Grown Simba

J. Cole

Now I was dreaming bout a deal at the age of 13
I was feignin for the meals, I ain't talkin Burger King.
Some of my niggas in the 'ville all they did was serve things.
Fuck scales, I had skills, all day rehearsing.
Them pretty boys had them gals, spend their time flirting.
All they wanted was some waves like they fuckin surfin.
Hold up now, don't get it twisted I ain't hatin, do ya thing.
I was like a young Simba, couldn't wait to be the king.
Now a nigga is the prince.
Hopped over the fence where the grass way greener.
Look at Shorty ass way meaner.
Somethin like Sarina mixed with Trina have you seen her?
She fine enough to be Ms. Howard, word to Edina.
My money like a senior, watch it graduate.
Now it's time to eat, I'm lettin all my niggas grab a plate.
Gravitate to real shit, stay away from phonies.
These niggas heard about me now they actin like they know me.
Keep on sayin, where ya goin nigga.

Shit, it ain't no tellin.
Ey where ya goin nigga.
Ey, it ain't no tellin.
They keep on sayin where ya goin nigga, goin nigga.
It ain't no tellin.
Can't tell ya where I'm goin.
Just know I won't stop.
Good bye to the bottom, hello to the, top.

Pardon the interruption.
A proper introduction is necessary, when your shit is legendary.
Man, greedy niggas wouldn't let me in the cafeteria and.
Cause they ain't believe, suddenly they Presbyterian.
The hoes is librarians, they lookin me up.
She got a Jones like Marion, she lickin me up.
Then we cut, look at how she say my name.
I got her moanin J. Cole, they used to say Jermaine.
I never change, I'm like a corpse in a coffin.
Six feet, shits deep.
I was low, just a dolla and some hope, fix me.
Cause I was broke, plus the weed that I would smoke would make it worser.
Lord please let my problems disappear like Ron Mercer.
I'm a star, Converses conversin with them girls with them curves like cursiv
e.
They open like curtains, cause my shit is unheard of like curses on the radi
o.
Same bitches used to play me though.
Now they yellin, where ya goin nigga.

Shit, it ain't no tellin.
Ey where ya goin nigga.
Shit, it ain't no tellin.
They keep on sayin where ya goin nigga, goin nigga.
It ain't no tellin.
Can't tell ya where I'm goin.
Just know I won't stop.
Good bye to the bottom, hello to the, top.

I left the city for a minute, but it's still on my back.
Told my niggas, Ey I'm finna put the 'Ville on the map.
I'll be back, and I'm comin with a deal and a plaque.
Cause I'm I'll bitch, they couldn't make a pill for the rap.
Pourin liquor for my niggas that was kissin em back.
Came home, shit is real, niggas still in the trap.
Hold up now, don't get it twisted, if you slang do ya thang.
Me I'm like a young Simba, I can't wait to be the king.
Witness the dream.
Straight out that Carolina water I was brought up.
In the city where the skinny niggas tryin to be the ballers.
Ain't no fathers, but the skinny niggas tryin hit they daughters.
Sneakin in the crib, but her momma never caught us.
What they taught us, man them bad bitches only want the ballers.
To start us, We hoopin, now them hoes want to guard us.
Uh, ok so play D, know what I mean.
And I, I, I put ya on the team.
And this life is but a dream.
And I need a fast car, bad broads, fast forward, passport, I'm a fuckin rap star.
Ey where ya goin nigga.
Shit, it ain't no tellin.
They say this life is but a dream.
Well I need a fast car, bad broads, fast forward, passport, I'm a fuckin rap star.
Ey where ya goin nigga.
It ain't no tellin.

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