

Grew Up Fast

J. Cole

Nigga I grew up fast, then blew up fast,
Money falling out my pockets, I got too much cash,
Can't fit nothing in her pockets, she got too much ass
Like, god damn, well if you must ask,
We from the school of hard knocks, but your crew cut class,
Half white but don't think I gotta Ku Klux past
When I'm up in the V, police be fucking with me,
No sir, no license, all I got here is this fucking degree,
Move along cock-sucker, ain't got nothing to see,
'less you talking blockbuster, you niggas in not Russell
You more Diggy, Me, I'm more Biggie
No diss to the young boy, I'm just rapping, get bored quickly
Just to make up for that line, invite him on tour with me
Show him the game, let him finagle these whores with me
Run through their doors with me, hit the Ritz Carlton for the night
Leave 'em there two dykes, probably change a niggas life, right?
Wattup Vanessa? I loved you that one semester
Thanks to my profession I ball'd like uncle Festor
Thinkin' about the board I used to have above the dresser
Half the shit I wrote down. I did it, it's old now
Got, new goals, plus my money on Manute Bol
Funny how my old highs is suddenly my new lows
Tired of every chick saying she models before she swallows
So I only fuck with hat tricks, bitches with a few goals

Look, look
Not even slightly interested in what ya opinion is
I gotta greater purpose than a hater purpose
Imma stack paper, hustle just to relax later
Serve niggas and bring changes that's a waiter purpose
Look how I made them nervous
Niggas is shakin' I know they fakin'
Ok, you a killer, right,
And ms. Cleo's Jamaican, and Bob Marley is Haitian
And me and Beyonce datin' and Jesus Christ be hatin
But got mad love from Satan, for fucking Sanaa Lathan
While Meagan Good is waitin'
I'm the dead beat father of your little brother
In other words, god damnit, I'm a bad mother fucker
It's Cole, it's only right I brought back the soul
Yall got way too electro, damn near techno
Half-way homo, way too metro
Hennessy XO, Cole flows best yo
Style like Tribe Called Quest meets Death Row
Learn something boy, grow your ass up
Cheap nigga, if you was liquor, I'd probably throw your ass up
Matter fact, if you was grass, I'd probably mow your ass up
Last call for you old niggas gon' pour your last cup
It's Cole!