

Roll Call

J. Cole

Just got off the phone my nigger smithy
Shit too real back home, bro. real

This for my niggers here, hold your head
I know shit rough but nigger we don't give up
We don't get mad nigger, we just get tough
We just get right nigger, we don't get left
Fuck what they said,
Cause what we learned coming up
You can't teach that shit
Like dealer nigger blows but we eat that shit
This one here's for my brothers we gonna beat that shit
Now, I say my prayers
I got, too many people in my head right now
So many that's in jail, or they're dead right now
One time for my nigger crag right now
He in the feds, damn the times change
And these stupid niggers talking 'bout crime pays
You can keep that shit, I just made a million
Call me when reach that shit
I ain't bragging, I'm just shedding some light
One time for my granny up in heaven tonight
And a young boy from a show down in hampton
Told me that my song was the reason he beat cancer
Didn't know what to say, I just froze
Little too deep I suppose
But after a year of review
I figured it out it wasn't me
It was you nigger, congratulations