

# Sparks Will Fly

J. Cole

It may seem like our fire  
Has been a little burnt out, we're tired  
We only need to stay close  
In time, sparks will fly  
(And we fly too, and we, and we,  
And we fly too)

Baby you deserve the whole enchilada, Gucci and Prada  
Toast to the days when I didn't have a dollar  
You stuck around even when the world frowned on me  
Kicked me when I was down, and so they clowned on me  
Down for me, my homie  
You better believe, I know your home girl said you should leave  
Know you as tired like the Michelin man  
What if Gina would have listened to Pam?  
Now they hate to see us last this long  
When they get my album, probably pass this on  
Thought they knew me, well  
Money can't buy you happiness that's true as hell  
The happiness can't buy yo ass this new SL  
I love you like the fat kid loves cakes and shit  
I love you like the bad kid love breakin' shit  
Ride and die chick fighting insecurities  
Want a ring and my last name for securities

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I know my style ain't perfect  
I know my smile ain't perfect  
Nigga ain't perfect, it's true  
Funny though I'm perfect for you  
All the drama seem worth it for you  
She put up with the shit like she work at the zoo, true  
Now what you crying for?  
She says you ain't gon' settle down, what you lyin' for?  
She want that old thing back  
Things ain't the same, think we both seen that  
Love is war, end up on the floor  
But baby you only lose when you don't swing back  
I say those words hoping that,  
You fight for a nigga like I fight for you  
Like I fight temptations every night for you  
And though I slip, only girl in my life is you

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