## Mochi

## **Kid Ink**

What you really, really want from me? Hatin' niggas oughta run from me Why they always tryna come for me? Swear the wanna feel the drum drummin', drummin' What these niggas really want from me? We been here spendin' lunch money Go head, drop it down for me And I'ma drum it, drum it, drum it, drum it Streets on lock Keys on drop I share that piece of pie But please don't drop it Streets so cold Might need my coat Walk in like fee fi foe I don't even see my folk Oh, what you lookin' at me for? Blowin' on this C4 Bust a swisher like a freak hoe Just leveled up with my cheat code Ball hard on my leash Dog niggas off leashes Champagne got a leak Just tell me jump and I'll leap It's karaoke, lip synchin' After that she Listerinin' They just gave me a check tonight I can handle any misdemeanor Knock, knock, get subpoena Pourin' up, no Cold Medina Cold niggas, flow fever Turn the 911 to a 4 seater I'll hold it down for my niggas Give 'em a pound and we twistin' Snakes in the grass, hear 'em hissin' They livin' lives and I'm a livin' legendWhat you really, really want from me? Hatin' niggas oughta run from me Why they always tryna come for me? Swear the wanna feel the drum drummin', drummin' What these niggas really want from me? We been here spendin' lunch money

Go head, drop it down for me

And I'ma drum it, drum it, drum it, drum it

Streets on lock

Keys on drop

I share that piece of pie

But please don't drop it

Streets so cold

Might need my coat

Walk in like fee fi foe

I don't even see my folkYou know it, stay blunted, blunted

And the city tatted on my stomach, dummies

As soon as niggas start actin' funny

Throw two's up, Bugs Bunny Bunny

Girl, choose up and throw that cunty cunty

I ain't even seen that shit comin'

Ass out like a plumber, plumber

Drop down and make that ass plummet

Pay me somethin' or just leave me alone

Money gettin' real Nia Long

Ever since shit start goin' right

I got a real hard time bein' wrong

Niggas say they got a major key

Still ain't even got a key to home

Homies keep on tellin' me to stop

Playin' with 'em, I'ma keep it goin'I'll hold it down for my niggas

Give 'em a pound and we twistin'

Snakes in the grass, hear 'em hissin'

They livin' lives and I'm a livin' legendWhat you really, really want from me?

Hatin' niggas oughta run from me

Why they always tryna come for me?

Swear the wanna feel the drum drummin', drummin'

What these niggas really want from me?

We been here spendin' lunch money

Go head, drop it down for me

And I'ma drum it, drum it, drum it, drum it

Streets on lock

Keys on drop

I share that piece of pie

But please don't drop it

Streets so cold

Might need my coat

Walk in like fee fi foe

I don't even see my folk

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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