennessy to drink

the only drink allowed to put me in my deeper sleep

wake up in the morning on the corner no school fa me

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".

[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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my face good
my face good in the hood
my face good heyyy.[Verse 2: Ace Hood]

Chea

I'm in that butta pecan bimber 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.[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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my face good heyyy.[Verse 3: Ace Hood]

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 murder 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.[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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