

In My Way

Kid Ink

I got the green in my way
Whole lean in my way
See the cops in my way
No stops in my way
I been MIA
Summer out of state
See the green in my way
Whole lean in my way

Boss nigga but I listen to what my son say
Squad with the gun play, shot em down on a Monday
Move like Cash Money soldiers, sik wit it, we takin' over
medicine in my favourite soda, backwoods filled wit purple clovers
I be MIA, I had a summer outta state
I call my side bitch a cuma, black Panther rockin' Puma
I swear these niggas tuna, big shark swim through 'em
Had to fail Kid Ink E40 told me give it to him
FaceTimin' with my mama while I'm overseas
Had the record labels smellin' like a 100 trees
Crunch velvets, movin' Elvis, bitches want the D
I tell her hold it, I'm a P and all I want is currency
I just took a private jet to think about who I'm a be
Nerd niggas callin' me, they tryna go to war with me
But war cost money and these niggas lookin' poor to me
Cops in my way, they wanna see me to the penitentiary

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And I just wanna see how far shit take us
Gettin' any closer, you be standin' on the tables
Shawty start to recognise and her friends do too
And I'm feelin' like the dawg that I was in high school
That nigga played a fool, but the trappin' never stops
Still got a couple niggas I could get up off the block
RIP Kid Kelly, know the whole street hot
Way these niggas still bang, I ain't worried 'bout the cops
Oh it's bat tag gang, see the chain, it's my name
Tag day one niggas, just a couple of 'em made
Last 45 minute flight, LA to the Bay
You ain't got the same pass nigga

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I just left the Bay, I'm ballin' in LA
She ain't talkin' guacamole, prolly' in my way
E-Mozzy on the way, he prolly' got the gang
Shout out my loc Shitty, Four and Slimey with the dream
Lot of dope, smoke on my soccer jersey stain
My white bitch geekin', swervin' off the pay
100 band play, savin' 30 out the gate
100 band play, savin' 30 out the gate
Wake up and get paid, run it up for my gang
Go and buy some more buckets, niggas need some more things
15 for this chain, spent more on my bail
We could talk about gun play, but most of y'all gon' tell
I ain't tryna go to jail, nigga, we ain't takin' no Ls
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Slid through like hellish shit, how do them niggas feel
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I just hopped up on a flight with like 100 of 'em
Next stop South Beach, MIA homie
And I ain't never had a job, but I got yay homie
And if a nigga tryna rob, I'mma spray on 'em
1 thing about Bricc, a nigga keep a rocket
30 off the hip and the nigga quick to pop it
A he quick to test me, bitch that be outta pocket
Sent 100 pound nigga, made 100 profit
Pack touched down in the A, super straight
Just made it, just 50 bands, super play
Call my nigga Mozzy, pull up in a super Wraith
Let the know Kid Ink then we blowin' stupid band

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