

False Prophets

J. Cole

Somebody shoulda told me it would be like this
Be like this, be like this
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Yeah, life is a balance
You lose your grip, you can slip into an abyss
No doubt you see these niggas trippin'
Ego in charge of every move, he's a star
And we can't look away
Due to the days that he caught our hearts
He's fallin' apart, but we deny it
Justifying that half-ass shit he dropped, we always buy it
When he tell us he a genius but it's clearer lately
It's been hard for him to look into the mirror lately
There was a time when this nigga was my hero, maybe
That's the reason why his fall from grace is hard to take
'Cause I believed him when he said his shit was purer and he
The type of nigga swear he real but all around him's fake
The women, the dickriders, you know, the yes men
Nobody with the balls to say somethin' to contest him
So he grows out of control
Into the person that he truly was all along, it's startin' to show
Damn, wonder what happened
Maybe it's my fault for idolizing niggas
Based off the words they be rappin'
But come to find out, these niggas don't even write they shit
Hear some new style bubblin' up, then they bite the shit
Damn, that's what I get for lyin' to myself
Well, fuck it, what's more important is he's cryin' out for help
While the world's eggin' him on, I'm beggin' him to stop
And playin' his old shit, knowin' he won't top it, false prophets

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I got a homie, he a rapper and he wanna win bad
He want the fame, the acclaim, the respect that's been had
By all the legends, so every time I see him, he stressin'
Talkin' 'bout, niggas don't fuck with him, the shit is depressin'
And I know he so bitter he can't see his own blessings
Goddamn, nigga, you too blind to see you got fans, nigga
And a platform to make a classic rap song
To change a nigga's life, but you too anxious livin' life
Always worried 'bout the critics who ain't ever fuckin' did it
I write what's in my heart, don't give a fuck who fuckin' with it
But in a sense I can relate, the need to be great
Turns into an obsession and keeps a nigga up late
Writin' words, hopin' people observe the dedication
That stirs in you constantly, but intentions get blurred
Do I do it for the love of the music or is there more to me?
Do I want these niggas to worship me? False prophets

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These rappers insecure
They talk about being a man so much
I finally understand that they ain't even sure
'Bout who they are and why they do this
Guess I'm included in that category
As a nigga who done had the glory
My highest moments come from tellin' all the saddest stories
I've seen in my life, I be fiendin' to write
Songs that raise the hair on my arms
My lowest moments came from tryin' too hard
To impress some niggas that couldn't care if I'm on
Therefore from here on out, my hair grow out
I care nothin' bout opinions
I wanna give hope like the fountains you throw pennies in
Hit the store, take your diss, make your wish
This is dedicated to the ones
Who listen to me on some faithful shit
I'm on some thankful shit
But the real god is in you, not the music you coppin'
I hear my old shit and I know I can top it; false prophets

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