

Kid Ink

"Poppin' Shit"

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Iâ€™m poppin shit, believe that,
Believe that, everywhere I be that,
You can see that, drinks about to lead that,
You can see that, everywhere I be that.

Iâ€™m poppin shit, bottles too,
She probably for a G, what you gotta do?
What you gotta do? Wait, we poppin shit,
We poppin shit, believe that.

I got a couple new rolles but a couple frozen bans,
My niggers squeeze arms like a couple holding hands.
Nigger vrrrum, trying to flip that Masseratti over,
Smelling like mister Miaky in my fly Versace logos.
Nigger fly, dropping hundreds, a pony pack perfect,
I jump in and drop, milk it while pumping the last
portion.
Nigger wear shades, probably cost a thousand,
Fly with you, flatted chest, probably cost a island.
I said just let me explain, I was just in Spain,
Probably singing rain, nigger, imma get the change.
Probably told to slow down, I said whoa, now, thatâ€™s a
no-no,
Nigger is about to go, imma turn that boy to mountain,
nigger.
In, what the fuck they think? Well, Iâ€™m smoking, not I
stink, guess I fly a nigger slank.
I see love, my Versace, thatâ€™s the flying you can
make,
I was born a broke nigger, imma die as a king.

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Pocket full of hundreds and of leave ons,
Wait, got your honey at the B hop,
OG got me high in the treehouse,
Two fingers up like I eat her, wait.
I take you for a ride, gotta see that,
Living in this bitch, going crazy, see now.
Back then niggers ain't believe what they see,
Now I'm graping my hand, ball hard after rebound.
Boom-shacka-lacka bitch, hear me rolling, loud like a
airport.
Pull up in that big boy trunk, is a tank,
Ready for a show, baby, you are gonna anchor.
Tell them that we are no bullshit, no AC, just cookies,
And the bad bitch on full shit if I'm gone off the
fourth.
I don't think they're ready for, I buy to make 'em
full fit,
We be going hammer time right about the school, kid
alumni.

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I tell her to bring a friend, 'cause we're multiplying
the ashin'
LA ink divide the legs, we never divide a freshin, wait.
Too fly, young nigger's on a private jet,
Running out of ink trying to write me a check.
Don't start no shit, won't be no shit,
I said this fucked up world, but we don't kill.
We do Marley to the morning, the suicide's on a
'rari.
Like suicides on a body, the body sure for a hobby like

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I'm poppin shit, bottles too,
She probably for a cheese, what you gotta do?
What you gotta do? Wait, we poppin shit,
We poppin shit, believe that

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