

## 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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