

Calling My Spirit

Kodak Black

I put my heart in my lyrics
I gave it all I could give
I made it hot at the crib
I kept that fire at the crib
Where you gon' go when you dip?
How I'ma know who for real?
I pour a four in a fifth
You already know what it is
I keep a pole in the whip
'Cause a lot of these niggas out here envy me
It ain't no ho in the clique
None of my dawgs got fuckboy tendencies
I don't even show no sympathy
Sipping on Hennessy, it got me bending sideways
Everything on me drippin', you niggas can't ride the wave
Nigga run around with the juice, nigga come spill your drank
I done earn my stripes now I'm tryna go get me some real rank

Readin' through my third eye 'cause I got tunnel vision
Had to open my mind, then I opened a Benz
It's like you gotta sell your soul for them to pay attention
Fuck all that playing, now I'm grown, I put my heart in it
I had to get down with that chrome to show them niggas I'm serious
And it's like every song I'm on, I be calling my spirits

I put my Hublot on rocks
I put moschato on rocks
Where I'm from we don't say opp
Shoot at an OV, shoot at a cop
Shoot at the police, shoot at your top
I made a million off socks
Free all my niggas who stuck in a box
Locked up and watching the clock
Locked up, they fighting with locks
Locked up, they swinging they knives
I can't be living this life
No more Bacardi, alright
I don't want Cardi so I'ma pour Henny on ice
My vision is vivid, told you I'm really a menace
I'll show you I'm destined to get it
I be outside with the glizzy
Toting that fire, I be trippin'
I just might die how I'm living
Ain't tell nobody, but I'm tripping
Niggas ain't catching me slipping, ayy, yeah
I make you laugh when you with me
Know that my swag is terrific (glee, glee)
Ain't seen my dad in a minute
But I can't be mad, I got millions
I just pulled up in a lemon
Thuggin', so fuck your opinion
I'm thuggin', so fuck how you feeling
I'm calling my spirit

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