Under the Sun (feat. DaBaby)

Dreamville, J. Cole & Lute

If you miss me
And you can't find
I done seen it all, my God
Yeah
I done seen it all, my God, I swear
Uh, uhNothing new under the sun, nobody fucking with son
I got a couple of sons, a couple of guns
A couple of niggas that bust up the party and fuck up the fun
She digging me and I'm cuffing her friend
She ig'-ing you while we fucking for fun
I got her suckin' her thumb, that's my lil' baby
She call me daddy like grandmama baby
If this Sunday dinner, my hand on her gravy
I been on the craziest wave, if I'm on the stage
An M is my minimum wage
This ain't no kennel, behave
Niggas is with all that barking, we send 'em a stray
So in a way we the dogcatchers
How many bullets your dawg catchin'?
Sawed-off, raw dog fashion
Hauled off, hope God catch him, damn
I woke up for some money, ayy, lil' bitch
Too many opps in here, tell me who you with, ayyPotato over my gun
I move in silence 'cause niggas be clocking my funds
When they should keep eye on they
bitch 'cause baby girl coming with son
Niggas be judging my moves, but please tell me, what have you done?
My cousin might air out the party for fun
Pistol grips get to squeezing
Wish a nigga would like Liam Neeson
I don't even need a reason, loyalty over treason
Bitch nigga, come and see me
Put some respect on my name
What side of my city I claim
I try to stay in my lane
Took my advance and put a cold piece on them thangs
I'm Beatties Ford 'til the wheels fall
Know some niggas probably pissed off
Who would thought I made it this far?
Gold Mouf, bitch, fuck 'em all
I woke up for some money, ayy, lil' bitch
Too many opps in here, tell me who you withI just put diamonds on all of my teeth,

now they probably think I ain't intelligent
In the homicide unit interrogation,
asking questions, you know I ain't tell 'em shit
Bitches call me a jock, all-American
I'm at the top of my class with my letterman
I remember back in college, bitches knocking on my dorm door
I ain't never let 'em in
Now you know that that's cap, know I hit a few
Ain't no job, I'm selling gas like I'm Jiffy Lube
I had a freak, used to fuck while her boyfriend in class
I hit her from the back from like 10 to 2
No back and forth with these rappers
They mention me, dissin' me
No talkin' back, I won't mention you
Watch, when I come put that iron on your ass and I dip
They gon' want me to snitch in my interviews
I'm on fire, bitch, I'm lit, but I'm really cool
Don't acknowledge the shrimps when they ridicule
They don't come out after dark, bitch, I swim with the sharks
You ain't got enough heart, get a bigger pool
Wanna fight but he bigger, I ain't really trippin'
I reach under my shirt, grab a bigger tool
I got a Glock with a dick, let's get physical
They gon' be hollerin' out,
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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