

# Kodak Black, Let Me Know

Yeah

Out of sight, you're out of mind, you're out of luck, it's like nobody even care if you be 'round  
Why I fall off with my niggas when I'm up? Why nobody stand up for me when I'm down?  
You back in jail and this time they say you stuck, everybody laughin' at you like a clown  
Why the only time you hate me when I'm up? And why the only time you love me when I'm down?  
Why I lost best new artist to Khalid, 2017?  
We all knew that should've been me  
But I never hated, I congratulated  
Shit, at least I was nominated  
But if Cardi B win, then I won too  
I do it for the real niggas 'cause I'm one too  
The fact I made it out the shit that they be goin' through  
Will make 'em feel like if I win, then they won too  
Lil' buddy got popped, some niggas in the squad too  
And why them niggas turned around and say they know it's you?  
Keep it real, why the hell I wanna harm you?  
When everything I drop, they said they wanted part two  
I heard his Benz got dropped and they went and point you  
I'm like, "Man, how the fuck I'm behind bars too?"  
And I'm writin' these bars behind bars too  
Lookin' at the TV like, "Damn, that could've been all you"  
I wanna be front and center at the awards too  
I wanna be countin' skrilla and livin' large too  
Hoppin' out rentals and switchin' cars too  
Sippin' Don P with my niggas and flippin' broads too  
I guess I'm too gangster to win a Grammy  
And only the gangsters could understand me  
Niggas who live by the code, we speak the same language  
They love to hear me flow, I speak that shit fluent  
Yeah, if I was you, I would've killed me and you knew it  
You had a chance and you blew it  
Kodak, why you always got pain in your music?  
I be feelin' like I gotta sing to get through it  
Why these niggas always sound the same in they music?  
Rappin' 'bout they money and they chains in they music  
Yeah, I be duffin', road runnin', got this rental here from Hertz  
I'm conditioned, trained myself to stay authentic and be pure  
I'm duffin', road runnin', got this rental here from Hertz  
Conditioned, trained myself to stay authentic and be pure  
They wanna see me die, wanna see me cry, they wanna see me smirk  
Yeah, my nigga died, but it ain't hurt  
Yay, I love my nigga baby daddy, ayy  
I know he just wanna see me happy, oh  
I'm walkin' up out the feds like, "Is you ready?" Yeah  
I'm stackin' up all this bread, I made a sandwich, yeah  
They wanna see me dead, they wanna see me menaced, yeah  
My mama told me, "Baby, keep it steady," yeah  
"Stop postin' on the corner like you average," yeah  
"You ain't no regular nigga, you got status now"  
Wrecked the Porsche, then I pulled up in an Aston, ayy  
She keep smokin' dick 'cause she an addict, yeah  
I'ma keep her 'round 'cause she got talent, yeah  
I came home twenty-one 'cause I'm a savage, yeah  
If you ain't tryna keep me, let me live, if you ain't tryna stay, then let me go  
Before you let me head in these streets, you should go ahead and let me know  
I just want for you to let me know, son, lately, I ain't really been too sure  
Ayy, I just want for you to let me know son, I just want for you to let me know