

# Calling My Spirit

## Kodak Black

I gave it all I could give  
I made it hot at the crib  
I kept that fire at the crib  
Where you gon' go when you dip?  
How I'ma know who for real?  
I pour a four in a fifth  
You already know what it is  
I keep a pole in the whip  
'Cause a lot of these niggas out here envy me  
It ain't no ho in the clique  
None of my dawgs got fuckboy tendencies  
I don't even show no sympathy  
Sipping on Hennessy, it got me bending sideways  
Everything on me drippin', you niggas can't ride the wave  
Nigga run around with the juice, nigga come spill your drank  
I done earn my stripes now I'm tryna go get me some real rank  
Readin' through my third eye 'cause I got tunnel vision  
Had to open my mind, then I opened a Benz  
It's like you gotta sell your soul for them to pay attention  
Fuck all that playing, now I'm grown, I put my heart in it  
I had to get down with that chrome to show them niggas I'm serious  
And it's like every song I'm on, I be calling my spirits I put my Hublot on rocks  
I put moscato on rocks  
Where I'm from we don't say opp  
Shoot at an OV, shoot at a cop  
Shoot at the police, shoot at your top  
I made a million off socks  
Free all my niggas who stuck in a box  
Locked up and watching the clock  
Locked up, they fighting with locks  
Locked up, they swinging they knives  
I can't be living this life  
No more Bacardi, alright  
I don't want Cardi so I'ma pour Henny on ice  
My vision is vivid, told you I'm really a menace  
I'll show you I'm destined to get it  
I be outside with the glizzy  
Toting that fire, I be trippin'  
I just might die how I'm living  
Ain't tell nobody, but I'm tripping  
Niggas ain't catching me slipping, ayy, yeah  
I make you laugh when you with me

Know that my swag is terrific (Glee, glee)  
Ain't seen my dad in a minute  
But I can't be mad, I got millions  
I just pulled up in a lemon  
Thuggin', so fuck your opinion  
I'm thuggin', so fuck how you feeling  
I'm calling my spirit  
Readin' through my third eye 'cause I got tunnel vision  
Had to open my mind, then I opened a Benz  
It's like you gotta sell your soul for them to pay attention  
Fuck all that playing, now I'm grown, I put my heart in it  
I had to get down with that chrome to show them niggas I'm serious  
And it's like every song I'm on, I be calling my spirits  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>