

Diddy Bop

Noname

I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready
I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready
I'm ready, I'm ready

This sound like Mississippi sippy cup, daddy turn bibby up
Henny invented the catalyst for happiness in my cup
This sound like kiddies on the playground when mama was running up
Ooooooh, you about to get your ass beat
This sound like niggas complaining when their bitches like Raz-B
B2K in the stereo, we juke in the back seat
Or juke in the basement, in love with my KSWISS's
This feel like jumping in a pool and I'm knowing I can't swim
Ooooooh, you about to get your ass beat
For stealing that twenty dollars like "baby, just ask me"
Mama say she love, love, loved us
When the lights was off we had to stay with cousins
Granny at the BBQ with petty ass husband
Summertime, city life, Chi-town, my town, my town
After school matters like I'm needing that stipend right now
Kennicott parking lot got caught with the blunt like "wow wow"

Run, run, run, mama say come home
Before the streetlights do
Ice cream on my front porch
In my new FUBU and my A1's too
Watching my happy block
My whole neighborhood hit the Diddy bop

This sound like growing out my clothes
With stars in my pocket, dreaming bout making my hood glow
This sound like every place I would go, if I could fly
This feel like every summertime
Fall asleep dreaming bout all the places I could go
And every one of them feels so close, still chasing time

And I am not a star, I am a meteor
On a crash course towards Earth across the cosmos
Versus Perseus to the father
Of his birth to tell the truth, that I'm his real son
Get blocked, I'ma build one
Get blocked, I'ma build two
Hope that you see it's a staircase
Still pray for a fair day
Where they give a fair race to the marinade
And the dogons and the eses and the fair-faced
Keith H. when I peel paint
Rainbows with a pink blue
And a sea foam type of green hue
Make a clear space
Stop overreacting, it's past my curfew I'm out after 6
Happily making my accident
Mama gon' whoop on my ass again
Pray that I'm making my way before 8
And I might have to sneak in the back again
Hope that Memorial traffickin'
Hope that she stopping for gas again
Girl I just want to relax again

Pray you gon' bring that shit back again
Pray you gon' bring that shit back again
I know

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This sound like growing out my clothes
With stars in my pocket, dreaming 'bout making my hood grow
This sound like every place I would go, if I could fly
This feel like every summertime
Fall asleep dreaming bout all the places I could go
And every one of them feels so close, still chasing time

Watching my happy block
My whole neighborhood hit the Diddy bop
Watching my happy, watching my happy ooh ooh
Watching my happy block
My whole neighborhood hit the Diddy bop