Bad Ass (feat. Meek Mill & Wale)

Kid Ink

[Hook: Kid Ink]
I'm feeling like a man of the hour, tear down the house
Throwin' 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

[Verse 1: Kid Ink]
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, we getting hella bent
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

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Wale]
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

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]
I'm feelin' like the man of the hour, host of the evening
These niggas be hatin they know that we eatin'

I got a bitch in Jamaica, fuck her slow when we creepin

Get your chick and I take her, talkin' Cabo for the weekend
I'm just a young nigga out here ballin'
All these bad bitches callin'
Wrist all flooded to New Orleans
Roll royce so big I can't park it

Got gold rims on my Ash Martin

And I'm rollin' up in that foreign
I said all my bitches ass foreign
You could "Run Tell DAT" ask Martin, hold up
I flex hard on Instagram, post your bitch goin' instaham
Drop that work that's instabands
Pyrex pot thats instagrams
And I'm sittin' man, on a couple mill
Swear my life's so fuckin' real
Back to the wall like fuck the world
That nigga say fuck me, I'mma fuck your girl like woah

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Kid Ink]
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
Get ready for the show

[Hook]

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