Bad Ass (feat. Meek Mill & Wale) [Remix]

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 assI'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
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 assUhh, 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
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 assMeek 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 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 assNow 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 showI'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 fireGo! (Show off)
Go! (Show off)
Go! (Show off)
Yeah! (Show off)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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