

## Kid Ink

### "Bad Ass"

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[Hook: Kid Ink]

Iâ€™m feeling like the man of the hour, tear down that house  
Iâ€™m throwinâ€™ this money, like itâ€™s no runninâ€™ out  
Okay, but I wanna know, can you get any higher  
And drop it down the pole, like itâ€™s a fire?  
Now let me see just what you doinâ€™ with your bad ass  
I canâ€™t help but watch you movinâ€™ with your bad ass  
Let me see just what you doinâ€™ with your bad ass  
I canâ€™t help but watch you movinâ€™ with your bad ass

[Verse 1: Kid Ink]

Iâ€™m feeling like a man of the hour, host of the evening,  
But girl, itâ€™s your show, now bring it back, rerun  
I got pockets of hundreds, they say that change is irrelevant  
Lookinâ€™ up in the sky, I said I love watching you elevate  
High as you ever been, weâ€™re gettinâ€™ hella bent  
Ball so hard, I deserve me a Letterman  
Man, let me see that cake, cake, cake, like etamine  
Ass up, gonâ€™ take it down like a sedative  
Thatâ€™s a negative, ainâ€™t nobody wetter than her  
Better get familiar like a motherfuckerinâ€™ relative  
Though you see the fireworks, you lookinâ€™ where my section is  
All this money fallinâ€™ in the air like itâ€™s confetti, bitch

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Wale]

Iâ€™m the man of the hour, money and power  
And Iâ€™m on my Lafitte, so I let got Geechee shit out me  
And the city is ours, where the killers devour  
Where the niggas lift slippers, and the victims left a few flowers  
Okay?  
Where the c-dog, know what I mean now, cool?  
Better be loud when I leave that room

Knowin' how you move, how you got good shoes  
When the heat on niggas be like "whew..."  
Young nigga with some old riches  
In the coldest swimming I be with, we on the cold  
bitches  
The broad left me, I swear that I'm p-noid, you get  
me?  
Dough - and of course she got them cakes but I'm  
tryin' to see that throat  
35-O-O my code  
We high, chuggin' on that dope  
Turn around, girl let a nigga know  
Double M, young Olu, go!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

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 in Jamaica, find it tough when we speakin'  
I get your chick and I take her, talkin', got a boat for  
the weekend  
I'm just a young nigga out there ballin'  
All these bad bitches callin'  
Rollie off like a new obelisk  
In the big Rolls Royce, can't park it  
Got gold rims on my Aston Martin  
Now I'm rollin' up in that foreign  
I said all my bitches bad, foreign  
And you can rent our last Aston Martin  
Hold up -  
I flex hard on Instagram, post your bitch on InstaHam  
Pyrex pots that's instant grams, drop that work  
that's instant bands  
And I'm sittin' man, on a couple mil'  
Swear my life's so fuckin' real  
Back to the wall like "fuck the world"  
And niggas say fuck me, I'mma fuck their girl

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Kid Ink]

Now go ahead with that bad ass, and fast cash, right,  
dash past  
Them silicones, that bad ass, got cheese out, the rat  
trap  
Real late night, no cat naps, you so acrobatic  
Just move it to the bass slap, the bass slap like the  
mackest  
No question we turned up, workin' on my fourth cup

Been throwin' all this money like the ass is for  
purchase  
Very important person, don't take it too personal  
Got more bottles than homies, it's a movie, ready for  
the show!

[Hook]

[Outro]  
Show off...  
Show off...  
Show off...

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