

Uh, uh, uh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Uh  
Never knocked with this shit  
This year I'm playing pops for my kids  
I know the game, I know the guap isn't his  
They throwing shade and pray to God it doesn't miss  
I know my snake, I mow the lawn, he doesn't hiss  
Hold my chain and know tomorrow is legit  
I can't complain about my sorrows as a jit  
Hold my fist when I know abyss coming  
Hold a clip 'cause I can feel it when my chips running  
Poppa know me, I'ma get it if I did want it  
Grown quick, I peep the dollar, keep their lips clucking  
These niggas lying, tryna bridge nothing  
Tryna get me out my mind when I did nothing  
I was born around the time when they chipped pumpkin  
Brodie, I was sick, running  
Days when I was really in the crib hungry  
Really 'bout to lick something  
More mature, they used to treat me like the big cousin  
Tell me what it is, cousin  
Don't wanna smell it, wanna feel it if the spliff busting

'Cause who was really there when the bliss wasn't? when bliss wasn't?  
Is you really with the shits or would you dip from it?  
Uh, 'cause who was really there when the bliss wasn't? the bliss wasn't  
Is you really with the shits or would you dip from it? Or you dip from it?