

# Bad Ass (feat. Meek Mill & Wale)

## Kid Ink

I'm feeling like a 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 move it with your bad ass  
Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass  
I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass I'm feeling like the man of the hour, host of  
the evening  
But girl, this 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  
Get high as you ever been (go), we getting hella bent (go)  
Ball so hard, I deserve me a letterman  
Now then let me see that cake, cake, cake, like Entenmann's  
Ass up, gon' take it down like a sedative  
That's a negative, ain't nobody wetter than  
Better get familiar like a motherfuckin' relative  
Know you see the fireworks, you looking where my section is  
All this money falling in the air like it's confetti, bitch  
I'm feeling like a man of the hour, tear down the house  
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Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass  
I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass Uhh, Wale though, uh...  
I'm the man of the hour, money and power  
And the humble ain't feed me so I got that Geechi shit out me  
And the city is ours where the killers devour  
Where the niggas lift "Smith-And"s  
And the victims lift a few flowers  
Okay what I see dog you and me not cool  
Bet they be loud when I leave out room  
Knowing how you move how you got good shoes;  
When the heat on niggas be like pyoom  
Young nigga with some old riches  
And the coldest women I be with weave on Necole Bitchie's  
The broad let me I sweat it out like P90 get me doe  
And I'm sure she's got them cakes but I'm trying to see that throat  
35-0-0 my coat, we high chokin' on that dope

Turn around girl let a nigga know, Double M Young Olu ghost  
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 Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass  
 I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass Meek Milly! Ink whattup...  
 I'm feelin' like the man of the hour, host of the evening  
 These niggas is haters they know that we eatin'  
 I got a bitch she Jamaican, fuck her slow when we speakin'  
 I get your chick and I take her, talkin' Cabo for the weekend  
 I'm just a young nigga outchea ballin', all these bad bitches callin'  
 Rollie all flooded to New Orleans and a big Rolls Royces, can't park it  
 Got gold rims on my Ash Martin and I'm rollin' up in that foreign  
 I said all my bitches half foreign, you could run tell that ask Martin, hold up  
 I flex hard on Instagram, post your bitch goin insta-ham  
 Pyrex pot that's insta-grams, drop that work that's insta-bands  
 And I'm sittin' man, on a couple mill, swear my life's so fuckin' real  
 Back to the wall like fuck the world; a nigga say fuck me, I'mma fuck his girl like WHOA !I'm  
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 Let me see just what you're doing with your bad ass  
 I can't help but watch you move it with your bad ass Now go ahead with that bad ass and fast  
 cash my dash pass  
 Them silicones and fat ass, got cheese out, no rat trap  
 Real late night, no cat naps, you so acrobatic  
 Just move it 'til the bass slap the bass slap like the Mac S  
 No question we turnt up, workin' on my fourth cup  
 Then throwin' all this money like the ass is for purchase  
 Very important persons, don't take it too personal  
 Got more bottles than homies, it's a movie, ready for the show I'm feeling like a 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 Go! (Show off)  
 Go! (Show off)  
 Go! (Show off)  
 Yeah! (Show off)