

Feb 14

Kodak Black

Ladies and gentlemen
All that lil' slick shit, all that lil' fake ass shit
When I be readin' that shit, man
Y'all don't really fuck with me, ayy, ayy, ayy
You don't really fuck with me
So stop actin' like you fuck with me
'Cause I ain't gon' act like I fuck with you
And put that shit on blast
Ayy

Ayy, you don't really fuck with me, so you could just cut it out
I see you know I peep what you all about
You ain't fuckin' over me, I rather fuck your mouth
You just wanna roll with me and soak up all my clout
Gettin' tried of niggas reachin' out and tryna talk
So much flavor, all these haters keep on droppin' salt
(Ooh, I fuck with that)
I ain't even write it down, Red Skelton
Laugh out loud, uh, clown, uh uh
I ain't never go through no heart surgery (uh, yuh, yuh)
'Cause I can't see no lil' hoe hurtin' me (ayy, ayy)
But I done broke some hearts, ask my clergy, B (ayy, ayy)
I'm like how the fuck this nigga in front of me? (ayy, ayy)
I'm like what the fuck, this nigga been watchin' me?
Like how this nigga sittin' here tellin' me about me?
Antoneisha say I was fightin' in my dream (ayy)
That lil' bih Chelsea say I'm fightin' in my sleep (yuh, yuh)
Got three angels on my team fightin' demons
Lil' bih, nigga, I kill, stealin', I be cheatin' (yeah, nah, nah)
Ain't no grim, yeah, but I be reapin' (ayy, yuh)
Ayy, it's Valentine's Day, but I'm Halloweenin' (yuh)
I spin, bend, merry-go-round
Even when I'm married, nigga, I'm hoein' around
I don't believe in karma, that shit is flaw
'Cause I done let out rounds, and it come back around (yeah)
Identity theft (yeah, yeah, skrr, skrr)
That's my occupation, I love to pop checks (identity theft)
I was the first in the ring, a Rolls Royce in my projects (yeah, ooh, ooh)
Don't get me wrong, I love myself, but I love identity theft (ayy, ayy)
They ask me what's my hobby, bitch, identity theft
I be runnin' up that money, gotta take a deep breath
I know what's up, I keep my ear to the streets like I'm a elf
Fuck it, I'm writin' now, iPhone 7S
No, I ain't like you Internet clowns, this a real bulletproof vest
I'm conditioned to the streets, grew up to the streets
I done grew up 'fore I ever went through puberty
I just gave a fool that business with that foolery
Start jackin' niggas and whackin' niggas, first I was snatchin' jewelry
I bag a nigga like groceries
Watch how you approachin' me
Fuck you, hoe, you could leave, ain't no emotions to me
Drop a hoe like a 14
I'm posted up, Dope Boy Ree's
I gave my heart to the streets
But I got a soft spot for my old G

HBK, heartbreak kid, February 14 (yeah)

HBK, Heart Break Kodak, February 14 (yeah)
Touch everybody 'round the country, February 14
Yeah, I'm lovin', and I'm thuggin', February 14
On that coffee and that cocoa, I ain't on codeine
I ain't been on no lean, February 14
Yeah, my trigger finger itchin', you would think I'm a dope fiend
February 14, yeah, this February 14 (ayy)