

# False Prophets

J. Cole

Somebody shoulda told me it would be like this  
Be like this, be like this  
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Yeah, life is a balance  
You lose your grip, you can slip into an abyss  
No doubt you see these niggas trippin'  
Ego in charge of every move, he's a star  
And we can't look away  
Due to the days that he caught our hearts  
He's fallin' apart, but we deny it  
Justifying that half-ass shit he dropped, we always buy it  
When he tell us he a genius but it's clearer lately  
It's been hard for him to look into the mirror lately  
There was a time when this nigga was my hero, maybe  
That's the reason why his fall from grace is hard to take  
'Cause I believed him when he said his shit was purer and he  
The type of nigga swear he real but all around him's fake  
The women, the dickriders, you know, the yes men  
Nobody with the balls to say somethin' to contest him  
So he grows out of control  
Into the person that he truly was all along, it's startin' to show  
Damn, wonder what happened  
Maybe it's my fault for idolizing niggas  
Based off the words they be rappin'  
But come to find out, these niggas don't even write they shit  
Hear some new style bubblin' up, then they bite the shit  
Damn, that's what I get for lyin' to myself  
Well, fuck it, what's more important is he's cryin' out for help  
While the world's eggin' him on, I'm beggin' him to stop  
And playin' his old shit, knowin' he won't top it, false prophets

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False prophets (La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la...)  
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Yeah, false prophets

I got a homie, he a rapper and he wanna win bad  
He want the fame, the acclaim, the respect that's been had  
By all the legends, so every time I see him, he stressin'  
Talkin' 'bout, niggas don't fuck with him, the shit is depressin'  
And I know he so bitter he can't see his own blessings  
Goddamn, nigga, you too blind to see you got fans, nigga  
And a platform to make a classic rap song  
To change a nigga's life, but you too anxious livin' life  
Always worried 'bout the critics who ain't ever fuckin' did it  
I write what's in my heart, don't give a fuck who fuckin' with it  
But in a sense I can relate, the need to be great  
Turns into an obsession and keeps a nigga up late  
Writin' words, hopin' people observe the dedication  
That stirs in you constantly, but intentions get blurred  
Do I do it for the love of the music or is there more to me?  
Do I want these niggas to worship me? False prophets

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These rappers insecure  
They talk about being a man so much  
I finally understand that they ain't even sure  
'Bout who they are and why they do this  
Guess I'm included in that category  
As a nigga who done had the glory  
My highest moments come from tellin' all the saddest stories  
I've seen in my life, I be fiendin' to write  
Songs that raise the hair on my arms  
My lowest moments came from tryin' too hard  
To impress some niggas that couldn't care if I'm on  
Therefore from here on out, my hair grow out  
I care nothin' bout opinions  
I wanna give hope like the fountains you throw pennies in  
Hit the store, take your diss, make your wish  
This is dedicated to the ones  
Who listen to me on some faithful shit  
I'm on some thankful shit  
But the real god is in you, not the music you coppin'  
I hear my old shit and I know I can top it; false prophets

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