

Smackers

Kodak Black

(Got my beat from London)
Glee

Record label full of smackers, rap group with no rappers
I could get a nigga scratched
Call me daddy, she a bastard, come here baby, I'm yo' dad
Hundred K on a medallion, jeweler, he don't ever tax
Spend this shit and get it back
I don't like none of you rappers, snipe a nigga, how 'bout that?
Hunnids fallin' out my ass, put a nigga on they back
Project baby with no Similac, in the Caddy, but I never lack
My lil' nigga, he gon' handle that, I could get a nigga whacked
Fuck that lil' ho, she a nat-nat
I could get a nigga kidnapped, I could get a nigga snatched
I can do it by myself, I go do it by myself
You won't do it by yo' self, put a nigga on a shelf
Put a nigga on a rack
It ain't nun to go to jail, it ain't nun to get you killed
Ice on my neck when it melt, eat me up baby, right there
Fuck that lil' ho, she a heffer
Come here lil' baby, you special
Put that nigga on a stretcher, put that nigga on a shirt
It ain't nun to get you murked, hit a nigga where it hurt
Water on me like I burp, .40 on me, I be icy
Water on me, now she like me
I went to jail, you ain't write me
Check on your boy for the Nike
Check on yo' boy, this four hunna, I'm in the club with them gunners
That ain't my opp, he's a runner
Nigga say I shot his mama
I hit the stoe with a fitted cap, I hit yo' ho with no Jimmy mack
Don't drop that song, you ain't livin' that
I got your cubicals, get it back
Nigga ain't gettin' back shit
I played the cross like I'm Chris
Kodak the boss, yeah bitch
KTB, kill that boy, cutthroat
Walk in my room, it's a gun show
And I get high off the gun smoke, high off the meth
Better off fakin' yo' death than fakin' with me
You say you a steeper, then step
Record label full of gangstas, only vultures at the table
Bitch I'ma eat
You hit out the car with a Draco
Finesser, I'm makin' you pay for it, bitch get on feet
I had to dive in the deep, last time I snipe who I see, bodies be cheap
Kodak the one with the vision, I got my clique in position
They listen to me, got all kinda movement
I keep shooters for my shooters, in case them niggas wanna beef
Got two mansions, one on the beach
Two Bentleys, nun' of them of them leased
Two Benz's, Cullinan and Jeep
Who said they fuckin' with me?
The money been comin' with keys
I got a vault in the attic, I done went frosted the Patek
You can't even see the Philippe