

Kid Ink "What I Do"

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Cock back and unload
I leave you niggas leaking like Amber Rose
Tell me what I gotta prove ask round who be killing shit
Every time's game time, this is just a scrimmage bitch
White t, black shades, No I'm not discriminate
Headed to a show, break a leg, Shawn Livingston
Money's all I talk, so there's nothing left to implement
Bitch it's the alumni, army, militant
All these hoes love me, watch me play them like an
instrument
I'm bout to leave the club with 2 dimes that's a 10 for
10
Trippin nigga, better watch your temperament
Bitch lucky you living like pimpin since pimp been
pimpin yeah

Yeah, I said we don't care about rules
You see I'm acting a fool, it ain't nothing new
I don't know about you
But this what I do, this what I do
I don't know about you
But this what I do, this what I do
I don't know about you
But this what I do, this what I do

High by any means, faded as I wanna be
Way out of your league, give a fuck about your
commentary
Honestly, see me on your property
Make sure you coming at me properly
I got a list full of haters, room for another
Aw hell roll another one, that's my brother
And we're smoking on that loud, trying to keep it subtle
Know we get it popping, didn't mean to bust your
bubble
Where the fuck was you when we was coming up?
Now everybody on my line but I don't own nothing
Let me teach them how to grind I could show them
something
One button, Aw look like I done started something

Yeah, I said we don't care about rules

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Cock back and reload
Live da rockstar life like Axel Rose
Niggas down to the tee, I hardly would agree
How you in my city acting more hollywood than me
When you ain't never been here, you ain't really live dat
Get around my goonies and you nigga acting fragile
Bitch ass, I will shit right where you sit at
Ties on and give you all da business

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