

H.Y.B.

J. Cole

Listen, baby
I've got news
I've got bad news for you

And we ball like TNT, watch these hoes all pick a side
Bitches flock like TMZ every time we come outside
Called a Uber SUV, how many gon' fit inside? Yeah
Hide your bitch, hide your wife, yeah
Bagged your bitch in my slide, yeah
Pray the dogs never die, yeah
Forty-two come alive, yeah
Hide your bitch, hide your wife

I'm allergic to cap
I can't hear these niggas rap without an EpiPen
You'll never see me in Giuseppe, I find 'em tacky, look what I'm stepping in
Some shit I designed with Italians, callin' 'em Indy 5000s
Or maybe five hundred
I kick the door down, if I want it and niggas won't let me in (Uh)
My career in a nutshell, these bums never did nothin' but fail
They gon' see I'm the one when the dust settles
They gon' see I'm the one
A-B-C-D-E-F-G, H-I-J-K, uh, M-N-O-P
That's little me in the classroom askin', "What's L?" (Uh)
I never been known to take those
Your girl saw me and her face froze
You better be lucky I'm faithful
Please test me, I ace those
My money been growin' like eight fold, uh
But you know how I hate goals
I can't tell if they turning green from the envy, or is it the fake gold? (Uh)
I move through the street one deep, I keep forgettin' I'm J. Cole
I feel like a regular nigga, I just got a very irregular bankroll
Word to Pluma, I've been gettin' Pesos
My account like the end of a rainbow
Every time that I spit it's a flame throw
Me, Bassy, and Cench, it's NATO

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Lord forgive me as I'm a sinner
The way that I live, I'm preparing for hell
I don't know why you're mad, you should probably thank me
'Cause I been airin' your girl
If it gets on top, we can take the chase 'cause we know the area well
Thank God I'm not far off a hundred Ms, I gotta thank Ron Perry as well
I don't even know why they stepped in the ring
A few seconds in and they're throwin' the towel in
When we pull into the town, neighbours sayin', "How the hell they get them h

ouses?"

Now I'm in some different locations, I don't even know how to pronounce them
Award shows, I bring my pouch in, I ain't even pullin' out my
I can't get papped by TMZ, tryna fit four tings in the G63
I'ma give one ting to my bro YG, I'ma handle the rest and jeet all three
The back so big, got me all gassed up, how the fuck did she fit in them Diesel
el jeans?
I can't compete 'cause they ain't in my league
Oh, please, it ain't even a equal beef
At least hit man in the abdominal, bro, it don't even count if below the knee
Block life, chillin' with a horrible ho, she gonna get down and blow the team
Me and the guys was borrowing clothes, like, "Bro, let me hold that coat this
week"
Now it's after hours, I've shutdown Harrods, I bring out the AmEx and go on
a spree

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