

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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