

Holey Moley (Prod by The Arsenals)

Kid Ink

Eghh, Eghh
Okay Okay Okay
I Said Its Kid Ink baby, rocket ship shawty,
Rock it to the beat, kickin in my jordans
You can tell that I'm feeling myself for the moment,
Feeling myself holey moley.
Holey moley, holey moley,
Holey moley, holey moley,
Holey moley, holey moley,
You can tell that I'm feeling myself holey moley.
Now you know just what it is, running to me like a lab-ra
Put it from the left side out the fucking map,
So lit, lit up, ain't a motherfucking match.
Now I gotta stay fly (fly) way over your nest.
Buy a ticket too far and I ain't never coming back.
Give the bitch a cold shoulder, all this ice around my neck.
I said this kid ain't baby, chain by the kilo,
See you niggas looking at my rings like Smeagol.
Blowing all these switches, man, fucking up their echo,
While my ego got me feeling like ain't nobody equal.
In this bitch holey moley, moley, pack it, stunned.
Just like ravioli where you at, tell them donde estas
My crib look like vespas, might entertain your girlfriend,
Computer love, no question.
You see me rolling with hella bands like Chris Well
How you feeling, you, my best homie,
We out of here, bitch can't show.
I Said Its Kid Ink baby, rocket ship shawty,
Rock it to the beat, kickin in my jordans
You can tell that I'm feeling myself for the moment,
Feeling myself holey moley.
Holey moley, holey moley,
Holey moley, holey moley,
Holey moley, holey moley,
You can tell that I'm feeling myself holey moley. Holey moley, moley, moley in your face.
Gold chains around my neck, gold bottles by the case.
Live a fast life, don't know how to pase it,
Can't lie, don't know about you, but me, nigga, I'm wasted.
Now it's ridiculousness, you left us for left up,

How get that pussy rubbed up, Wet, Batgang nigga.
It's set, settle down with all that left, we be where you at, in the lab,
Wow, going wow for a while,
Tell a nigga get back, tell a bitch get down,
I ain't never been a dog, but my nigga's all heads up.
Long night we're in here, sitting in the days, no telling,
What I'm about to do in this motherfucker,
Better know that I'm feeling (myself!) I Said Its Kid Ink baby, rocket ship shawty,
Rock it to the beat, kickin in my jordans
You can tell that I'm feeling myself for the moment,
Feeling myself holey moley.
Holey moley, holey moley,
Holey moley, holey moley,
Holey moley, holey moley,
You can tell that I'm feeling myself holey moley.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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