

You say
You say I'm too young, too foolish
Well I became myself spite what you say
Still tryna find a way that I can stay the same
Maybe that's my naïveté

Fuck that shit
I'mma run it how I want and that's it
Money singing off the phone
That shit works for me
It's a curse on me (that's a bag)
No dey put a curse on me (I reflect)
Letting God at work on me (I repent)
Do it for myself never for a man

I'm just 21
What it feels to be more than 21
I've never known
I've never tried
I've never loved
What am I supposed to do with what I done
Where did all the years go?

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
I was at the house
Tryna to figure out who the fuck I am
11, 12 went too fast
3 to 16, too fast
7, 8 was a big year
19 got a big bag
Counting 100's playing '20 somethings'
I am counting on myself now
Crying by myself now
I'm 21
At my grown ass age

Oh, 21
What it feels to be more than 21
I've never known
I've never tried
I've never loved
Forgive if I don't say it right or say enough
Real shit I'm just 21