

Not Now

Cadet

Aight, venting
It feels like a nigga needs help
I don't wanna say too much though
'Cause it feels like I've got nothing to myself
Already said about Stereotype, and I've said everything about Slut
I told you lot about waiting by the window
How my father was really on drugs
But shit ain't changed that much though
Look, what am I gonna do - lie?
What's the point up in that? If you already know my life
You already know about Gipset days
Violate cousin get banged in the face
And we done the whole 'Krept's cousin'
I'm my own man, look how I sit in my ways
And I know that you wanna hear a story
And I'ma give you one, nigga, pipe down
But this one ain't about back then, this one's about right now
So Allah, I beg you guide me
And make everything that I say be truth
I just want them to understand so they can see the world in my views
But anyway, now where was we?
My father, you were an idol to me
Even downloaded Twitter I remember, for me
Just so he could retweet
Anyway, shit's so good in the hood
And I still live with my dad in the city
Normally the vibe's calm in the house
Last month he's been moving iffy
I'm like "yo, pops, what's going on?"
He says "I'm gonna tell you"
I say "when?"
And right now a nigga be nervous
Normally, he would address shit there and then
See, aight, it's bait
But he wants time, to plan and see what he's gonna say
I won't put you through the nervous wait
Cool, I'll skip this a couple of days

I'm praying, Lord, I'm praying for some bad days
All these problems got me in my ways
Man I lose myself thinking about all this pain
Now when the tables gonna turn my way?
There's no quitting now
Listen, I'm the man now
And I can't give up now
I need you to stick around

Now he takes me and my sister shisha
We just wanna know what's going on
He's telling man his usual jokes
We're looking at him like "dad, what's wrong?"
He's still telling his jokes and the shisha I smoke
Snapping and getting out the camera
Right in the middle of his jokes and his banter
Hear this man say something about cancer
Of course, he tries to carry on talking
Sis is crying and me, I go stiff

And he's saying shit like "they caught it early"
It's normal shit, he'll be normal quick
Maybe I sound naive and shit, but I didn't think that stuff really exists
I thought that shit only happened on the TV
Never saw one so close to the kid
So nah man, I ain't tryna hear that
Fuck that, I ain't tryna hear that
Not my dad, I ain't tryna hear that
Not my pops, I ain't tryna hear that
So now what I gotta see my dad go through
On top all that shit that my dad's gone through
He's just gone from a crackhead to a king
Like, how much shit can a man go through?
And every day after that was stress
'Cause every week after that was tests
Learning shit about keyhole surgery
Spending hours on the NHS
A date gets set for the operation
Now we just gotta get prepared
He's staying strong like a father should
But look in his eyes, I can see that he's scared
Anyway, operation's success
The cancer's gone
But now he's so weak
I don't wanna ask dumb questions, like "dad, are you okay?"
Look, so I don't speak
And me, I don't talk, me, I just stare
And I don't even know my tough stuff
Just my brain it can't comprehend, seeing Superman so fucked up
So that night I slept there
Well, you know, just as much as I can sleep
I'm so close to my dad, his guardian angel's gotta try and get through me
Remember that story - when I was a young one I missed my birthday and fell a
sleep by the window
Now I'm sleeping next to my dad, and I'm moving the cover every time that th
e wind blows
Told him rest for six weeks
But the second week he was back in the office
Taking care of business
Man, I hate it but I guess that's what a boss is
Taking care of a fucked up me, my sisters and my little bro
Still being the whole head of the family
Hear [?] nanny saying that she wanna go but
Fuck man
My dad, you get me?
My idol, my king
I look up to you so much

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