

Kenny Lofton

J. Cole

Hurt, to think that you lied to me
Hurt, way down deep inside of me
And it breaks my heart...

Get paid a pretty penny for my thoughts
I'm Hardaway with grammar, I'm hot
They only care 'bout a nigga when he handle the rock
Or when he dishing the pill, or when he grippin' the steel
Bailing out my brother, tell the lawyer "get the appeal"
With the flick of the pen write the check and he out
Two years later he be at my shows checking me out
Know he proud of lil bro and how my records be out
Flashbacks to childhood when he was deckin' me out
Now it's clear lil Maine is the best mc out
Hands down, flow water, can't drown
My flow father, go harder, Cole smarter
Shout out to fiends in Queens, I'm team no daughters

I seen it all at this young age
The only thing left to do is die and hit front page
Should I knock on wood and pray like God forbid
These hoes be poppin' pills, these niggas be poppin' shit, bitch

Pac on the mic in his prime
They only care 'bout a nigga when he writing a rhyme, boy
Kenny Lofton you feelin' my pace?
They only care 'bout a nigga when he stealin' the base
It's like I'm Wilt the Stilt, I'm fucking them all
They only care 'bout a nigga when he dunkin' the ball
And it breaks my heart
The world's a stage, I'll just play my part

Just caught fire like a young Richard Pryor with unforgettable quotes
They only care 'bout a nigga when tellin' a joke, or when he's sellin' his d
ope
They tell the reverend "Man, I rather get to heaven with coke
Then live in hell and be broke"
Shout out to black man who beat the odds by yellin' for hope
Today he asked if I could Twitter y'all and tell you to vote
My nigga, how could I, knowing what I know
It's a game of charades, masquerade for the dough
Read the teleprompter these niggas is actors on the low
Yeah I voted for the nigga cause he got the best show
Like I got the best flow
On your mark, set, go
Mama got us out the hood but we still ghetto

I said, you wouldn't know the truth if it was right there in your face
See I can't explain the feeling when the feds surround your place
In that PJ Rose, I drink that shit by the case
Like somebody pray for me, Reverend Run, Pastor Mase
See I do this for my homie he got caught with a soft eight
When I say a soft eight, yeah that's two less than ten
If they let him out today he gon' do it all again
Say he lost the first time it won't stop until he win

Street life will have you drunk, I'm talkin serious Gin
Yeah we screamin' Scarface, but we all know how that ends
Every word is like dope, you can snort it like lines
If I said it, then I meant it, they reciting' every line
If I had to write a book, it would be the Life & Times
Every verse is that work, you can weigh it like a nine
You see I lost a lot of niggas and it broke my heart
Life is staged I'll just play my part