

## Versatile 4

Kodak Black

Bimmer bam seven fifty I  
Me and Biam beatin' down the I  
I done looked demon in the eye  
Nigga, you won't never see me die  
Glock on me, hot on me  
Step on you, walk to me  
Dealer Bill, a devil by my side  
Should've never let her see me cry

Everythin' on you plastic, how you real?  
These bitches got the same old BBLs  
Baby, you can look, but don't you stare  
As a baby, I knew I was goin' to jail

Bought the Reeboks with no socks on  
She wanna see my feet, I bet they don't smell  
Jason need me, God's son  
Did a lot of bad stuff, but I know I ain't goin' to hell

I been stackin' chips so long, so much stairs  
Pole on me so long, it's like a rash  
Fucked up 'bout me, thought I did a special  
Turn me up worser if I failed

Black and white Regal  
Let her see a zero  
Forever be a cheater  
Think I'm better single

On the PJ with my feet up  
Hail to a Beatle  
Mami get up, then wake me up  
Tell Zendaya I'd like to meet her  
Been crushin' since she was on Shake It Up

Seen her on Disney, I think she pretty, and she fit me and like her name  
'Cause I'm Z'd up  
Mama ain't make no bitch, I wish I had a sister, God never could succeed her  
I'm my brother keeper, but if it's up to me, I'm just keepin' the second one  
I'm a iced out goddamn reaper, but I ain't the devil's son  
I'm the youngest for thuggin' and dumbin', so I'm the one that they dependin'  
' on

Ask Vivi if there's some more lean in the freezer, 'cause I need my medicine  
I told my dog, "You actin' like a peon, you need to do better, bruh"  
I should've just got you a Dodge Neon, know why I got you a Tesla for  
The thottie won't top me, she wanna be wifey, but givin' everybody else pentagon

Bitch, I ain't done, let me see your tongue  
All these murders, I'm worser than fentanyl  
I told that lame nigga, "I like your chain, nigga," then when he looked up,  
his pendant gone  
I got the lemon pepper steppers on, how the fuck I ain't got no taste, bitch  
?  
I don't care if you go to planet Mars, get out my face, I need my space, bitch

Fuck 'round and bust down, star of David  
I'm a star, that's my daddy name  
I see you want my brother Davidson  
I guess 'cause that's our daddy name  
I need a body from my brother Manny, tell him don't call me back until it happen  
Somebody died in here, that's why there's maggots, my name Kodak Fiend Cinematic

Murder scene, horror scene, I need a Valentine for Halloween  
Bitch, I'm a savage, I don't care 'bout fashion, but fuck your drip, I wanna see you bleed  
Shit so bad, I made the news channel  
Bad bitch rude, don't wear sandals  
She walk in the room, don't tell me hello  
Just go, "Nigga, hello, let me smell your dick" (ay)

Booty move like Jell-O, it ain't stiff  
Percocet yellow, match my fit  
Still ain't told my family that I'm rich  
Ran a check-up, sky on a bitch  
Bought a jet, got Wi-Fi on that bitch  
Bought a yacht, might candy paint that bitch

I don't wan' make no love, just make me rich  
Lames make me sick  
Ex-drug-dealer, chain cost a brick  
I ain't like the nigga 'til I killed him  
Bust his brains, see him for who he is

Belt to ass, he shitty  
Bimmer bam seven fifty  
Make my hundo, got a gimmicks  
In my Belaire, where the dentist?  
What's your definition? 'Cause everybody real  
What's your name on the K? I got everybody killed  
I feed her bullshit still, shawty gon' eat up my spill

Kill Bill, bam, bam, bam, bam  
Bitch, stop cryin', I don't feel your tears  
Grandpa taught me how to be a player  
B M say she sue me, I don't pay her  
Bae keep on your heels when you ride  
Why my killer actin' like he tired?  
Only murder for me one time  
I'm so sick and tired of these guys

Confrontin' me like you some shooter nigga  
But when time present itself to prove it, nigga  
Nigga rather sit home with a poodle, nigga  
Should've told me you a pooper-scooper, nigga

I kill a nigga if he say a bad word  
I get so high, I can't type in my password  
Step, step, steppin' on shit, need a ladder  
She ask me how my day, bitch, why it matter?  
Bimmer seven fifty i sport  
Geek, geek, geeked up, nigga, like dork  
I won't put this dill pickle on Glorilla, said I'm too fat for her, tell her  
I slut

Ain't no bass in my tone, niggas steal from my voice

They be hatin' on a Zoe, niggas feel me, I know it  
Pa caught him fight, what's a lighter to a torch?  
Had to crawl 'fore you walk, I straight jumped off the porch  
I don't know what went wrong, but it's so strange with me  
I'm in love with the war 'cause the way that he bleed

I went "Versatile four" and it's late after three  
What's the point of me havin' the cake if I can't eat it, lil' bitch?  
And I want ice cream too  
I seen him last night, now he in the ICU