

# 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