

# My 27th Birthday

Dave

(Everything's fine)  
Look

White fish on the coast of the Caribbean, my life is a film  
Hero and villain, I'm playin' both in the script  
Worthy of Spielberg or Christopher Nolan readin'  
The constant overachievin', I know  
I ain't as rich as them people with old money, but I didn't know money  
They mock me online for speakin' up on all of our issues  
And bein' vocal, the shit that I see on socials  
But how can I stay silent when, when  
I'm out in Barbados, white people mistreatin' locals  
The villa in Jamaica, but it's owned by the Chinese  
Head to the right beach and they're chargin' us five each  
They say, "The Caribbean paradise, like, why leave?"  
But how can I be silent when there's blood on the pine trees?  
Most of us would sacrifice our soul for the right fees  
Before I find love, I'm just prayin' I find peace  
Before I find love, I'm just prayin' I find peace  
You know what I believe, I don't know if I handled it well  
It's fuck Coca-Cola, did I stop drinkin' Fanta as well?  
I could see the blood on the lyrics I write for myself  
I cried about slavery, then went to Dubai with my girl  
"Surely I ain't part of the problem", I lied to myself  
Jewels that my people die for are a sign of my wealth  
My work is a physical weight of my life and my health  
The last couple years, felt like I been inside on a shelf  
I just phoned Cench, and I said, "You inspired myself"  
I don't feel a spot of jealousy inside of myself  
But when I'm all alone, I won't lie, I question myself  
Am I self-destructive? Am I doin' the best for myself?  
I know I love music, but I question the rest of myself  
Like, why don't you post pictures? Or why don't you drop music?  
Or why not do somethin' but sittin' and stressin' yourself?  
Ten years I been in the game and I won't lie, it's gettin' difficult  
This shit used to be spiritual  
We don't need no commentators, we could leave that to the sports  
Just listen to the music, why do you need somebody's thoughts?  
And some of it constructive, but most of it is forced  
And why we countin' the numbers, how the music make you feel?  
I'm just bein' real  
(Alright)

Yeah

White fish on the coast of the Caribbean, my life is a film  
Hero and villain, I'm playin' both in the script  
Worthy of Oscar and Hollywood nominations  
I'm throwin' money at women in different denominations and killin' the conversation  
All them people told me, "Keep grindin', be patient"  
It's weird bein' famous, tryna navigate the spaces  
Feel like a celebrity, but you ain't on the A-list  
And you never drop, so you ain't really on a playlist  
But your fans love you, you can see it on their faces  
America feels so close that you can taste it  
2017, was tryna make it to the ranges  
2025, I'm tryna make it to the Grainges

How do I explain me and my soulmate are strangers, that we've already met  
And I've known her for ages?  
How do I explain, because I'm runnin' out of pages?  
How do I explain South London and its dangers?  
Can't recall the last time that we was all together, but  
All I can remember, the Olympics was in Beijing  
Move to Dubai, that's for the taxes that they takin'  
Or move to Qatar, feel the breeze on the beach  
But how can I explain to my kids that it's fake wind?  
Free, but I'm broke, have me feelin' like I'm caged in  
How do I explain two pounds got you eight wings?  
How do I explain my opps lost, but we ain't win?  
Girls I'm around had surgery on their hips  
How do I explain that I love her the way she is?  
How do I explain my feelings on having kids?  
That it wasn't what it was, but it is what it is  
How do I explain my niggas are in the hood?  
And they don't ask for nothin' even though they know they could  
'Cause they'd rather trap, rob, and get it on their own  
How do I explain these messages on my phone?  
I just got a call, my girl's sittin' in the car  
And it says "Serge" but Serge with us in the car  
I know I might sound like a villain from afar  
How do I explain that my mechanic is a chick?  
Or why she callin' me when I don't even own a whip because my licence is revoked?  
I mean, how do I explain that I don't want to heal 'cause my identity is pain?  
How do I explain, I mean, how do I explain?  
I went and hit the streets because I didn't want a boss  
I ended up a worker, I was barely gettin' paid  
For someone that was two years above me in my age  
I didn't even find it strange, I mean, how do I explain?

Yeah

Fifty-two miles from Marseilles, I'm in Miraval  
Four years, seventeen days, I ain't been around  
I can't lie, it even shocks me that I'm still around  
I can't lie, it even shocks me how I'm livin' now  
Starin' at this Rachel Jones painting, I'm sittin' down  
The last thing I drew was a weapon, I'm livin' wild  
Turned twenty-seven, but I feel like I'm still a child  
In this house out in Central London I can barely afford  
Six months sober and I feel like I'm Dave again  
Drinkin' all my pain and my sorrows away again  
I got withdrawal symptoms, but they happen at ATMs  
Next two years, I'll be lookin' at eighty M's  
Who's the best artist in the world? I'm sayin' Tams  
Maybe James Blake or Jim, on the day, depends  
Let's see who quits now we ain't gettin' paid again, yeah  
I'm just here drinkin' liquor by myself  
Is my music just becomin' a depiction of my wealth?  
Never trust a girl whose lock screen's a picture of herself, I had to learn that shit myself  
Now I'm sittin' by myself with no girl, like, shit, I really did this to myself  
Twenty-seven and I'm terrified of livin' by myself 'cause there's a kid inside myself I haven't healed  
And me and him debate each other  
I can't love myself, I'm made from two people that hate each other  
My parents couldn't even save each other, made each other unhappy  
Used to be excited by the block, but size doesn't matter  
You supplyin' it or not? Sling a shot, I could have really killed a giant wi

th a rock

But that's a life that I forgot, and my young boys are slidin' over what?

I don't know 'cause I ain't spoke to him in time

Been afraid of gettin' older, scared of bein' left behind

And then I-, and then I question, will I live my life in resent?

Is anybody ever gonna take my kindness for strength?

I gave Tisha the world, it weren't enough and then she went

Everybody's makin' content, but nobody's content

Safe space, can I vent? It crept up

My girl cheated on me when I was next up

It made me want her even more, man, it's messed up

I still walk around the Vale with my chest out

I don't wanna leave my house because I'm stressed out

You done me dirty and you didn't even tell a lie

It ain't about what you said, it's what you left out

My whole life, I been feelin' like I'm left out

If you fuck another girl, she say you cheated on her

And if she fuck another man, she say she stepped out

And if you askin' 'bout Dave, they say, "The best out"

Yeah, and I survived all these eras cah I barely made any, I'm just speakin' how I feel

Yeah, fucked up, speakin' how I feel

Recordin' till the morning, I ain't even had a meal

I dropped Joni home and fell asleep behind the wheel

Drivin' at a hundred an hour, I switched gears

I ain't spoke to 169 in six years

Don't even get me started on-, this shit's weird

Call me what you want, but with music, I'm sincere

You wanna know the reason it's taken me four years?

It's not 'cause I'm surrounded by yes-men and sycophants

It's 'cause I'm with producers and people that give a damn

It's me who's gotta carry the pressure, I live with that

All I thought about was the song we could give the fans when I was out there gettin' stood up by artists I'm bigger than

I don't want no girls around when my nieces, they visit man

They might see the way that I'm livin', I figured that

I wanna be a good man, but I wanna be myself too

And I don't think that I can do both, so I can't let her too close

It hurts, but I'm still movin', feel like it's me versus me and I'm still lo sin'

Yo, my boy, it's Josiah, what you sayin'?

You know man had to check you on your fuckin' birthday, my boy

More life, my guy

Man soon out, don't even watch that

What you sayin', though, bro?

I know you got space on one of them eight-minute, nine-minute tracks to give man a shoutout

Tell the people dem my story

Dem man already know what I was on, the mandem know my ting

Come on, bro, I know you got me

Aight, lastly, my sis', Tamah

I beg you check in with her, please, make sure she's blessed

While I'm gone, make sure she's safe

Ayy, soon home, my boy, love