

# Tuna Roll

## Kid Ink

[Verse 1: Kid Ink]

Business as usual  
Money on my mind I can feel it in my cubicle  
Fuckin' 95 wasn't made for a cubicle  
Niggas know I'm raw-tuna roll

You know what it is kid ink up in this bitch  
Hear that errr smell the scent  
Bitch I'm all, all in  
One hit and leave a niggas nose twitchin he wished it would  
What I'm smokin on I sware to god im floatin in a drift  
Alumni we the illest  
Sicker than contagion  
All up in your hood like my niggas workin' crankin'  
Know that L.A. is the city but it look like we from Asia  
Say I don't be in my city? Who the fuck is you pholasin  
Lets go!  
Yeah!  
Well Alright!

[Verse 2: Kid Ink]

It go peter picked them peppers nigga I just picked them hoes  
Swimin' in the money how im livin, boathouse  
I dont need a floaty cause im sittin' on a cloud  
Tell the world kiss my ass head up look at me now bitch!  
Back on immense, stack on stack im rackin' em' in  
Sware that they ain't fuckin' with me talkin all that essence  
Yeah!  
Bitch I'm blowin' up, cue the bomb  
Niggas know I'm raw tuna roll

[Verse 3: Kid Ink]

Batter up, I'm outta here  
Find me in the cut like I live there  
Im the man in this bitch you just Tyler Perry  
See me throwin' money in the sky til' im outta air  
Sorry your honor but I had to kill em'

Niggas think they hard but they softer than pillows  
And im high off a pill in the buildin' like dealers  
Pissin' off the tenants give a fuck bout your feelings  
Tell em!  
Im on!

[Verse 4: Kid Ink]

Okay, snapback, hatback  
Smokin' on that loud pack  
Blow it to the ceiling, look like bombs over Baghdad  
Bitch im more familie, even mobile phone to texts  
Im the realest on the at-list you can go and ask the masses  
What up!  
Hold up, have a taste  
You ain't gotta go to outer space  
You can see the stars baby, welcome to the show  
Yeah these niggas know im raw, tuna roll!  
Alumini Bitch!  
Wheels Up!  
Niggas know im raw Tuna roll

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