

# Kid Ink, Bad Ass (ft. Meek Mill, Wale)

I'm feeling like the man of the hour, tear down the house,  
Throwing this money like it's no running out.  
Okay, but I wanna know, can you get any higher,  
And drop it down the pole like it's a fire.  
Now let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,  
I can't help but watch you moving with your bad ass,  
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass,  
I can't help but watch you moving with your bad ass.

I'm feeling like a man of the hour, host of the evening,  
But girl it's your show, now bring it back, rerun.  
I got pockets of hundreds, they say that change is irrelevant,  
Looking up in the sky I say I love watching you elevate.  
Getting high as you ever been, we're getting hella bent,  
Ball so hard, I deserve me a Letterman.  
Man, let me see that cake, cake, cake,  
Like enemy's ass up, gonna take it down like a sedative.  
That's a negative, ain't nobody wetter than her,  
Better get familiar like a motherfucking relative.  
Know you see the fireworks, you looking where my section is,  
All this money falling in the air like it's confetti, bitch.

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