

Kid Ink

"Badass"

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I'm feeling like the man of the hour, tear down the house,
Throwing this money like it's no running out.
Okay, but I wanna know, can you get any higher,
And drop it down the pole like it's a fire.
Now let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,
I can't help but watch you moving with your bad ass,
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,
I can't help but watch you moving with your bad ass.

I'm feeling like a man of the hour, host of the evening,
But girl it's your show, now bring it back, rerun.
I got pockets of hundreds, they say that change is irrelevant,
Looking up in the sky I say I love watching you elevate.
Getting high as you ever been, we're getting hella bent,
Ball so hard, I deserve me a Letterman.
Man, let me see that cake, cake, cake,
Like enemy's ass up, gonna take it down like a sedative.
That's a negative, ain't nobody wetter than her,
Better get familiar like a motherfucking relative.
Know you see the fireworks, you looking where my section is,
All this money falling in the air like it's confetti, bitch.

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