

## 2Face

J. Cole

Hey I got a dolla in a dream  
But it's all a nigga got so it's about that green  
And I'm all up in that spot  
Hey

Yeah the mental state of a young black genius conflicted  
The fast life I done seen on the screen is addictive  
Money and clothes I done dreamed about  
And all the hoes that I thought about  
Ey tell me am I wrong for visualizing material shit I neva had  
Waving gats instead of flags the American dream  
Why do we cling to the villians?  
Knowin' they killin'  
My niggas high enough to swaing from the ceiling  
Ink from the pen spilling on my notebook  
Filled with dreams, this is my whole book  
Still the screams from girls shot and killed fill my head on a daily  
At times I question God can you blame me they can't tame me?  
My voice screech through the street I'm a beast on em  
Oh no he will not fold you will not see a priest on him  
He will not slip or lose his grip they got them cleats on em  
But never will he run unless you call police on em

One time, two times, three times  
Sometimes I scrap sometimes I'm throwin up the peace sign  
It's two sides to a nigga though  
I said It's two sides to a nigga yo  
Ey look sometimes I'm feeling high  
Then I'm feeling low  
Lord will I die will I survive let a nigga know  
You say you know me but what side did you get to know?  
It's two sides to a nigga yo yo yo

Yeah some pussy niggas put out on me and my mans  
Wasn't for the pistol we drop em right there where he stands  
But still we never ran foolish pride made us stand right there  
Not understanding we could lose our life there  
And then the hit us, thinking bout the close calls from long distance  
Ugh as lil niggas in the Ville we was trippin  
Type of nose ass niggas to watching the fight until it's over  
They ran when the gatts came out, I moved closer  
Foolish what was I thinking? wasn't trying to be cool it's  
Just the thrill of the danger get so filled up with anger  
When a stranger get to violating  
He sleeping on me wide awake, bitch I, ll annihilate him  
I'm tired of wait on my ticket out this motherfucka  
Hope they don't kill me before I get up out this motherfucka  
I gotta go,  
Now can I be that nigga I thought I was? I gotta know  
Will I make it like I thought I would? I gotta blow

Yeah I seen heaven, seen hell  
The two faces of the Ville  
One side dreams, the other sides real  
One side schemes, the other side deals  
What the pain brings another mother cry still  
Why the fuck am I here God?

That nigga died why the fuck am I still alive?  
I feel ashamed cause the good Lord done brought all this success to me  
And all I seem to focus on is all this stress on me  
Bless homie we breathin  
Cold world got me sneezing  
Wrote this when I was broke so hey I guess we even  
Though it blows fighting demons trying to stop from bustin semen  
In an unfamiliar bitch I know my niggas feel this shit  
How could I fuck her raw? And I just met the hoe  
My dick took over it ain't never felt this wet before  
I'm stressing in my mind but it's way to late to stop it  
Make this shit so bad, I had a condom in my pocket  
Let's change the topic  
Before I go berserk  
I'm so alert, riding down 95  
Naw I ain't finna to go to work  
I'm headed back home ain't staying that long  
I'm chasing dreams shawty I'm paying back loans  
I'm paying dues that a nigga paying tax on  
I'm tryina blow like a nigga playing saxophone  
I'm playing daddy to another niggas daughter  
Don't worry even Jesus never saw his real father  
I don't bother me at all though  
Yeah say it don't bother me  
They got me thinking bout my mom though  
Man I can't wait to sing this song I be like, I be like

Hey don't cry hey ohh no  
We ain't gotta worry bout the money no more  
We ain't gotta worry bout how them bill get paid  
We ain't gotta worry how the meals get fed  
Hey don't cry hey ohh no  
We ain't gotta worry bout the money no more  
We ain't gotta worry bout how them bill get paid  
We ain't gotta worry how the meals get fed  
Hey Hey Hey