

Roll N Peace 2

Kodak Black

You ain't the one for me
You ain't got shit I need
You want me to take my time with ya, maybe I'm not ya speed
Maybe I'm out ya league
You ain't even got no cheese
Maybe I'm just to G for ya, maybe I'm just too street

I can't even roll in peace, everybody notice me
I can't even go to sleep, I'm rollin' on a bean
They tried to give me eight, got on my knees like "Jesus please"
He don't even believe in Jesus, why he got a Jesus piece?
If you wanna leave just leave
But you ain't gotta lie to me
Even the blind could see, that you ain't gon' ride for me
You ain't even showin' me the love you say you got for me
There ain't no loyalty, you lied to me
You say that you was gon' ride for me

Aye, I'ma just switch my flow up
Baby I'm sick, no throw up
Baby I'm sick, no checkup
Nigga you need to run you a check up
I'm eatin' on you niggas, no ketchup
I'm eatin' on you niggas, can't catch up
Even when I'm fuckin', I'm masked up
Hit her face down with her ass up
Hit her with no rubber but I'm masked up (aye)
Everywhere I go, I'm masked up
Lil' Kodak Black, that's a, lil' dirty bastard
In a black Jaguar
Pull up in a white Jaguar
Remember pull up in a champagne Jaguar
Pull up in the same Jaguar
Rough ridin', that's my lifestyle, like fuck a Magnum
Cool my kin, when I was a lil' kid, Tracy used to sell magnums

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I ain't never understand
You was lookin' like I ain't need ya
Girl you just like the streets, 'cause both of y'all bittersweet

Don't need no referee
Been thuggin' since little league
And they don't wanna hear me preach
They don't wanna hear me preach
You a walkin' duck out in these streets
I found myself right in these streets
I lost myself and found myself right in these streets
I was by myself, I was by myself right in these streets
By myself lil' nigga, I keep that shit discreet
I don't give a fuck because I'm bleedin' concrete (aye)
You niggas bleedin' Kool-Aid, you niggas sweet (aye)
You niggas bleed Kool-Aid

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