

Catch Fire

Kodak Black

(L Beats)

I made a lot of money, spent most of it makin' a bail
Doin' whatever, feel ain't gettin' nowhere, like a pitbull tryn
a chase its tail
It get lonely on this paper trail
Had to make a sad song for all the soul snatchers runnin' from
they shadow
Fuck I'ma cap for? I don't tweet, I just show
Made peace with my ghosts so I can reap what I sow
Yeah, soon I hop out the booth, I hop in the V with my Zoe
I'm in the sheets with a big old pole, ain't tryna sleep with m
y ho
Mm, mama called me jokin', thinkin' 'bout my newborn, Kiope [?]
You Heaven-
sent and, bro, you lightskin, you look like just like me
Shootin' guns, abusin' drugs, I'm too young to be livin' like t
his
My grandma say, "A lot of people gon' die about you, Dieuson"
If you call me Jason, then you knew me way before I was famous
I'll murder Satan when I go deliver my soul to Haiti
Go ask my mami, I'm lil' Bill, I kill for real
Ask my family, I was ill since I was lil'

Tryna catch fire