

## Fire Squad

J. Cole

Nigga why you actin' like a ho?  
Know that I'ma ride for ya, either way it go  
Tell me girl why you be stressin me for time  
When you tell me you love me, can't you see im tryna climb  
Damn my nigga why you actin' like a bitch  
If you scared to take a chance, how the fuck we gon' get rich?  
Come here baby why you always insecure?  
Hold on tight to a nigga and be sure

Ain't a way around it no more, I am the greatest  
A lotta niggas sat on the throne, I am the latest  
I am the bravest, go toe to toe with the giants  
I ain't afraid of you niggas, I'll end up fading you niggas  
'Fore it's all said and done, this nigga need medicine  
My uzi it weighed a ton, I need me a better gun  
In fact I just might need two, cuz niggas say they the one  
And I got something to prove  
Forgive me lord here they come, BLAOW

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My inhibitions, fighting my intuition  
Premature premonition  
Showin me the demoliton of these phony niggas  
So ahead of my time  
Even when I rhyme about the future I be reminiscing  
You want the truth well come and listen  
I'm like that time you bagged a dime  
And checked ya phone and saw it was a number missing  
As fate passes you by, half of you try  
The other half of you fry, too high to actually fly  
One day y'all have to decide, who you gon' be  
A scary nigga or a nigga that's gon' rule like me  
Keep it true like me, Cole you might be  
Like the new Ice Cube, meets the new Ice-T  
Meets 2 Live Crew, meets the new Spike Lee  
Meets Bruce like Wayne, meets Bruce like Lee  
Meets '02 Lil Wayne, in a new white tee  
Meets KD, ain't no nigga that can shoot like me! BLAOW

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(Who's the king?)

Came from the bottom nigga, with stains on my shirt  
What you expected from me, I came from the dirt  
(Who's the king?)  
Money my motivator, the songs that I sing  
Picture a peasant passin' from pawn to a King  
You tell me ya still love me, if so then let me go  
Will I return or will I burn, never know  
Look in my eyes and see the future  
But don't sugar coat it

Listen

History repeats itself and that's just how it goes  
Same way that these rappers always bite each others flows  
Same thing that my nigga Elvis did with Rock n Roll  
Justin Timberlake, Eminem, and then Macklemore  
While silly niggas argue over who gone snatch the crown  
Look around my nigga white people have snatched the sound  
This year I'll prolly go to the awards dappered down  
Watch Iggy win a Grammy as I try to crack a smile  
I'm just playin', but all good jokes contain true shit  
Same rope you climb up on, they'll hang you with  
But not Jermaine, my aim too sick  
I bang nigga, I came to bring the pain my brain too quick  
You see how I maneuver this game, I ain't stupid  
I recognize that life is a dream, and I dream lucid  
And break the chains and change minds, one verse at a time  
And claim too sick. And fuck it, if the shoe fits  
Who's the king?

We all kings

(We all kings nigga)

Kings of ourselves first and foremost

(True)

While the people debate who's the king of this rap game  
Here comes lil' ol' Jermaine  
With every ounce of strength in his veins  
To snatch the crown from whoever y'all think has it  
But rather than place it on his head as soon as he grabs it  
Poof, boom, paow, it's like magic  
With a flash and a BANG the crown disintegrates  
And falls to the Earth from which it came  
It's done  
Ain't gonna be no more kings  
Be wary of any man that claims  
Because deep down he clings onto the need for power  
But in reality he's a coward  
Ultimately he's scared to die  
And sometimes so am I  
But when I'm in tune with the most high  
I realize  
The fear lies in my lack of awareness of the other side  
Today I know that we are the same  
Are the same, you and I  
Different kind of skin, different set of eyes  
Two different minds, but only one God  
(It's only one God nigga)  
It's for all the kings  
Cause deep down I know every poet just wanna be loved