

100%

Kid Ink

Yeah

You know I gotta keep it (100)

(100) lets get it

Ok, I-I'm so fly I feel like a swan

My time is money, ring me alone

Flip it to the ceiling watch it do a somersault

Niggas say they run shit, I just see it running out

Done it all, under the sun ain't nothing new

Coming through the west side, looking for the W

Still on that bullshit, I can't even utter you

Money's all I talk got a pocket full of honeydew

That'll make honey do anything I wanna,

Take her by the head, stone cold stunner, uh, baby

Rocking like the wire, high out my mind, I'm a frequent flier

It's CB and Tha Alumni got them hoes standing at attention like a drumline

Keep it 100 I would take all of you combined

Kid Ink but I do it big, plus size

G-G-Get it how I live it, come faster than I could spend it (spend it)

Money to the ceiling (ceiling), bitch I'm in the building

I-I-Ima giant in a room full of midgets (tell em)

Money talk so don't say nothing unless you talkin' bizness

100 percent (I go), 100 percent (I go), 100 percent (I go), 100 percent (I go)

100 percent (I go), 100 percent (I go), 100 percent (I go), 100 percent (I go)

Let me count this money, 1 million, 2 million

Put this up for up my new car, save that for my baby mama

And all you bums can keep the change

Beats I be serving, Saks Fifth splurging

Diamonds got so many cuts call my jeweler the surgeon

Ain't nobody fucking with me label me the virgin

I'm hot b-b-burning, like when you leave a perm in

Everywhere I go these hoes be digging in they purses for a Sharpie

Cause they tryin' get the autograph person

Little bit of coke mix with a lot of bourbon

Got your boy leaning sorry if my words slurin'

Swervin' in that DV9 on purpose

The roof disappear call it magic like Irvin Johnson

G-

get up off my johnson, no more ridin' dick shawty this ain't magic mountain

I've been (killing) killing every song that I been spitting on

And if I ain't spitting, bet it's something that I written on

Can't even say it was a long road getting on

Only took a year and a half and now I'm shitting on

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Yeah, I got them bullet proof ray bans so haters never in my head  
Money hungry good for me, yeah I call it wheat bread  
Ladies say I'm long strokin' yeah that's what she said  
Crib like a castle so I'm fucking on that king spread  
Big balling, fuck a loft, and money turn me on  
So I had to fuck it off, skinny ass niggas pockets looking so bulimic  
And I'm never spill my drink, you can call me Tempur-Pedic  
Allergic to the haters, addicted to the money  
If you watching while I'm laughing cause all of you niggas funny  
And they call me Action Jackson cause every d-day I'm stunting  
And I'm writing hit songs like it's nothing  
So nigga you bugging, fronting  
What you think this is hoe?  
Paparazzi trying to pop me everywhere that Chris go  
Never been no sucker no lame mad nigga  
And your flow is watered down than a drain ass nigga

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