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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