

Young Prodigy

Kodak Black

[Intro: Kodak Black]

Aye, aye

Out here you gonna eat or starve, man
I'mma need what's on your plate, gimme that
Everything 1K over here

I'm hungry

Aye, look[Verse 1 : Kodak Black]

Royalty can't buy you loyalty

Tell me, if I lose everything

Would you be over me?

I'mma 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[Hook: Kodak Black]
I'mma 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
(x2)[Verse 2: Kodak Black]
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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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