

Head Bussa

J. Cole

Now do I roll up, get higher?
Or po' up, get tired?
Do I roll up, get higher?
Or po' up, get tired?

Okay, I'm back on a mission
To pay my tuition
Got loans out the ass
What you know 'bout my past?
I was so late for class
Hit the probate, get trashed
Fell asleep off the Henny
Back in '08 I crashed
With my foot on the gas
Thank the Lord I'm still here
No insurance so now I'm racin' home on first gear
On that morn' I shed tears
Asking what I'm doing here
I should be rich, I'm sick, it's like I got the fuckin' flu in here
But yet I'm just chillin' like I'm back on the yard
My niggas say I'm the truth and when I rap they applaud
That what was my Unsigned Hype like in the back of The Source
It's like I'm tryna get the head, but she's just jackin' me off
I needed more
Had to earn stripes, no Adidas store
Put my feet on floor
Borrow money from mi amor
Just to cop a microphone, the same one that put me on tour
She held you down, now you out here fuckin' 'round

Now this is for my broke niggas, rich niggas (What?)
Gold diggers, Crys sippers (What?)
Cold nigga, flow sicker (What?)
Muthafucka, I'm a fuckin' head bussa go
Coming down on the strip liquor in the whip
Parking lot pimp enough game to be sold
Learn from me, fuck bitches, burn money
Someone told me boy you got your whole life to get old
But errthing that glitter ain't gold
The grass ain't greener I've been told
She told me, boy you want your cake and eat it too
I said it's cake, that's what your supposed to do

Ok my granny just died, but I'm too broke to go
And she askin my fears but she too close to know
Got trust issues I'm trying, where it come from? Don't know
I just block out the pain, blow the fuck up get dough
See I thought that would help me, it turns out it's worse now
My girl want her first child, my label won't work out
My mama don't see me unless I'm on tv, I pray she don't break down
She strong but she need me
They killed Saddam, now I wonder who's sane
How you balance being Batman, Bruce Wayne?
Old chick callin', but I'm onto new thangs
She still a dime, but I always lose change
Young Simba, went from bottom of the food chain to a few chains
In a new Range

She tellin' me so much has happened
Would've thought you changed
We ain't fuck in nine months it's safe to say I'm due man