

# Feeling Like

Kodak Black

I just pray to God, them crackers don't come indite me  
I know if I go to jail, you prolly never write me  
I be thinkin' like, "None these bitches really like me"  
I be feelin' like you only want me 'cause I'm icy  
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My lil nigga trippin', have the one catch a body  
He even dropped outta school, took it to his hobby  
I told him to just do it and don't talk about it  
And once you slide, boy, you better hit everybody  
I'm livin' like a sniper, lyin' with the window cracked  
'Cause I'm about to see out the end  
I be chasin' paper but these ladies, they be after me  
And every time I talk to one, they gotta scrap a G  
All of 'em got a game plan on try to catch me  
Think about my life, every night I'm smokin' grabba leaf  
I think about my homies in the system  
I think about my homies 'cause I miss 'em  
I wish you could call me to come get you, my nigga  
You miss Christmas, my nigga  
You miss Easter, my nigga  
You missin' out on your children  
The streets vouch for me 'cause rappin' what I'm livin'  
I rap the way I rap 'cause I be rappin' what I'm feelin'  
Lil Kodak I'm gone

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Yo, my daughter got a nanny for her other nanny  
Bitch, I made it out the hood, motherfuckin' Grammy  
Two mil on wheels, that's in my garage  
Wish Granny could see me now, bitch, I'm livin' large  
Trip to Lauderdale, reupped in Parkway  
50/50, make it back, that's what the odds say  
Y'all pray for us, we on the turnpike  
And if them lights get behind us, I'ma burn rubber  
See niggas lose they life, nigga lose their minds  
Niggas get to like you, nigga left behind, woo  
These niggas love to hate but shit, I love the grind  
And ain't no lookin' better, just a waste of time  
Long, live, fresh, these niggas ain't right for ya  
But keep it real, hey, who really down to die for ya?  
All I know is that these chains take a way this pain  
Scrapped up in the 'rari in designer frames  
Mad luck just hit the last house  
My paranoid ass Bentley, got the cash out  
I feel like niggas don't want me to be great

Until you're made but they're inside, G's fake  
Thank the Lord, I got blessed with some trap money  
But the devil got me workin' for this rap money  
They tried to stop me livin' good, I'ma die today  
Rich nigga from the hood, I'ma die that way

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