

# About Mine (feat. Trey Songz)

## Kid Ink

She doin' it wrong  
Egh!  
Trigga, Trigga  
It's Kid Ink  
Mustard on the beat ho! In the club and this nigga looking at me kinda strange  
I got the woman he love sippin' my champagne  
But she ain't doin' nothin' wrong  
She just fuckin' with a young, rich nigga  
Tell that boy stop acting like a bitch nigga You should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
You should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
My nigga you should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
Girl I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
You could bet that, check my stats  
From way way back nigga we've been doing this  
Same old clubs and the same bitches you just met  
Nigga I ain't got time  
If the bezel ain't diamonds, presi Obama  
Pool in the Bahamas, black ferragamo  
Need me some condoms, we fuckin' up commas, honest  
Right now this rap shit is crackin' for me  
If it didn't work out we'd be back to the streets  
See life is a bitch crazier than Kelis  
But I'm picturing money, my nigga say cheese  
Feel fresh like Axe on me, nah y'ain't gotta put up no act for me  
Your girlfriend already said you act so cheap You should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
You should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
My nigga you should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
Girl I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
I'm about mine, tell me is you 'bout yours?  
Yeah she say I'm a dog but she down on all fours  
Yeah she down on the floor cause there's money all over  
Then back on the pole with it  
Now I got time, cause now I got change  
Shit the cup got drank and we 'bout to get high girl  
What did you think?  
I say God to your dress but no you ain't no saint  
Shit You know you coming to the crib girl ain't cha  
You drinking all this liquor girl ain't cha  
I'm feeling on your booty girl ain't I  
Show you how to have a real good time

So bust it for me, elbows on your knees  
We don't care who's lookin', Mustard on the beatBall hard and yo' bitch tryna reach  
No it ain't my fault that she's running through the streets  
Dumb blonde, got you looking like a fool nigga  
SaidYou should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
You should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
My nigga you should get some money, why you bullshittin'?  
I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
Girl I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?I got all bad bitches at my table  
Where them gon' do it  
All this money that I can't hold  
Throw some, taunt it  
Only bad bitches at my table  
That's all I got  
Which one of y'all I'ma take home  
I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
Girl I'm about mine, is you 'bout yours?  
You should get some money, why you bullshittin'?

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

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