

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'?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>