

## **Kid Ink**

### **"Gassed Up"**

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[Intro]

One big chain, but it feel like two, though  
Big-ass whip, they dont make it in a two-door  
Two big blunts to the head like a tumor  
Steady laughing to the bank, bitch, Ive got a lot of  
humor

[Hook]

I see you gassed up dont be a hype beast  
Look around, niggas dressed just like me  
I pull the same hoes in a white tee  
Shine bright, diamonds need a fucking ice tray

[Verse 1]

Eyesight gone, Im a fucking liability  
Life been a bitch since I took that hoes virginity  
I lost my emotions, cant find sympathy  
High off life and cant nobody intervene  
Bitch, Im blowing up like AP chemistry  
Feeling like a menace since I went in on my enemies  
I never gave a fuck bout a sucker nigga anyway  
The heat on the dresser, still tryna find my  
Naw, you dont wanna see me ugly, my inner beast  
R.I.P. the club, in loving memory  
Wake up in the morning and I cant remember anything  
Probably shouldnt have drank with my stomach so  
empty  
Shit, Im wilding see it in my face  
See the keys? If it drop, you should get up out the way  
Man, Im sitting on the world, looking into outer space  
Sitting in the Range squares got me feeling out of  
shape  
Its Alumni, bitch, know Im repping to the grave  
ATM, pull the PIN out like a grenade  
And money rain all on that ass like a bidet  
Its back, gangbang, got em throwin up that OK  
All up in your face, in your face like ole  
Im just getting started, but the game is fucking over  
Hit you with that 5, baby, right up off the stovetop  
Meet me at the Shell, Mobil or the Chevron, bitch

[Hook]

I see you gassed up dont be a hype beast  
Look around, niggas dressed just like me  
I pull the same hoes in a white tee  
Shine bright, diamonds need a fucking ice tray

[Verse 2]

I say Swaggershipshawty, Kid Ink, baby, KI  
Call me by my name, but dont call me in the daytime  
I dont really skate, but I got these bitches in line  
All you niggas thought I wouldve changed when the  
deal signed  
Up all night, take a look into my pale eyes  
Gotta keep it G til my motherfucking demise  
Whoop it, whoop it hard, cant park this hoe  
Bout to buy a crib, babysit department store  
I aint scared of nobody, and I dont know no other way  
Them dudes you with is nobody, we shutting down the  
VIP  
Table full of baddies, bunch of Rihanna and Beyonces  
Maker played his cards right, all I got is Ace Of Spades  
Back to hit a home run, bases loaded, safe to say  
I been fuckin on one, you just finally seen the day

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