

Father of 4 (feat. Big Rube)

Offset

[Intro: Big Rube]

Yeah, you already know what it is (Swerve)

It's noisy off the set path

How can I make choices I've yet to discover we have?

Must need rehab

If you think you know me from the facets they show these folks to get money, I gotta laugh

How funny it is you don't realize the skill lies in knowing within the truth there's still lies

It's called being civilized

But not to trivialize your belief in the semi-fictionalized

I am who you see

What you hear is part of me

But there's so much more to me

So much more to be than just alive

A son, a brother, a husband, a father

But still can go even farther

Wish and will, can go harder

In that time, I went the hardest

More than this generic term "artist"

A reality smith, you love my craftsmanship

Because I craft some shit to make my people proud

And so I speak aloud, but not loud enough yet

Or as loud as I can get

They think I ain't a threat

But all preconceived notions, I've arrived

To Offset

[Chorus: Offset]

I was seventeen years old when I had you (When I had you)

Tryna find my soul when I had you (When I had you)

I was oh so broke when I had you (When I had you)

Locked up down the road when I had you (When I had you)

Jordan, sorry I wasn't there for all your birthdays

I tried to hit, I wasn't rich, and had no workplace

My son, Kody, he three, rappin' already like me

Ridin' in the car, you don't play me, then he gon' scream [Verse 1: Offset]

Kalea, you my first, first daughter

I missed the first years of your life, I'm sorry

Tell the truth, I ain't really know if I was your father

Tell the truth, I really don't even know your mama

But I had to step up, my daddy had left us

Even though we gotta catch up, pray to God that he bless us

I'ma keep grindin' for my kids, never gon' let up

I'ma put the money up for y'all, I can't be selfish

Had a baby as a kid, mama kicked me out
Had to go and hit a lick, tryna put food in your mouth
Then I got caught for the shit, in the pen when she pushed you out
Your mama tried to push me down, ain't let me stay at the house

[Chorus: Offset]

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[Verse 2: Offset]

I'm a father of four, gotta get that cash, gold
Keep my past closed, 'member I ain't had no dough
Spend a big bag on clothes, Gucci from the head to toes
Not two, not three, all four, that's all they know
Kulture, remind me of my grandma, feel like she is closer
Gotta thank your mama, she hold me like holsters
Gotta protect her from the world, I can't even post her
Ups and downs in this fame, roller coaster
If I don't ball, then everything 'round me fall

I'm prayin' to God to watch my kids, that's my all...[Chorus: Offset]

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