

# Slayer (feat. Boosie) (Prod by Dubba-AA)

## Kodak Black

My nigga slayed a nigga, I just came from hanging with him  
I don't know what really happened, I think he home invaded the nigga  
You never catch me out here clapping unless they paid a nigga  
Why the fuck I chase a bitch when I don't even chase the liquor  
Hell yeah they call me Kodak but I ain't come to take no picture  
So icy, make it blizzard, and I'm leaning sippin' sizzurp  
Lil Wiz, still be kicking doors, I call that boy a wizard  
Damn, I was textin' drivin', I looked up, I wrecked the fender  
Wally say boy you better get her so I blitzed her  
No time to waste, therefore if I get her I'mma hit her  
My mama say, baby you a winner not a quitter  
Well not today, 'cause mama soon as I hit her I'mma quit her  
Cut the top with a scissor, turned my new car to a 'vert  
I might need a new liver 'cause my body full of syrup  
Kodak Black, but I'm smoking purp, thinkin' 'bout cheesy purp  
Rest in peace, Wayne Head and Purp, them boys down to earth  
She know I'm a beast in every angle, you can call me Kurt  
Flipped her over by her ankles, locked her and she called me Kurt  
She know I be getting to the paper, I be putting in work  
Up the road, playing with the papers, yeah I got that work I'm on that greedy shit, that fiendin' shit, I need a  
piece  
I'm on that wreckless shit, that selfish shit, I'm playing for keeps  
Money hungry, I can't spell bitch, I gotta eat  
I keep that heavy metal just in case he tryna creep  
I'm on that schemin' shit, you better give me everything  
I'm on that Demon shit, the devil know I keep that heat  
You remind me of your bitch, I got you on your knees  
Jeep Cherokee, I'm skiing with my dope boy wrist Take his bag then smash, what uncle telling me  
Dirty pistol, dirty mask, another felony  
Rocks in my mouth, I spit 'em out when I was sellin' weed  
Choppers was tryna take me out at only seventeen  
9 Glock, body rock, this bitch hold 17  
Mouth wet, pussy hot, she just was 17 (Too young for me)  
Cocaine under my nails, working this triple beam  
No fingerprints on my shells, too sticky from the lean  
I'm on that greedy shit, it's mine, I ain't gon' feed a bitch  
Leave you leaking quick, one shot, one kill, Desert Eagle shit  
I really got it out the mud, this ain't no freebie shit  
Guess how I got all my muscle, from deleting shit

Hard on the pussy, no old lady, I just borrow pussy  
These niggas thugging for the gram, gon' record the pussy  
Boy you remind me of your bitch, you a bitch  
Your address supposed to be a nigga ditch  
Old pussy ass niggal'm on that greedy shit, that fiendin' shit, I need a piece  
I'm on that wreckless shit, that selfish shit, I'm playing for keeps  
Money hungry, I can't spell bitch, I gotta eat  
I keep that heavy metal just in case he tryna creep  
I'm on that schemin' shit, you better give me everything  
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Songwriters

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