

# 21 Candles

Knucks

I've been wavy from a baby you can ask my pop  
He said welcome to the world I said "my darg what up"  
I wore my pampers below my waist  
And I think the nurses still know my face cause I asked them to hold a taste  
I been a thug, sipping Lipton from a sippy cup  
Even in the sandbox you niggas still couldn't sit with us  
Young menace I was everyone's handful  
And now I'm here staring at 21 candles  
Its funny how shit turn out, friendships and relationships ain't work out  
Set a bridge on fire till it burns out  
Had some problems I was trying to work out  
While you was probably tweeting at your bird's house  
Burning herbs up in the work house  
Chatting to Estelle she trying to get me round at her house to herb out  
Then there was Agatha, told her hold her shakara  
Fam this hmm hmm girl will get the pampana  
What you bluffing, thought that I was cuffing  
Girl you should apply some Robb, Vicks or Robitussin  
Killing man, I'm ruthless when I rhyme inna di function  
Chewing on a toothpick while I'm lining up they coffins  
Fake MC's my g I see them in abundance  
Its like the worth of words is getting cheaper by the dozen  
Or was there even realness in the first place  
Aye yo spark another one man its my birthday  
Shit

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Still running through the six like drake tho  
And the snakes still slithering like draco  
She weren't trying to spend the night because she say I'm young  
I'm like ok you 25 but now I'm 21  
You stupid, past affiliations with a Judas  
I can tell she lying like she Lucious  
But its like people love to stab me in my back  
So many times I walk around with daggers in my back  
But yo I'm glad I had my back, Its best you have your own yo  
Madness in the postcode has shown a nigga the roads cold  
My flows colder than stone cold out with no coat  
And makes you feel the wave like you left the coast in an old boat  
Get me tho, you wouldn't find me vybzng with just any hoe  
She said she'll never let me go  
Remember never having crap I was hella broke  
Now my crep game fat like its Terio  
And they'll all kill 'em  
You can try them but can't walk in them  
Chilling with four women in pure linen  
With dior trimming, my thoughts are all written  
Realest, you can't chat to my lyrics like they got autism  
Man they couldn't test me on my worst day  
Haters will be haters till they turn grey  
Aye N pour me up something man its my birthday

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