Bad Ass (remix)

Kid Ink

I'm feeling like the 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 moving with your bad ass,
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,
I can't help but watch you moving with your bad ass.I'm feeling like a man of the hour, host of the evening,
But girl it's 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.
Getting high as you ever been, we're getting hella bent,
Ball so hard, I deserve me a Letterman.
Man, let me see that cake, cake, cake,
Like enemy's ass up, gonna take it down like a sedative.
That's a negative, ain't nobody wetter than
Better get familiar like a motherfucking 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 the 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 moving with your bad ass,
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,
I can't help but watch you moving 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-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 ghostI'm feeling like the 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 moving with your bad ass,
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,
I can't help but watch you moving 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 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 whoaI'm feeling like the 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 moving 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 showI'm feeling like the 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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/