

# Rise and Shine

J. Cole

There's a nigga right now somewhere  
He at the table with a bowl of Apple Jacks  
And he's reading the back of the cereal  
And in between the Apple Jacks he's writing some shit  
And he wants my spot  
I'ma find him though, I'ma sign him..  
I don't want no problems

Like we always do at this time, Cole blowin' your mind  
Hey dummy, this no accident, all of this was designed  
Took my time, crept from behind  
And I opened up your blinds, rise and shine!  
Cole World, same nigga used to drive around with yo girl  
In my mama's Civic, now I'm out here tryna get it  
I ain't like you lame ass niggas, boy I spit it how I live it  
So when you see me in the streets, man I ain't got a mimic  
Cause I ain't got an image to uphold, this real shit  
I ain't got a gimmick, I just flow and niggas went nuts for  
The boy that set fire to the booth  
In a game full of liars it turns out that I'm the truth  
Some say that rap's alive, it turns out that I'm the proof  
Cuz the ones y'all thought would save the day can't even tie my boots  
The ones y'all thought could hang with me can't even tie my noose  
Let these words be my bullets nigga, I don't rhyme I shoot  
Bang!

Before I wake  
I pray to the Lord, my soul to take  
My soul to take, my soul to take, my soul to take

Lord I been dreamin' bout the paper, get rich 'fore I see my life caper  
Hope my mama get to see Jamaica before she meet her maker  
Our hoop was never good enough to ever be a Laker  
But these words I record got me ballin', Jordan  
More than a rapper this a natural disaster  
Boy, I'm meaner than Katrina mixed with Gina  
"Shut up, Cole!", this is for my niggas back home  
Homes, waddup bro?  
This is for them bitches that played me, waddup ho?  
No I ain't mad, it's sad, you went from bad to real bad  
2 kids that don't even know their real dad  
Real sad, baby girl I wish you still had it  
Then maybe you could get a taste of livin' Villematic  
It's Cole still at it; y'all be talkin' about the same shit  
Than how I feel about it, mama was a real addict  
That's why I don't respect that lyin'-ass white shit you talkin'  
Cole plannin' funerals, you might fit the coffin

Before I wake  
I pray to the Lord, my soul to take  
My soul to take, my soul to take, my soul to take

Get on your job lil mane, this ain't Saturday!  
We in two different lanes, you can't navigate  
We in two different games, you playin' patty cake  
Brother you're lame, you're Shane Battier  
You out of shape, my mind run a mile a minute

The sky's the limit, I'm so high, I'm divin' in it  
My rides is tinted, my knob's gettin' slobbered up in it  
She hollerin' God, man you would've thought that God was in it  
But it's just a nigga God invented  
The best out, foolish pride'll make you not admit it  
Word, this shit ain't vibe nigga, why you noddin' with it?  
The hate in your blood can't stop your soul from vibin' with it  
Now you all conflicted cause my flows is wicked  
And my hoes is thicker and all of yours is pickin' me  
Cause they know a star when they see a star, nigga  
Ain't even got to fuck him to know he a raw nigga  
I got her in my bedroom, but cheer up, nigga  
You saved so many hoes, you a hero nigga!  
Medal of honor, I'm feelin' on top like Pac  
When he slept with Madonna  
Hey, this is death before dishonor  
Get arrested and forget to tell my mama  
She got enough to stress about  
My niggas gonna get me out  
Then we hit the club with the thugs and the liquors  
No criminal record but I'm makin' criminal records  
Isn't it ironic? Isn't it iconic?  
Jacket so expensive you wouldn't even try on it  
But it fit me perfect, I purchase it if I want it  
The city on my shoulder, so no girl, you can't cry on it  
When you make a list of the greatest aye, am I on it?  
Maybe not yet but bitch I got the clock set  
It goes tick-tock, game on lock  
Sun gon' shine but the rain won't stop  
Oh no!

If I should die before I wake  
I pray to the Lord, my soul to take  
My soul to take, my soul to take...