

Kid Ink**"What They Doin'"**

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The game don't change, turn cold,
I swear these niggers lames, fucking clowns,
I don't understand why they think it's okay
They gonna make me turn back to my old ways.
What they doin? What they doin?
What they doin? What they doin?
What they doin? Disrespecting the code,
What they doin? What they doin?
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What they doin? Disrespecting the code.
Okay, the game don't change, got a quarter back,
Set back then it cut incision, it's a heart attack.
I'm what the world made me and this is no effect,
I got a mean attitude and my girl is bad.
Okay, back to do it big, all caps,
Going hard is no effect, higher out of contact.
Barely conscious, you don't take it out of context,
Give you niggers a complex, just being honest.
I can't take no more, more money, more fake niggers,
If you got a problem it's going down like ray digits.
Try to ride my lane with me while I'm still paving
Go check your history book, I'm about to write another
page in
And I'm gone.
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Ass up, bitch fresh down,
Gone nuts, I'm trying to bust like a gray hound,
Bitch, get over here, put your face down,
She said that she ain't no bitch, welcome to H town.
Tell them bitches about my bitches, count my pockets,
she wet.
When your daddy was a jig saw how he feel about that?

That's to hate him more, check your navigation,
All my niggers trip, we need child relations.
I'm for bout here, nigger, really, really, really low.
Niggers gang banging and bitches let their titties show.
I'm in the foolies, though, like neighborhood,
Hundred thousand dollars Porche parked in your
neighborhood.
I'm fucking host, my money staking,
Niggers be funny acting, I call it barney making.
Your swagger take your hood, nigger fake it on asses
Nigger fishy like the floor, act a station.
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