

Kid Ink

"Bossin' Up"

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Imma show you motherfuckers how to kill a remix
Coming all black like I'm hitting them licks
All black .40 with them ladders hanging' out
30-round clips call them shits chopsticks
Run up in the booth with a ski mask on

Run up in the booth make a ski mask song
Run up the booth then I hop up in the Coupe
Now I'm riding' in the Rari with a ski mask on
I'm too bossed up I need to turn my boss down
King of the Street shit
where the fuck is my crown?
Graduated from the street but I kept my gown
You the motherfuck man if you serving your town
My lil' nigger eat sleep shit and deal cocaine
Not that rap shit I'm talking real cocaine
CTE TBC

With my boss bitch and she bossed up
On that 2Pac she's gettin' tossed up
Can't cross me you'll get crossed up
Can't cross me I'm too bossed up
My name Hefe
I do boss shit
No Old Star get lost bitch
You a bitch nigger?
Then kick rocks
Just know rich niggers do drop-tops
You ain't shit I talk shit
Ebola rhymes my watch sick
I'm Top Gun I'm in the cockpit
Got the game locked call the locksmith
No Stan Smith I do gourmet
Giuseppe's new Jays
My earrings they cold as fuck
Call the North Pole that's bossin' up

Valet park my whip nigger
Hammer time for my chips nigger
Bossin' up, add it up
Your girlfriend choosin so you mad as fuck

Chillin' with my coalition niggers rackin' up
Bossin' up add it up bossin' up add it up
A lil' Louis but my bitch want some bags and stuff

Uh, bossin' up and you downgrade
Look around and see a bunch of clowns
Tryna represent my town lately
I've been gone for like 30 days
I wore every chain no wedding ring
Got a boss bitch and she understand
That timing is everything
Now don't trip- put it on the tab
Knowing I'm a G gotta put it on the bag
Break a bitch down gotta put her in a cast
She ain't got a ride might put her in a cab
You ain't even know nigger?
Put him in a class
Trip Big Chuck might put you in the past
Hit a blunt hard nigger put me in the pads
Just rolled up but the high don't last
Riding through the city hope I don't crash
Know they thought that it wasn't gonna last
You can't even tell me why you mad?
Is it really that bad is you doin' that bad?
What you make in a year I pay in taxes
The money burning holes in my pocket
I just need somewhere to ash it
Nah you ain't gotta ask bitch...

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Okay I'm bossin' up
Cause I done already lost enough
See like ever since last year
Everything I'm buying now it cost one up
Say it's dark as fuck
Girl why you acting hard?
The fuck?
Why you got your guards up?
Like you playing' ball or something
Pull up in that Porsche
Panamera park it up
Hop out looking sharp as fuck
Tint dark as fuck
Bitch fuck up off

But you know we don't love them hoes
Yeah me and young partnerin' up
That's the talk in all the barbershops nigger
Shaq height couldn't baler block
Probably invest in all the stocks
I'm 400 corporate tugging pushing at the label
Mama still got bills that's gotta be paid for
Remember when mama wasn't able?
With them credit card numbers I was paying' cable
It's all respect over here...
We getting checks over here
All my homies rap
So all my niggers got next over here

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