

## Kid Ink

### "Hnhh Cypher"

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(Kid Ink)

I said its kid ink baby  
turn to the max like tj  
body tagged up like the bottom of the free way  
game don't like it niggas need to get a key made  
run this shit it aint nothing but a relay  
it ain't nothing you can tell us  
bout to roll up kush sticky like elmer's  
this ain't no how i act like summa  
going head up with me bring a motherfuckin helmet  
you niggas just special ed  
all i see is green but my eyes so red  
and all i do is win got a room full of clouds  
bout to take another shot but I'm used to the fouts  
i ball it  
you could take 2 to the mouth its illumni  
throw it up 2 to the south  
tell them deuces  
just put 2 in the air  
so sick said it must be the flu in the air  
if you do it big then i prolly did it od  
thought it was a dream but i aint never get no sleep  
up all night gettin higher then the nose bleed  
swear i was raised by beats like moblique  
came from the bottom  
rats in the roaches  
now niggas blunts aint as fat as my roaches  
bout to go HAM, ya n-ggas just kosher  
I'ma shark in the water, see the fin then its over

(Meek Mill)

They were sleeping on me  
Time for me to wake them up  
Counting all these fucking babies  
till I get a paper cut  
kill the competition  
now ? then I make them up  
Only time we Black and Yellow  
when the caution tape is up

ha, that record dead  
memory of  
spitting that crack  
this really is drugs  
theres hate in the air  
I ain't feeling the love  
you like an irritating fly  
I'm killing your buzzzzz  
I'm eating the beat  
this is pacman  
I'm on the grind  
like a motherfucking lap dance  
shorty gonn' do whatever  
says shes a rap fan  
Every nigga round me  
Robin, Batman  
All black coupes  
All black wheels

step out the line  
ima show you how that mac feel  
I'm like she ? in the corner of that backfield  
? or get your motherfucking cap pilled?  
rolling and then swerving and ? through ur  
neighborhood  
let my money do the talking  
I aint gotta say Im good  
Who is that  
I ain't gotta say I would  
riding like an engine bitch  
I ain't gotta say I'm hood  
I tell a hoe to follow me  
and swallow me  
I be spending money  
like I fucking hit the lottery  
If I ever hit your girl  
then this is my apology  
These suckas they be tripping  
bout these bitches tryinna body me

(Los)

I'm about to go over round my arm  
lean a way that I could feel it now  
tali round my head  
Taliban knock the building down  
High cock blocker  
I'm a fly top shotter  
In my all red rims  
like a high top Prada  
on my mommas mouth to the drama

and lies would be gripping from my lips  
as I'm spitting that shit that Osama be gripping  
hungry as a poverty stricken  
robbery victim  
where the rascals of waffles and chickens  
win the lottery ticket  
And your girl let me pop it in real life  
I beat it like they locked me in a room  
with the doctor that killed Mike  
I feel like, put me in a field let the field lights  
shine on the field now watch me kill all the field mice  
I'm anthrax you tampax  
I'm about to go Amtrax  
Jack Black black Jack  
got the track saran wrap  
stand back I'm slamming an antagonist  
slapping you faggots putting the can in a bandwagon  
swag of the century, mack and the bench of three  
I hear it was nothing trying to crack it eventually  
rappers they mention me  
boy I put this on my mother  
you'll end up interscope  
Im jus trynna warner brother  
still getting cheesecake on these dummies  
deal or no deal i got a briefcase full of money  
Jahlil on the beat, Will hosting this shit  
and its T-Lanez, Ink, Meek, and Los in this bitch

(Tory Lanez)

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