

ATM

J. Cole

Life can bring much pain
There are many ways to deal with this pain
Choose wisely

Will I fall? Will I fly?
Heal my soul
Fulfill my high
Cross my heart (Count, count, count, count it)
And hope to die (Count, count, count, count it)
With my slice (Count, count, count, count it)
Of Devil's pie

Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
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I know that it's difficult
I'm stackin' this paper, it's sort of habitual
I blow the residual
And fuckin' yo bitch like its part of my ritual
Pardon the visual
But money, it give me a hard-on it's typical
I want it in physical
A million dollars, I count up in intervals
Without it I'm miserable
Don't wanna fall off so I'm all in my bag
Thankin' God like it's biblical
I know it's gon' solve every problem I have
I balled on the principal
Remember the teachers was all on my ass
Now look all of them, pitiful
And all of a sudden I'm so good at math

Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Can't take it when you die, but you can't live without it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Can't take it when you die

Uno, dos, tres

Big bills, big bills
I fell in love with big wheels and quick thrills
My niggas runnin' tip drills, can't sit still
Don't give a fuck if it kills, it mix well
I'm only countin'
Big bills, big bills
I fell in love with big wheels and quick thrills
My niggas runnin' tip drills, can't sit still
Don't give a fuck if it kills, it mix well
I'm only countin'...

Uno, dos, tres, cuatro

Proceed with caution
I heard if you chase it only results in
A hole in your heart
Fuck it, I take the whole cake and I won't leave a portion
It's only an organ
Thank God mama couldn't afford the abortion
The loneliest orphan
I flip my misfortune and grow me a fortune
My Rollie is scorchin'
Them niggas that hated is slowly endorsin'
Now Cole, he important
My niggas beside me like Tommy and Martin
We ball on your court and
Then skate with your bitch like we Tonya Harding
She don't need her garments
She horny from all the money we countin'

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Can't take it when you die
Uno dos

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Heal my soul
Fulfill my high
Cross my heart
And hope to die
With my slice of Devil's pie