

## See World

J. Cole

Gettin higher than the soul of little Shaniya,  
To the ones that killed her, hope you burn in fire.  
I'm burnin tires on the strip, tryna get a grip,  
Liquor in the cupholder, tryna get a sip.  
6 shots of Hennessey, I'm still goin strong.  
Please numb me from the bullshit that's goin on.  
That girl was 5 years old that they just murdered,  
And did some wicked shit to her that was unheard of,  
You fuckin coward.  
Ain't gotta tell em' go to Hell,  
Cause that's the shit that make them other niggas sick in Jail;  
So you gon' feel it.  
Travel the world reppin this city, know I'm gon kill it,  
But yet a nigga ain't got a clue... how I'm gon deal with  
All the bullshit. Niggas sendin shots my way.  
You put a hit out on me, think that I'm gon stop? No way.  
Gon have to kill me, or witness a nigga livin so filthy  
Young, Black, and Wealthy, nigga for that I'm guilty.  
Still see all the fake shit.  
It's funny somehow thought the money could erase it.  
No matter how much dough you got you gotta face it,  
And to my niggas gone hope you in a better place,  
If I make it I'll holla...

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No matter how I hate flashbacks and rewinds  
Can't escape the pain that's trapped in my mind  
See World (See world, See world)  
You're no good

Yeah I got a chip on my shoulder the size of a golden nugget  
The industry overlook me for that I be holding grudges  
Wouldn't take a chance on me  
Suddenly it's, oh you love it  
Let's get a cole feature that's gon put you over budget  
Picture being broke with no pot to piss in  
And then suddenly your idols is your competition  
Used to be God to me, slowly losing my religion  
As these notes from my composition turn the compositions thin  
Put it out and hope the World sing  
We sippin' liquor for the pain that the World bring  
We had dreams just to make it up the flag pole  
Just to find out that out heroes were some ass holes  
Y'all don't hear me, maybe you had the World figured out wrong  
When these niggas go from singing our songs to waiting on you  
Bout a year later the same ones be hatin' on you  
Every other record these rappers be faking on you  
We singing songs but we know that ain't true  
We know you gotta make the people pay you  
Cause either you play the game or watch the game play you  
And be that broke motherfucker talkin bout "I stay true"

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