

My System

Kid Ink

Got a problem and I try to tell myself it's something different
But ain't nothing new, I gotta have that
In my system, in my system
I've been fienin for a feeling
If you with it come and give in
If you ain't, no I ain't trippin
But I need it in my system
My system, my system, my system
I don't know (my system) bout you
But I need it in my system
My system, my system, my system
I don't know (my system) bout you
But...

I need it in my cup, my swisha
My drugs, my bitches
See em pumpin they fists
Man this feeling is officially in my system
Get trippy, we wildin, safari
Probably won't remember much, tonight that you solved
I done had so many sips of this Patrone up in my system
Baby don't be too pretentious, ain't nobody payin attention
Do yo dance, do yo dance
Just don't rock that thimble tumble thumble
It's okay, go ahead and do yo thing up in this condo
Got a problem, no denial, keep it real with my addiction
Call me Timmy Tom and Taylor if you need a fuckin fixing
But for now, baby now all you gotta do is listen
Drink strong, man it feel like I've been lifted
Come and kick it

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I need it in my drink, my system
The drums, it's kickin
The drugs is kickin
I'm drunk, believe it
You sober? You trippin
Somebody get him a cane
I'm with the dream team, drinkin on championship champagne
Now I done had too many sips of different mixes in my system
All these women in my section, it get hard to pay attention
That's my bed, that's yo bed,
Ain't nobody you could be mad at!
Amen cus you're Miley

Every shot up tonight
Going crazy in this bitch
Like all the walls are painted
Not in my right mind but my bitch right out the pageant
Tell er keep it goin cus strictly it's molasses
See a hole in the swisha, don't worry baby, I'll patch it

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