

Aug 25th

Kodak Black

Yeah, wash this perc down with the Ace of Spades
This a fire ass beat
Kinda feel like I'm wasting it on this bitch, hmm

Knew I was goin' be somethin' but you ain't never tell me
And that's the reason you ain't let me know I got you pregnant
'Cause you know if you would've told me, I would make you daddy
You knew that I was gon' make it, but you ain't never tell me
All this time I thought "Oh boy, was yo' baby daddy"
I was thuggin' hard, but the hood knew I was goin' make it rappin'
I wanna buy you Birkin', but I'm scared that you gon' sell it
I was inspecting the leather, but you ain't never met it
You said you sent me some pictures, but I ain't never get it
And I know when you hear my songs, you think I'm being petty
But what's the pressure 'bout being leather, what I did to ya?
What I owe ya, call my phone, and I'ma give it to ya
No matter who I put it in, that's still a nigga jit
I still remember yo' birthday, August 25th
This year I'ma take you somewhere special, you goin' get a gift
And yeen' got worry 'bout me no more, calling you a bitch
And yeen' got worry 'bout me no more, cussing you out
But you want diamonds and shit, but I'm floodin' you out
But take a nigga off child support
'Cause I already be goin' to court, damn
I knew it was for money when she went and grabbed a Porsche
I hope you bought my son a BB-Gun
I really thought I wouldn't be nothin'
Shorty was plottin' on me for this whole time
I ain't even get to rub your belly once
You kept the baby from me for the whole nine
Sometimes, I sit back, and wonder if we gon' be forever
I think me sexting your people don't even make it no better
We used to skip school together, we we're just thirteen
Just making all this cents to me you got my first C
I used to walk from the projects, way to the circle park
You told your first love is over, and gave me your heart
I missed the way you locked that dick in every time I slip it
I know you a waitin' for me to stop you and put you in position
I'm late night Hunchin' and kissin'
You don't even know what you wanna do, so how you run the business?
I told you put it on paper, lets make a proposition
You don't even know what you wanna do, but you run the business
You be actin' like you wanna pop out, and get famous
On the low, I hope you know you're still my ol' lady
If I could I would, keep you in the crib
I wanna have us a threesome, you and K Slim
And another one, and another one
Matter fact, bitch, fuck you