

Bad Ass

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 I'm feeling like the man of the hour, host of the evening
 Yo 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, said "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
Though 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
 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 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 OK
 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 we 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 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 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 if you make it from the floor where we sneakin'
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'
Rolly all flood to New Orleans
And the Big Rolls Royce can't park it
Got gold rims on my As Martin
And I'm rollin' up in that foreign
I said all my bitches that foreign
You could run tell that As' Martin, hold up
I flex out on Instagram, post your bitch goin' insta-ham
Pyrex pot thats instagrams
Drop that work that's instant 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
That nigga say fuck me, I'ma fuck your girl like whoa 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 Now go ahead with that bad ass
And fast cash my dash pass
Them silicone's 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
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 go (show off) go (show off) go (show off) yeah (show off)

Songwriters

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