

Die In It

Kid Ink

I came in with my level up
Watch them bitches kept that [?] page level up
Feeling like MJ with the glitter glove
Pimp slap a nigga with that [?]
Same city, I'm an LA citizen
With the bad bitches in that sticky-icky cinnabon
All I'm rollin' they follow Mozes
You got to wait, I split the ocean
Smell the roses, pop the rosé with my potion
Baby chill take a pill here's a dosage
She just want a picture for the poster
And I'm posing like I'm praying at the photo that's in focus
Yeah, yeah, Dita frames, kill the glass
Say you shine, I don't see it
Keep tryin' no design like me though
Know I'm the coolest nigga since Sub-Zero
I just need a

Pool full of money, I'm a dive in it
I'm just trynna eat no die in it
Get her wet then I dive in it
Pussy so good I would die in it

All black widow maker
And a trunk in the back like a Winob [?] go
Wake up in the mornin' and I lie in it
Turn around and I hit it like a lion
Through the hive man, all up in your high man
Sippin' on Tequilla sun rise with the lime in
I'm gettin' high, but it's lower in my eye lids
Still see you niggas, I don't know just what the hype is
Say you run the game look more like a stroller, troller
What you gon' do, what you doin'
Me and my dogs through the door like some doormats
Stay inside your lane like ballin' your bogus
I need my way, young Carlito
This feelin' Al Pacino in Moschino
And the marina my Emmy: Iggy Marino
Look how we pass the reefer
I just need a

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Okay, yeah, it's Kid Ink
Aw yeah, aw yeah
Aw yeah, aw yeah
Aw yeah, aw yeah
I see them lookin' through my side eye
They just sittin' on the sideline
I stand up and throw my sign at them
Alumni I'm a die with them