

# Bank

Kid Ink

I bring in the cash on a fuckin' crane  
I lost count again, who's to fuckin' blame?  
Count that shit  
I just blew a crib on a fuckin' chain  
I do what I want, I'm the fuckin' bank  
I bring in the cash on a fuckin' crane  
I lost count again (flip that shit)  
I just fucked two girls on a fuckin' plane  
I do what I want, I'm the fuckin' bank  
I'm the fuckin' bank  
(I do what I want) I'm the fuckin' bank  
Tell your bitch to hurry with my fuckin' chains  
I do what I want, I'm the fuckin' bank (okay)

I do what I want, I'm the fuckin' bank  
Watch me run it up, baby you can chase  
I sell water to a whale then take that shit to Wells  
Teller, what's the balance? She say that you're doin' well  
Well, well, doin' well, 'member back when we was broke?  
No, no, I must add the mention, niggas gettin' old  
Oh, oh, niggas hit me up like I'm the ATM  
And I check my bank account more than you check your Instagram  
Grams on top of grams on top of grams of all this fuckin' dank  
Jump in, dive in, swim into the money, walk me to the plank  
Since a youngin' I've been tryna eat, show me where the plate  
I'm just tryna eat, let me say my grace

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I do what I want, act an ass in this bitch  
I done lost count again, seen the ass on my chick  
All these bitches here, nobody even asked for the address  
Countin' all this dirty money got my house in a mess  
Message after message, pretty clear just check your texts  
I still know niggas with kis that's givin' out piano lessons  
Said that's some shit you ain't know, your party I will rain on  
Watch it disappear, I make it come right back, shit David Blaine, oh  
Whip it, horseback ridin' in the 'Rari  
I'm Usain runnin' through my city for coins like Mario  
Every time I party at the crib, it's like Mardi Gras  
Baby throw that money maker, I'm just tryna withdraw

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