

Young Prodigy

Kodak Black

Aye, aye
Out here you gonna eat or starve, man
I'm a need what's on your plate, gimme that
Everything 1K over here
I'm hungry
Aye, look

Royalty can't buy you loyalty
Tell me, if I lose everything
Would you be over me?
I'm a tell you like they told me
This fame it ain't immortally
I ain't finna go switch oversea
Ain't no money controlling me
Black boy gave me a throwaway
I kept that shit, I ain't throw it away
Ten bands for the Jaguar
When I wrecked that shit, I remember that day
Been up, I been on my back
Now I'm up like an insomniac
Remember I made my first stack
When Wally had that Pontiac
Went to jail and I came back
Went through hell and I came back
Was in my cell, recreating myself
I died, and then I came back
Wondering where my partners at
Ain't write me and I acknowledge that
Snoop had me selling powder bags
He ain't even give me a dollar back
Later on, started sneaking shit in my pocket like it's contraband
Finessin' had me lookin' back at my profit, I had seven bands
Me, Mark, Greg, Tracy went up the road, hit for eleven bands
Project Baby, taliban
It's Kodak, run and tell a friend
It's for my mama, she love me
She just want the best for me
Told me I should be in the booth instead of posted up on the ugly
Was in the club on that Hennessy
Now you see me sippin' bubbly
All the stripper hoes on me
I ain't even gotta throw money
I ain't even gotta throw money

I'm a young prodigy
Now my plate filet mignon
No more collard greens
Doctor told me, "eat my veggies"
I'm smokin' broccoli
If you wasn't in the trenches with me
You can't rock with me

I was cheatin' on my girlfriend
I fell in love with finesse
Now I'm married to the money, catch me stuntin' on my ex
Call it Smackdown, hit your bitch with the triple X
Need a Gatorade break, they caught me running up a check

Ever since a youngin' I been runnin' up the guap
Coulda ran track, but I was busy runnin' from the cops
I'm a young Haitian
VVSeS in my watch like a Dalmatian
Bitch I got one hundred and one spots
Remember playing Lego, now I'm really on the blocks
Smoking loud, got my eyes so low I look like Fetty Wap
Jumpin' out ya window like Jeff Hardy
I'm a dirty nigga, boy, I got your bitch turnt up on molly

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