

# I'm So Awesome - Kodak Black Lyrics

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## “I'm So Awesome”

[Verse]

Uh, hopped out to spray, then I hopped in the Wraith  
Yeah, I'm havin' fun today  
Step on these niggas in Davie I play

Yeah, that's where my mama stay  
Get you some money, you stay here, you pay  
You can't be sittin' in my mansion all-day  
I go to prison, I'm havin' my way  
Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm

Go to Morocco and fuck on a thot ho', I'm so, I'm so awesome  
Think cuz she finer, she gon' get designer  
No, get you a job or  
somethin'

Jay Crack my dawg, you know, he been my Weenie  
Fuck with him long way, he known me since Peewee  
Remember them times I was fuckin' on Fiji

Yeah, uh, thanks for them letters, real nice, you get CC  
All of my bitches be yellow, like Beezy  
Flex on these niggas, I make it look easy  
I'm draggin' my nuts, they be all on my Fiji  
Drippin' on these bitches, they eatin' my spit up

Ran out of gas, I'ma need me a fill up  
She say I raped the bitch, no, but I bit her  
I got too much money, ain't doin' no sit-up  
Hopped out to spray, then I hopped in my bag

Yeah, I'm in my Birkin

Shoutout to Gucci, I think that's my dad

Yeah, I was just jerkin'

I hit the woah 'cause I like that lil' dance

I be on go, you gon' live where you stand

Pull out the Ghost, I'm too rich for a Benz

Mmm, yeah

Louis be callin' me Daddy and shit, uh, that's my baby  
Shorty be throwin' her kids on me, hmm, 'cause they need savin'

This how I'm livin', I'm deadass

End of your girl, your lil' head ass

Like when you callin' me Daddy, haha

Daddy, Zaddy, pullin' up, I'm on the addy

They searched the crib and I still got a gun in the attic

I done got real and established

This wasn't 'posed to happen, 'cause I was just jackin' and stuff

I turn a nigga to maggots, yeah, he dead, flies everywhere

I done created the fabric y'all niggas be jackin', so they gotta pay me  
to wear

Courvoisier is a poor, nigga, drink

But I'm drinkin', you need a license to share

I'ma see y'all like a Z and I Z who I Z, that's just the way that I am

Courvoisier is a poor, nigga, drink, but I drank it, I tank it

I keep some saks in the MAC and it shake in my blanket, the blanket

I keep security 'cause I'm tired of shootin'

I be on tears and my eyes be googly

Big dumbass rupees on all of my toothies

Ass shots, I put that fire on your booty

Hop in and spray soon as I hop out the coochie

I'm a clean lil' nigga, I'm awesome

I got a whole lotta demands

I ain't want a Benz, so I bought my dawg one  
I don't be countin' the Maybach truck  
Even though it's a Benz, I don't it count though

Thirty inch rounds, gotta mount it though  
I'ma treat you like you weren't my ram before  
Candy paint Lambo', just hopped out to spray  
I keep some bands on me, just to go play  
Run out of family, you niggas okay  
You ain't got no parents and you just in my way  
Step on these niggas, I stand on the hoes  
Cutthroat nigga, yeah, anythin' go  
I hop out the 'Ville, fixin' my pistol  
Pounce out on niggas, I look like I'm Tigger

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