Gassed Up

Kid Ink

One big chain, but it feel like two, though
Big-ass whip, they don't make it in a two-door
Two big blunts to the head like a tumor
Steady laughing to the bank, bitch, I've got a lot of humor

I see you gassed up - don't be a hype beast
Look around, niggas dressed just like me
I pull the same hoes in a white tee
Shine bright, diamonds need a fucking ice tray

Eyesight gone, I'm a fucking liability
Life been a bitch since I took that hoe's virginity
I lost my emotions, can't find sympathy
High off life and can't nobody intervene
Bitch, I'm blowing up like AP chemistry
Feeling like a menace since I went in on my enemies
I never gave a fuck 'bout a sucker nigga anyway
The heat on the dresser, still tryna find my...
Naw, you don't wanna see me ugly, my inner beast
R.I.P. the club, in loving memory
Wake up in the morning and I can't remember anything
Probably shouldn't have drank with my stomach so empty
Shit, I'm wilding - see it in my face
See the keys? If it drop, you should get up out the way
Man, I'm sitting on the world, looking into outer space
Sitting in the Range squares got me feeling out of shape
It's Alumni, bitch, know I'm repping to the grave
ATM, pull the PIN out like a grenade
And money rain all on that ass like a bidet
It's back, gangbang, got 'em throwin' up that OK
All up in your face, in your face like "ole"
I'm just getting started, but the game is fucking over
Hit you with that 5, baby, right up off the stovetop
Meet me at the Shell, Mobil or the Chevron, bitch

I say Swaggershipshawty, Kid Ink, baby, KI
Call me by my name, but don't call me in the daytime
I don't really skate, but I got these bitches in line
All you niggas thought I would've changed when the deal signed
Up all night, take a look into my pale eyes
Gotta keep it G 'til my motherfucking demise
Whoop it, whoop it hard, can't park this hoe
'Bout to buy a crib, babysit department store
I ain't scared of nobody, and I don't know no other way
Them dudes you with is nobody, we shutting down the VIP
Table full of baddies, bunch of Rihanna and Beyonces
Maker played his cards right, all I got is Ace Of Spades
Back to hit a home run, bases loaded, safe to say
I been fuckin' on one, you just finally seen the day

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