

Kid Ink, No Option

[Verse 1: Kid Ink]

I take a look around ain't nothing brand new
But the brand A clothes and a couple tattoos
City going nuts like a fucking cashew
I'm the man in my city, don't get it confused
LA every day, west side, deuce deuce, neighborhood soo wu
What side do you choose?
Green in my eyes, red fire in my lungs
These diamonds blue don't hold your tongue
You can suck this dick, got an issue hit her
Shots fired, pistol spitta before your name, do you remember?
And what it's gonna say when I'm through with you nigga
I don't hold no grudge, just hold my nuts
Made it the game, put a hole in ya tux
Oohhh kill em
Ho don't fuck, all she say nigga, ho don't fuck
Middle fingers stuck to the world on edge
Might jump but a nigga can't feel my legs
I'm high on the moon tryna plant my flag, for the team got a dream but I ain't slept yet
All you niggas robots, got a fat ass blunt I'm a role model
I don't need no co-op, goin for the win it's no option

[Hook: Kid Ink]

[Verse 2: King Los]

Light work, this a free throw doe
I blow strong, nigga strong arm Depot doe
I got the ice tea range and the beat coco
I say, ice-t TV and coco, that's coco like cocaine nigga be snow though
Drop the ice in the pot and whip three more doe
Know a chick named Sheneneh that move a lot of yay yay
That say a girlfriend get the key low low
I might have dropped outta college, but I mastered cash
I get the old school scratch grand master flash
You looking like Chris Cross with a bag of hash
Because you must be high with you backwards ass, ballin?
Niggas work at Walmart, where they play at
Turn em into a Target when I show then where the K at
Say Jack, I'm wheelin' in the fortune, lay back
Rain like April, but I might bring may back, or my back
Cause my neck and my back aching
My mack and my tech for my slab of bacon
The back and here I made it, I made em take it
I innovated, I made em state it when they debate it
I'm checking niggas my nigga who play make it take it
They just faking, I take it say they I wouldn't make it
Damn Ink, what these niggas ain't learned it before
I make home look good like the furniture store, King!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: King Los]

I'm about a hundred is a hundred could be
Cause my whole motherfucking ghetto coming with me
I'm a king so my thousand dollar sneakers on the gas of the phantom
Means there's rose petals under my feet
Yes Lord, yes Lord, get stepped on nigga, step off
Cause asking if there's a nigga better than me
That's just gon get you crickets, you might as well buy a pet frog
Hold up, I said look you whylin', rookie stop it
If we was in school I woulda shook ya pocket
Took your wallet, your girl say the dick game money
She just want me to hold the pussy hostage
I drop the top down, look it's ostrich

My links is juicy like I'm cooking sausage
I threw the wheels on, lift the ass up
Look like I got the Chevy pussy poppin, King!

[Verse 4: Kid Ink]

Sitting leaning back and my seat feel fifteen feet high over ya reach, roll up
Downtown nigga hood gonna speed check your IG, that OG
Before for my name is stuffed inside of a swisher
Switching lane no sign of slipping
Killing the strip no sign of a siren
Sipping straight, stop chasing my high man
I can?t lose nigga too unlikely
Ain?t no tie when I lace my Nike's
Nightly money sleep on the nightstand next to the bible
Holy, amen, I am more than a man and a monster
Me and the mafia fuck your squad drink
Kid Ink King Los, they don't want problems
But you leave us no option