

Bad Ass

Kid Ink

I'm feeling like a man of the hour, tear down the house (remix)
Throwin' this money like it's no running out
Okay, but I wanna know, can you get any higher? (let's go)
And drop it down the pole like it's a fire
Now let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass
I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass (yeah)
I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass (egh)

I'm feeling like the man of the hour, but give me a minute
I'll be the man of the year, before the season is finished
I'm on a hunt for that ass, sazerac pool in your stomach
I hope you know how to swim before I drown you in money
Now girl I ain't even counting, never been into math
You got me going so broke I think that I need a cash
Just throw it all in the air and in yo face like a mask
I got a couple freaky things I dont know if I could ask you
Now come over here and show me that you bad
Straight out detention, no pretending, I can see in yo calves
You got the strength to hold it up and don't you ever collapse
So high I think I'm about to relapse

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I'm the man of the hour
Money and power
And the humble ain't feed me so I got that Geechi shit out me
And the city is ours
Where the killers devour
Where the niggas lift Smith ands and the victims lift a few flowers
Okay what I see dog you and me not cool
Bet they be loud when I leave out room
Knowing how you move how you got good shoes
When the heat on niggas be like pyoom
Young nigga with some old riches
And the coldest women I be with weave on Necole Bitchie's
The broad let me I sweat it out like P90 get me doe
And I'm sure she's got them cakes but I'm trying to see that throat
35-o-o my coat
We high choking on that dope
Turn around girl let a nigga know
Double M Young Olu ghost

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I'm feelin' like the man of the hour, host of the evening
These niggas is haters they know that we eatin'
I got a bitch she Jamaican, fuck her slow when we speackin'
I get your chick and I take her, talkin' Cabo for the weekend
I'm just a young nigga outchea ballin'
All these bad bitches callin'
Rollie all flooded to New Orleans
And a big Rolls Royces, can't park it
Got gold rims on my Ash Martin
And I'm rollin' up in that foreign
I said all my bitches half foreign
You could run tell that ask Martin, hold up
I flex hard on Instagram, post your bitch goin insta-ham
Pyrex pot that's insta-grams
Drop that work that's insta-bands
And I'm sittin' man, on a couple mill
Swear my life's so fuckin' real
Back to the wall like fuck the world
A nigga say fuck me, I'mma fuck his girl like woah

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