

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

All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most
All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most
All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most
All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most

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 vybzing 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

All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most

All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most
All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most
All the realists make a toast, middle fingers to the most