

# Young Prodigy

## Kodak Black

Aye, aye  
Out here you gonna eat or starve, man  
I'mma eat 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'mma tell you like they told me  
This fame and ain't no more to leave  
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 rent 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  
Man while he had that Pontiac  
Went to jail and I came back  
Went through hell and I came back  
Was on 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'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 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  
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 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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>