# Tomahawk

## Kid Ink

Hundred cars got the city, yeah yeah
Woo, yeah yeah
HeyDrop down, tomahawk tops off
Hundred cars got the city blocked off
Try and catch me slippin', but I never fall
Pocket rockets poppin'
We could let 'em off, yeah
Drop down, tomahawk tops off
Hundred cars got the city blocked off
Try and catch me slippin', but I never fall
Pocket rockets, we could let 'em off, yeah
You don't want no war
Boy you get destroyed
Talk that shit like 50 but I hit like Floyd
Niggas up in space
I just feel the void
Black hoodie, grim reaper
Watch me kill the noise
Panic view, and that Panamera painted blue
Push the button
See the super sport and baby zoomin'
Addin' fire to fuel, man, they just live illusions
They ain't get no bread, dog
They can't have no gluten
Me no lack me no cap, boy
Tryna get like me and said you're back, boy
Hundred of them, hundred of them
Money like MJ the way that it spin
Swear that these niggas don't want me to win
Feel like this season, I'm huntin' again
Drop down, tomahawk tops off (Yeah)
Hundred cars got the city blocked off (Yeah)
Try and catch me slippin', but I never fall (Yeah)
Pocket rockets poppin', we could let 'em off (Yeah)
Drop down, tomahawk tops off (Yeah)
Hundred cars got the city blocked off (Yeah)
Try and catch me slippin', but I never fall (Yeah)
Pocket rockets, we could let 'em off (Yeah)I don't know what the
Fuck you put in this shit man
I swear to God this some
Whole other outer space
I'm high, nigga

Man I'm tryna land this motherfucker
Boy I'm high as fuck
I know they call you rocket ship
And all that shit, but, whooBack with that resurrect, you niggas overslept
Way that I regulate, feel like I never left
LA I represent, mixin' that bag
Ooh, with the medicine
Baby girl don't wanna smoke
Lookin' for snow, mountain like Everest
Switchin' the tone, swear that they phony
Post somethin' fake 'cause I never been
I hear you talkin', if it's a problem
Know that with me, you won't settle it
Livin' the life of an icon
Walk in this bitch like a giant
Ball like I ain't got no time-outs
Diggin' a hole you can't climb out
Cash, these niggas is hypebeasts
They only livin' on IG
My main was never a sidepiece (No)
Got her the 'Rari and Siamese
Hit the button, watch the dash lift (Smashin')
Roll me up so I don't crash thisDrop down, tomahawk tops off (Yeah)
Hundred cars got the city blocked off (Yeah)
Try and catch me slippin', but I never fall (Yeah)
Pocket rockets poppin', we could let 'em off (Yeah)
Drop down, tomahawk tops off (Yeah)
Hundred cars got the city blocked off (Yeah)
Try and catch me slippin', but I never fall (Yeah)
Pocket rockets, we could let 'em off (Yeah)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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