

Feelin Peachy - Kodak Black Lyrics

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"Feelin Peachy"

You know I needed you, why would leave me?

Keeping it real every day, it ain't easy

Sorry this ain't orange, this is peach

Gotta keep a carbon in my reach

Picking calamari out my teeth, baby

This is peach

Gotta keep a carbon in my reach

Picking calamari out my teeth, baby (yeah)

Might just put them Forgi's on a Jeep

I keep spilling coffee on my jeans

I don't like this talking, I'm gon' squeeze, baby (yeah)

You know I needed you, why would leave me?

Keeping it real every day, it ain't easy

Cardigans weather, it come out next season

Desiree would you just stay with me please?

I'ma bless lil' mama like she sneezing

Scored a triple double for my nieces
I just bought a Rover for no reason
I'm on house arrest, I can't even leave
Locked up in the pen, but I ain't peed
The water dripping off me Aquafina
Love my uncle Ian, uncle Beenie
Love my auntie 'Quisda auntie Nina
Blowing all this money 'cause it freeze
Scamming in Miami by the beach
Telling on your homies, that ain't Z
Boy, I heard you ratted for a cheesecake
This is peach
Gotta keep a carbon in my reach
Picking calamari out my teeth, baby (yeah)
Might just put them Forgi's on a Jeep
I keep spilling coffee on my jeans
I don't like this talking, I'm gon' squeeze, baby
Snipers and the beams in lil', lil' Haiti
Sipping on the lean but I ain't lazy
Desiree, bae, check your saving
Skeeted on her face, she say, "Don't waste it"
I been smoking coffee with the weed
I'ma keep you healthy selling P's

Devil wanna sign me, what's the plea?
Double nines on me, I'm from 18th
Louis V peach-colored blanket
Dogging on these bitches, I got rabies
Hitting her from the back, I told her face me
I been getting a lot of money lately
Cardi B I hope you like your bracelet
Shawty say I'm handsome for a Haitian
I just rent the Spyder for the weekend
Lying on my dick but it ain't shrinking
Sorry, this ain't orange, this is peach
Gotta keep a carbon in my reach
Picking calamari out my teeth, baby, yeah
Might just put them Forgi's on a Jeep
I keep spilling coffee on my jeans
I don't like this talking, I'm gon' squeeze, baby (yeah)
Cracka tryna tell me go to sleep
I been writing lyrics after three
Brother told me fuck it stick to rappin'
Everybody know you 'bout yo action
White girl say she feeling peachy
I still smell her pussy on my pinky
Bae that pussy taste like, tangerine

Sorry, this ain't orange, this is peach
Gotta keep a carbon in my reach
Picking calamari out my teeth, baby (yeah)
Might just put them Forgi's on a Jeep
I keep spilling coffee on my jeans
I don't like this talking, I'm gon' squeeze, baby (uh)

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