

Fly 2 Mars

Kid Ink

Got it on smash
OG Parker

Let's do it (Yeah)
I go hard (I go hard)
And let these fuck niggas tell it (Woo, tell it)
Yeah, I'm not no star
You ridin' in a rental, that's not your car (Skrrt, skrrt)
Okay, high as stars (Stars)
Okay, go fly to Mars (Mars)
Okay, bitch, I'm in charge (Charge)
Okay, okay, let's start (Yeah)

I go hard
Green Goyard (Yeah)
Legs apart, ayy
My planets Mars, ayy
But I'm the man up in this bitch (Said)
I brought sand to the beach
Threw Gucci sandals on that bitch (Yeah)
Now you know who rolled the blunts
So don't be tamperin' with that shit (Woah)
One more shot of '42
And she'll be dancin' on that dick
All them hoes with you like Dasher, Dasher
Dancers in your clique (Hey)
See what's dancin' on my wrist (Wait)
This a Rollie, shit don't, bitch

Let's do it (Yeah)
I go hard (I go hard)
And let these fuck niggas tell it (Woo, tell it)
Yeah, I'm not no star
You ridin' in a rental, that's not your car (Skrrt, skrrt)
Okay, high as stars (Stars)
Okay, go fly to Mars (Mars)
Okay, bitch, I'm in charge (Charge)
Okay, okay, let's start, ayy (Let's go)

Pullin' up in a Rolls Ghost, uh (Ghost)
Put it in park
Okay, diamonds don't need no flash on it
They shine in the dark (In the dark)
My shit bite, no bark (Bark)
I'm talkin' 'bout big bite just like sharks (Sharks)
And these niggas never play they part
They yellin', runnin' they mouth like narcs (Like narcs)
Yeah, yeah, hol' up (Hol' up), yeah
I heard the pack just touched down
Nigga, roll up (Roll somethin' up)
She say she wanna lick me up and down like a Fruit Roll-
Up (Like a Fruit Roll-Up)
Wherever I go to, they know us (Know us)
Another shot to the head, pour up (Pour up)
I ain't never been scared

Let's do it (Yeah)

I go hard (I go hard)
And let these fuck niggas tell it (Woo, tell it)
Yeah, I'm not no star
You ridin' in a rental, that's not your car (Skrrt, skrrt)
Okay, high as stars (Stars)
Okay, go fly to Mars (Mars)
Okay, bitch, I'm in charge (Charge)
Okay, okay, let's start, ayy

We make all this shit happen with no luck (Ayy)
Came up out the dirt, nigga, with no dust (Ayy)
Keep it G, the real ones always show love (Ayy)
Ask around the city, yeah, they know cuz
Ayy, run in the bank
Run in the game, don't fumble the flame (Yeah)
I'm comin' through, better stay in your lane (Ayy)
You see the Z on the fetty the same (Skrrt)
Call me "patron," I'm ahead of the game
Give me a shot and I'm lettin' it bang (Bang)
Talk to these bitches in nothin' but slang
Couple of dollars, she dance in the rain, uh (Ooh)
I go hard with it
You just got hard feelings
They talk like star witness
I pull up in all my fitness (Yeah)
Just tryna mind my business (Okay)
We blowin' blunts, no kisses
Swim in that dough like fishes
Watch how I do it

Let's do it (Yeah)
I go hard (Hard)
And let these fuck niggas tell it (Woo, tell it)
Yeah, I'm not no star (Star, star)
You ridin' in a rental, that's not your car (Car, skrrt, skrrt)
Okay, high as stars (Stars)
Okay, go fly to Mars (Mars)
Okay, bitch, I'm in charge (Ow, charge)
Okay, let's start
Yeah, yeah, hol' up (Hol' up), yeah

Ooh
Got it on smash
I'm with your shawty
OG Parker