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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