

No Option

Kid Ink

UhI take a look around ain't nothing brand new
But the brand ain't clothes and a couple tattoos
City going nuts like a fucking cashew
I'm the man in my city, don't get it confused
LA every day, west side, deuce deuce, never heard soo wu
What side do you choose?
Green in my eyes, red fire in my lungs
These diamonds blue don't hold your tongue
You can suck this dick, got an issue hit her
Shots fired, crystal spit up before your name, do you remember?
And what it's gonna say when I'm through with youu nigga
I don't hold no grudge, just hold my nuts
Made it the game, put a hole in ya tux
Oohhh kill em
Ho don't fuck, all she say nigga, ho don't fuck
Middle fingers stuck to the world on edge
Might jump but a nigga can't feel my legs
I'm high on the moon tryna plant my flag, for the team got a dream but I ain't slept yet
All you niggas robots, got a fat ass blunt I'ma role model
I don't need no co-op, goin for the win it's no option
Yeah! It's no option
Yeah! It's no option
Yeah! Look around, it's no option!
Yeah! Tell me what you know 'bout itLight work, this a free throw doe
I blow strong, nigga strong arm ... doe
I got the ice tea range and the beat coco
I say, ice TTV and coco, that's coco like cocaine nigga be snow though
Drop the ice in the pot and whip three more doe
Know a chick named Sheneneh that move a lot of yay yay
To say a girlfriend get the key low low
I might have dropped outta college, but I mastered cash
I get the old school scratch grand master flash
You looking like Chris Cross with a bag of hash
Because you must be high with you backwards ass, ballin'
Niggas workin' at Walmart, where they play at
Turn em into a Target when I show then where the K at
Say Jack, I'm wheelin' in the fortune, lay back
Rain like April, but I might bring may back, or my back
Cause my neck and my back aching

My mack and my tack for my slab of bacon
The back and I here made it, I made em take it
I innovated, I made em state it when they debate it
I'm checking niggas my nigga who play make it take it
They just faking, I take it say they I wouldn't make it
Damn Ink, what these niggas ain't learned it before
I make home look good like the furniture store, King!

Yeah! It's no option

Yeah! It's no option

Yeah! Look around, it's no option!

Yeah! Tell me what you know 'bout it I'm about a hundred is a hundred could be

Cause my whole motherfucking ghetto coming with me

I'm a king so my thousand dollar sneakers on the gas of the phantom

Means these rose petals under my feet

Yes Lord, yes Lord, get stepped on nigga, step off

Cause asking if there's a nigga better than me

That's just gon get you crickets, you might as well buy a pet frog

Hold up, I said look you whylin', rookie stop it

If we was in school I woulda shook ya pocket

Took your wallet, your girl say the dick game money

She just want me to hold the pussy hostage

I drop the top down, look it's ostrich

My links is juicy like I'm cooking sausage

I threw the wheels on, lift the ass up

Look like I got the Chevy pussy poppin, King! Sitting leaning back and my seat feel fifteen feet high over ya
reach, roll up

Downtown nigga hood gonna speed check your IG, that OG

Before for my name is stuffed inside of a swisher

Switching lane no sign of slipping

Killing the strip no sign of a siren

Sipping straight, stop chasing my high man

I can't lose nigga too unlikely

Ain't no tie when I lace my Nike's

Nightly money sleep on the nightstand next to the bible

Holy, oh man, I am more than a man and a monster

Me and the mafia fuck your squad drink

Kid Ink King Los, they don't want problems

But you leave us no option Yeah! It's no option

Yeah! It's no option

Yeah! Look around, it's no option!

Yeah! Tell me what you know 'bout it

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>