

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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