

1985

J. Cole

1985, I arrived  
33 years, damn, I'm grateful I survived  
We wasn't s'posed to get past 25  
Jokes on you motherf\*cker, we alive  
All these niggas popping now is young  
Everybody say the music they make is dumb  
I remember I was 18  
Money, n\*gger, parties, I was on the same thing  
You gotta give a boy a chance to grow some  
Everybody talkin' like they know somethin' these days  
Niggas actin' woke, but they broke, umm  
I respect the struggle but you all frontin' these days  
Man, they barely old enough to drive  
To tell them what they should do, who the f\*ck am I?  
I heard one of em' dissed me, I'm suprised  
I ain't trippin', listen good to my reply  
Come here lil' man, let me talk with ya'  
See if I can paint for you the larger picture  
Congrats 'cause you made it out your mama's house  
I hope you make enough to buy your mom a house  
I see your watch icy and your whip foreign  
I got some good advice, never quit tourin'  
'Cause that's the way we eat here in this rap game  
I'm f\*ckin' with your funky lil' rap name  
I hear your music and I know that rap's changed  
A bunch of folks would say that that's a bad thing  
'Cause everything's commercial and it's pop now  
Trap drums is the sh\*t that's hot now  
See, I've been on a quest for the next wave  
But never mind, that was just a segue  
I must say, by your songs I'm unimpressed, hey  
But I love to see a Black man get paid  
And plus, you havin' fun and I respect that  
But have you ever thought about your impact?  
These white kids love that you don't give a f\*ck  
'Cause that's exactly what's expected when your skin's Black  
They wanna see you dab, they wanna see you pop a pill  
They wanna see you tatted from your face to your heels

And somewhere deep down, f\*ck it, I gotta keep it real  
They wanna be Black and think your song is how it feels  
So when you turn up, you see them turnin' up too  
You hit the next city, collect your money when it's due  
You gettin' that paper, swimmin' in bitches, I don't blame you  
You ain't thinkin' 'bout the people that's lookin' like me and you  
True, you got better sh\*t to do  
You coulda bought a crib with all that bread you done blew  
I know you think this type of revenue is never endin'  
But I wanna take a minute just to tell you that ain't true  
One day, them kids that's listening gon' grow up  
And get too old for that sh\*t that made you blow up  
Now your shows lookin' light cause they don't show up  
Which unfortunately means the money slow up  
Now you scramblin' and hopin' to get hot again  
But you forgot you only popped 'cause you was ridin' trends  
Now you old news and you goin' through regrets  
'Cause you never bought that house, but you got a Benz

And a bunch of jewels and a bunch of shoes  
And a bunch of fake friends, I ain't judgin' you  
I'm just tellin' you what's probably gon' happen when you rappin'  
'Bout the type of sh\*t you rappin' 'bout  
It's a faster route to the bottom  
I wish you good luck  
I'm hoping for your sake that you ain't dumb as you look  
But if it's really true what people sayin'  
And you call yourself playin' with my name  
Then I really know you f\*cked, trust  
I'll be around forever 'cause my skills is tip-top  
To any amateur niggas that wanna get rocked  
Just remember what I told you when your sh\*t flop  
In five years you gon' be on Love & Hip-Hop, nigga