

Cole World

J. Cole

I think it's gonna be a hell of a night, a hell of a night
So we could do whatever you like It took me all day to find some inspiration
It just hit me like a ton of bricks, no renovation
Problem with the game now, there ain't no innovation
I see my shit all in your shit, we call that imitation
And they say that's flattering, but I ain't flattered at all
Matter fact y'all need to practice that more
See my man Nate asked me if I gained weight
I said nah, my pockets got fatter, that's all
Money was an issue, but now that that's solved
I ball, I ball, like Kobe in the fall
Put trophies on wall, rather trophies on my mantle
Dog my shows be off the handle, take the proceeds go to gamble
Ha!, bet it on black and pray, I quadruple my salary
If I win, maybe then I could pay Sallie Mae
Told her I be dealin' with some real-life shit
She be askin' "when?", bitch! When I feel like it
Cole World, Cole Life, Cold Blooded
I be on my shit, and look at, all the hoes love it
Got a hundred fifty bitches in the club starin' at me
How that feel? very happy! I got what you need right here
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I got what you need right here Uh, turn up the 808's for me
Back when I was starvin' no one made a plate for me
Now I do it big and that's my day to day story
I got the type of shit that make a hater say sorry
Bitch, I made this in the crib, watchin' Belly
Eatin' peanut butter jelly, what the fuck the niggas tell me
They say I'm takin' long, I tell em patience is a virtue
I'm goin' all out and bitch I never had a curfew
See, when you're spittin' so real
Suddenly these phony niggas lose they appeal
Got em' feelin' like my niggas when they lose, they appeal
Then it's back to the cell, back to the hell
At times I watch the news and see they talkin' bout diplomacy
And they ain't got a clue my niggas ain't got they diplomas, see
Rappers show me love, I wonder what it could be
I think they scared of me, and they should be
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How that feel? very happy!
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