

No Flockin

Kodak Black

[Intro]

Damn, that's so sad

KKK, KKK

[Verse]

Young nigga, I got old cash, spazzin' on they ass
I got Prada on my ho ass, got my last one mad
Pop a nigga like a damn tag, shoppin' on they ass
I just bought a new old Jag, yeah, it's so fast
Smokin' flocka, you a jackass, all I smoke is gas
Don't you ask me where the pole at, where yo' clothes at?
I ain't talkin' 'bout my niggas, dammit, but y'all trippin', too
Is it you? Damn, my nigga, what the hell got into you?
Project Baby, y'all was skippin' in the hallway, I was skippin' school
On my Ps and Qs, on them jiggas, call me jiggaboo
Bleedin' concrete, bet you niggas won't come 'cross the street
Pardon me, I on't talk to you so don't you talk to me
I ain't dissin' on nobody, B, I'm vibin' on the beat
Honestly, I'm just tryna be, I just gotta be
Tryin' to get over on anything, they tellin' lies to me
I spent five on my pinky ring, she love my diamond ring
Anyway, I'm married to the game, she said her vows to me
I ain't gettin' on my knees, bae, you bow down to me
You go down for me, you lay down and do the time for me
Sorry, boo, yeah, I lied to you, but don't you lie to me
It's Lil Kodak, the finesse kid, boy, who hot as me?
Told the doctor I'm a healthy kid, I smoke broccoli
I will run around your whole board like Monopoly
Ol' boy, you's a broke boy, flocka's got you beat
Chocolate, call me Reese's, can't catch me without the piece
C'est la vie, I'm ten toes down, you fallin' off your feet
I will trick yo ass for a treat, call it Halloween
Yeah, that money's what I play fo', call it lottery
Goddamn, you's a clown to me, you's a clown to me
You can't smoke no Black & Milds with me, get in the car with me
You a funny guy, don't you even joke around with me
How could it be? Get from 'round a G, you grounded from me
I'm a freeband junkie, you a junkie
You gettin' skinny, I'm gettin' chunky, gettin' money
Want some food? Boy, you hungry, I want them hundreds

Hundreds

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>