

Bad Ass (feat. Meek Mill & Wale)

Kid Ink

I'm feeling like a man of the hour, tear down the house
Throwing this money like it's no running out
Okay, but I wanna know, can you get any higher?
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
I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass I'm feeling like the man of the hour, host of
the evening
But girl, this your show, now bring it back, rerun
I got pockets of hundreds, they say that change is irrelevant
Looking up in the sky I say I love watching you elevate
Get high as you ever been (go), we getting hella bent (go)
Ball so hard, I deserve me a letterman
Now then let me see that cake, cake, cake, like Entenmann's
Ass up, gon' take it down like a sedative
That's a negative, ain't nobody wetter than
Better get familiar like a motherfuckin' relative
Know you see the fireworks, you looking where my section is
All this money falling in the air like it's confetti, bitch
I'm feeling like a man of the hour, tear down the house
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I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass Uhh, Wale though, uh...
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-And"s
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
35-0-0 my coat, we high chokin' on that dope

Turn around girl let a nigga know, Double M Young Olu ghost
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 I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass Meek Milly! Ink whattup...
 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 speakin'
 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 WHOA !I'm
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 I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass Now go ahead with that bad ass and fast
 cash my dash pass
 Them silicones and fat ass, got cheese out, no rat trap
 Real late night, no cat naps, you so acrobatic
 Just move it 'til the bass slap the bass slap like the Mac S
 No question we turnt up, workin' on my fourth cup
 Then throwin' all this money like the ass is for purchase
 Very important persons, don't take it too personal
 Got more bottles than homies, it's a movie, ready for the show I'm feeling like a man of the
 hour, tear down the house
 Throwing this money like it's no running out
 Okay, but I wanna know, can you get any higher?
 And drop it down the pole like it's a fire Go! (Show off)
 Go! (Show off)
 Go! (Show off)
 Yeah! (Show off)