

# Feeling Like (feat. Jeezy)

## Kodak Black

I just pray to God, them crackers don't come indite me  
I know if I go to jail, you prolly never write me  
I be thinkin' like, "None these bitches really like me"  
I be feelin' like you only want me 'cause I'm icy  
I just pray to God, them crackers don't come indite me  
I know if I go to jail, you prolly never write me  
I be thinkin' like, "None these bitches really like me"  
I be feelin' like you only want me 'cause I'm icy  
My li'l nigga trippin', have to wanna catch a body  
He even dropped outta school to pursue his hobby  
I told him to just do it and don't talk about it  
And once you slide, boy, you better hit everybody  
I'm livin' like a sniper, slidin' with the window cracked  
'Cause I'm a backseat rider  
I be chasin' paper but these ladies, they be after me  
And every time I talk to one of 'em, they got a strategy  
And all of 'em got a game plan on how to capture me  
I'm thinkin' 'bout my life, every night I'm smokin' grabba leaf  
I'm thinkin' about my homies in the system  
I'm thinkin' about my homies 'cause I miss 'em  
I wish you could call me to come get you  
My nigga you missed Christmas  
My nigga you missed Easter  
My nigga you missin' out on your children  
The streets vouch for me 'cause rappin' what I'm livin'  
I rap the way I rap 'cause I be rappin' what I'm feelin'  
Li'l Kodak, I'm gone  
I just pray to God, them crackers don't come indite me  
I know if I go to jail, you prolly never write me  
I be thinkin' like, "None these bitches really like me"  
I be feelin' like you only want me 'cause I'm icy  
I just pray to God, them crackers don't come indite me  
I know if I go to jail, you prolly never write me  
I be thinkin' like, "None these bitches really like me"  
I be feelin' like you only want me 'cause I'm icy  
Now my daughter got a Nanny for my her other Nanny  
Bitch, I made it out the hood, motherfuck a Grammy  
Two mil on wheels, that's in my garage  
Wish Granny could see me now, bitch, I'm livin' large  
Trip to Lauderdale, reupped in Parkway  
50/50, make it back, that's what the odds say  
Young pray for us, we on the turnpike

And if them lights get behind us, I'ma burn rubber  
See niggas lose they life, nigga lose their minds  
Niggas get to lackin' they get left behind, woo  
These niggas love to hate but shit, I love the grind  
And ain't no lookin' back, that's just a waste of time  
Long live Fresh, these niggas ain't ride for ya  
But keep it real, hey, who really down to die for ya?  
All I know is that these chains take away this pain  
Strapped up in the 'rari in designer frames  
Man look, feds just hit the last house  
My paranoid ass barely got the cash out  
I feel like niggas don't want me to be great  
Italian made, but the inside cheesecake  
Thank the Lord, I got blessed with some trap money  
But the devil got me workin' for this rap money  
They tried to stop me livin' good, I'ma die today  
Rich nigga from the hood, I'ma die that way

Songwriters

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