

95.south

J. Cole

Killa, it's The Off-Season
Let's keep it tall, y'all ain't fuckin' with my man
And don't check your watch, you know the time
Cole World, Killa Cam', niggas is fuckin' finished (Yeah)

This shit too easy for me now
Nigga, Cole been goin' plat' since back when CDs was around
What you sold, I tripled that, I can't believe these fuckin' clowns
Look how everybody clappin' when your thirty-
song album do a measly hundred thou'
If I'm bettin' on myself, then I'll completely double down
If you hated on a nigga, please don't greet me with a pound
I be stayin' out the way, but if the beef do come around
Could put a M right on your head, you Luigi brother now
Trace my steps all in this game, you could see we cover ground
Back and forth from NC to New York when Jeezy had the crown
Vivid memories, niggas start to squeeze, we duckin' down
So many shells left on the ground, it make the Easter Bunny proud
I get up, dust my clothes off, sleep is the cousin of death
No plans to doze off, the streets, it don't come with a ref
I never sold soft, just creeped where the hustlers crept
And got they O's off, you reach, niggas upp'in' like Steph
To blow your nose off, gesundheit, and then resume flight
As if it never happened, shit we witnessed full of so much sickness
Angels sheddin' tears in Heaven, word to Eric Clapton
Off this clever rapping, bitch, my pockets gon' forever fatten

They gon' forever fatten
See, we tried to tell niggas
They act like they don't even fuckin' speak English

Bitch, my pen to the paper's lethal
I'm sendin' 'em straight to meet the
The nigga that made them peep the reaper
Creepin' on ya, the scent of failure reekin' on ya
Check your genitalia, pussy-niggas bleedin' on yourself
Fuckin' with Cole is bold, but it's impedin' on your health
All yo' niggas eatin' off your wealth
All my niggas feedin' all they selves, and it feels swell
Krispy Kreme dreams, sometime my dawgs wanna kill twelve (Uh)
'Cause they steady harassin'
We seen dilemmas like Nelly and Kelly that end in the deadliest fashion
My young niggas nutty, they blastin'
Bullets be hummin' like Cudi but one of yo' hoodies Spaghetti-O splashin'
All over the driveway, y'all talkin' all sideways
Shots poppin' off, y'all laid down
Cops chalkin' off y'all legs now
(Shit) God watchin', "Hey, Yahweh"
My niggas looked up to the sky like we sendin' it y'all way (Y'all way)
We sendin' it y'all way (Y'all way)

That's what the fuck I'm talkin' 'bout
Y'all see what the fuck goin' on out here (Killa, Harlem)
I-95 shit, Carolina, 2-6, stand up, nigga

Put your hood up
Put your hood up

Put your hood up
Put your hood up
Put your clique up
Put your clique up
Put your clique up
Put your clique up
Represent your shit, motherfucker
Represent your shit, motherfucker
Represent your clique, motherfucker
Represent your clique, motherfucker
If you scared to throw it up, get the fuck out the club
If you scared to throw it up, get the fuck out the club