

Kid Ink

"Down 4"

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Uhh speakers up, loud weed
Rollin in the back seat
Smokin on that loud seed
The clouds in my back seat
I just want that
I just want that
Money like an athlete
Say that I'm the realest nigga
Here if you ask me

Uhh, yea I'm on fire
Come and ash me
Just crept in feelin
Greater than your gatsby
You aint gotta
You aint gotta, gas me
High out the galaxy

No gravity

But I can feel her grabbin me
Shawtty wanna little bit
Yea uhh take her home
Homicide
Kill that shit temperpidic
I spill that shit still baby
You can feel that shit
Drippin down your legs
I'm about to go in I hope you
Ready for it

Uhhhh it aint hard to tell
I gotta question for you
I aint really in to guessing
So just tell me
What you down for
Tell me what you down for
Tell me what you down for
Tell me what you down for
This aint nothin new

Baby you should come around more
We could have a good time
That's what she around for
Tell me what you down for
Tell me what you down for
Tell me what you down
Foooooorrrr, yeaaaahhh
We can get into it

Tell'er I said turn the speakers up
Now we don't give a fuck
Blunt lit one hit go me on some good shit
Bat tat tat batgang what it is bitch
Four B's up you can tellem big business

But I can feel her grabbin me
Shawtty wanna little bit
Yeaa uhh take her home
Homicide
Kill that shit temperpidic
I spill that shit still baby
You can feel that shit
Drippin down your legs
I'm about to go in I hope you
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