In Too Deep

Kodak Black

Project baby, I might need some fuckin' simulate
(Due to some violent content, parental discretion is advised)

I'm in too deep, your boy deeper than a rap
Imma just let my soul bleed on the track
Check your resume, and you ain't livin' like that
You the main reason why your dog got wacked
I'm only for the cheese, you a freeze, you a rat
You the main reason why your dog got trapped
Before I ever chase her, I'd rather chase the yacht
Street nigga after paper, I ain't playin', Imma snap
Livin' in denial, juvenile back to back
Hit your high, throw all the cold in a pillow sack
Nigga take your chances, whole lives, shootin' crap
We just hit a lick for ten bands, it's a wrap
I'm a section A, Taylor band with the strap
Molly Santan, beat sandin' in my cap
Yeah I could pass the weed, but I ain't pass the FCAT
And probably playin' sleep, cuz I ain't tryna text back
They found the contraband in my Mac
I had to sneak a pen in my cell to write a rap
I'm extortin' niggas, want dinner and snack
Told em' Imma split em' if I see em' eat that
I'm vibin' in the booth, I just kick my feet back
She ride me in the coupe, had to push my seat back
I watched my dog shape back, just to relapse
I'm blowin' on OG, you smokin' green crack
I just got a slow leak in my tree rap
That head got me knockin' up, call her beeswax
Better keep your Smith and Wesson, you might need that
357, E told me "keep that"
Keep your boy well protected like a knee cap
Knock, knock, bang, bang, where the cheese at?
Glock pop, bang, bang, where your keys at?
Don't you say a damn thing, and I mean that
Ran 'cross the power after cool got snatched
I was on the I, when the coupe caught a flat
That's the same night when SuWu shot black
I wasn't even there to tell you if we shot back

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