

7 Minute Drill

J. Cole

Yeah
Turn it up
Yeah, turn the vocal up
Uh

Light work like it's PwC
It's a cold world, keep the heat under your seat
I got a phone call, they say that somebody dissin'
You want some attention, it come with extensions
My dog like, "Say the word." He on bullshit, he itchin'
Done put in so much work in these streets, he got pension
I told him chill out, how I look havin' henchmen?
If shots get to poppin', I'm the one doin' the clenchin'

I came up in the Ville, so I'm good when it's tension
He still doin' shows, but fell off like The Simpsons
Your first shit was classic, your last shit was tragic
Your second shit put niggas to sleep, but they gassed it
Your third shit was massive and that was your prime
I was trailin' right behind and I just now hit mine
Now I'm front of the line with a comfortable lead
How ironic, soon as I got it, now he want somethin' with me
Well, he caught me at the perfect time, jump up and see
Boy, I got here off of bars, not no controversy
Funny thing about it, bitch, I don't even want the prestige
Fuck the Grammys 'cause them crackers ain't never done nothin' for me, ho
Slugs took my nigga's soul, drugs took another one
The rap beef ain't realer than the shit I seen in Cumberland
He averagin' one hard verse like every thirty months or somethin'
If he wasn't dissin', then we wouldn't be discussin' him
Lord, don't make me have to smoke this nigga 'cause I fuck with him
But push come to shove, on this mic, I will humble him
I'm Nino with this thing, this that New Jack City meme
Yeah, I'm aimin' at G-Money, cryin' tears before I bust at him

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I got mixed feelings 'bout these fuckin' rap niggas
It's over for that cap, we official cap peelers
Two-six, we don't at niggas, we get at niggas
Shoot a nigga lights out, yeah, my dogs stat fillers
Stat stuffers, triple-double, get your ass black-duffled
Body bag, body bag, body bag
Cole World your instructor for Pilates class
Get a nigga stretched if I feel the disrespect, uh
Your arms might be too short to box with the God
Who live his life without the pressures of a constant facade
I pray for peace, but if a nigga cease these positive vibes
A Falcon 9 inside my pocket, bitch, this rocket gon' fly

Now it's poppin' outside like the top of July
My text flooded with the hunger for a toxic reply
I'm hesitant, I love my brother, but I'm not gonna lie
I'm powered up for real, that shit would feel like swattin' a fly
Four albums in twelve years, nigga, I can divide
Shit, if this is what you want, I'm indulgin' in violence
Put pictures in my home, aim the chrome at your eyelids
Fly pebbles at your dome, we the Stone Temple Pilots
This is merely a warning shot to back niggas down
Back in the town where they whippin' work and traffickin' pounds
My jack jumpin' 'bout a rapper makin' blasphemous sounds
Switchin' sides like the tassel on the cap and the gown
I'm fully loaded, nigga, I can drop two classics right now

Hah, let me chill out, man (Conductor)
The Fall Off on the way, nigga