

Crocodile Tearz

J. Cole

Uh
Yeah
Turn it all up
Powered up
I'm powered up
I'm powered up
I'm powered up
It's powered up

Yeah, said I was finished but I'm on another two summers
Hall of famer, hungrier than all the newcomers
Niggas swear they compare, but the truth humble
They get fucked one twelve, you couldn't do numbers
Hey, tell the label I got A's all throughout math
That mean I'm keen on the numbers and I count fast
You know it's money that you owe me, niggas phony
And I'm Joaquin Phoenix, walk the line, I'm about cash
Benjamin Button gettin' younger as the hours pass
Should do the Freshman cover twice, I'm never outclassed
It's not a rap nigga breathin' that could outlast
The Fall Off is like Hov droppin' Reasonable Doubt last
We from the South where we learn all about stashin'
Where niggas prone to shoot first and run their mouth last
And if you run your mouth, bitch, you goin' out sad
Whole clique gettin' slid on, you a mouse pad
I'm the one that niggas fear on the lowski
Heard 'em talkin' like we peers but they're grossly
Mistaken and it's blatant
Crocodile tears, niggas know I'm on a tier that they don't see
My dogs only shed tears in emojis
We in another hemisphere splittin' proceeds
How dare a nigga rub his hands on this trophy?
I vividly remember who was there

Niggas hit my line when they want somethin'
That's a dub, it ain't love if it cost somethin'
Niggas hit my phone up when they need somethin'
I can't recall a time when you gave me somethin'
Chopped off the top, nigga, I achieved somethin'
Drop down, bitch, let me see somethin'
Niggas hit my phone up when they need somethin'
I can't recall a time when you gave me somethin'

March 16 in the fuckin' teen summit
The boys kiss ring when they see the king come in
They know I run things like the police comin'
Yes, sir, it's me, not two, not three
The uno, G-O-A-T, I need my fee, fuck kudos
G4 at least, these flights ain't cheap as you know
They sound faded, they're downgraded, they're Pluto
I'm bigger than Mars, this nigga a star, I'm Bruno
I'm the one they call when they want a song to a funeral
Can't fuck with broads, what y'all niggas on? Hoes Communal
I'm sendin' flawed niggas to the Lord, hmm
And you know it
Two six, truth spit, I'm a poet
I move slick on 'em so they got no clue where I be, uh

Do it look like I fool with IG, bitch?
She got too many followers
Word 'round the Ville, she a real deal swallower
Niggas bite their hands, so my heart turn hollower
Talkin' bout "Holla," nah, nigga, I ain't callin' ya

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