

# Under the Sun (feat. Lute & 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, uh Nothing 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, ayy Potato 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 with I 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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