

The Cure

J. Cole

Cole World, the new Nat King
If I ain't the illest nigga, I'm his new vaccine
Really more like poison when his New Jack Swing
And my bed is like a deck of cards - two black queens
A nigga don't like me, he just a fucking hater
What you made last week, I just tipped the fucking waiter
What that feel like? Tell me what that feel like?
Nigga fuck your Twitter, bitches follow me in real life

Welcome back, ladies and gentleman, to a brand new season.
Dreamville, Cole World. So much is happening, our time apart. I can't wait to
share it with you all in due time.
Did you miss me? I know I missed you. Can't believe these niggas ain't rap on
this shit man.

Heard niggas got beef, then they see me on the street, and don't speak
Heard niggas dropping songs every week, but they weak
Yeah I heard about your deal, hope they keep the receipt
Heard niggas out there saying I would be Memphis Bleek
Well, how you feel when that nigga got mills?
And you sitting, commenting, discussing on how you feel?
Bout another nigga shit, or another nigga chips
Meanwhile I'm on the strip, putt puttin' wit ya bitch
Cut something in the 6 then dip to 160
Bitch don't fuck with me, trust nigga I'm sick
Can't tell me, fuck nigga I'm it
Watch this
Look, with my heart on my sleeve, I bleed pardon my greed
I plead insanity, with a side of vanity
How can it be
I blew up singlehandedly, nobody handed me shit
Granted though, I planned to be rich
Understandably, funny how I talk so candidly
On cameras but won't holla at family only randomly
After a few drinks come our realest convos
My handle on my thoughts used to be as ill as Rondo's
Screaming fuck whitey, forgetting I'm still mulatto
Ay reverend, will I get to heaven, he said "hell if I know", shit
Stay scheming, day dreaming, chain gleaming
Name should be Abe Lincoln 'cause I cannot tell a lie though
All facts in fact, been all that
Before Kenan and Kel swallow the key to my cell
Which means, I got an impossible lock to pick
And if you want my spot, you gotta go through lots of shit
Nigga, Cole the truth, you the opposite
I be tryna figure out why I cannot commit
With who I've known for years, is it hoes or fear
Meanwhile she wonder if the one she chose is pure
No cure for the cold, rather Cole the cure
Them last lines was more honest than your whole career
Nigga, you a phony, only got few homies
I prefer lonely, you rap niggas don't know me
Staying to myself, not concerned 'bout my health
I'm a mothafucka and yo baby mother is a milf
Couple years ago they had a nigga sitting on the shelf
Now they tell me "man you like the realest shit I ever smelt"
They say "boy you got the belt, plus you better than so-and-so"

I keep it modest but inside I already know it though
Yea thanks my nigga, yea thanks my nigga
I deserve but nah this ain't Tank my nigga
Leave the party like I just robbed a bank my nigga
Bag full of money, fuck yo debate my nigga
'Cause two years ago and I ain't make it, I was pissed
But you care a little less about a list when you rich, nigga
When you rich nigga

But that's not what we came here for. We didn't come here to brag; we didn't
come here to boast, to stunt.
We just came here to flex. Ladies and gentlemen, I appreciate your patience.
I assure you, it'll be well worth the wait. In the meantime, if I can get ri
ght back into it though. Check it

How many Kanye beats do a nigga gotta murder
To prove my mind's further, hater nigga convert her
Took kids to Carowinds which I'm sure you never heard of
'Cause I didn't tell the news or the Fayetteville Observer
I don't do it for the press, I'm blessed, I made it out
Sitting on this plane, my biggest thing to complain about
Somewhere between yesterday and now
I done lost my jewelry, Rollies, chains, almost lost my cool
But see, I just left kids who ain't got a fucking thing
'Cept a lot of fucking problems and a lot of fucking pain
And here I go bitching 'cause my Jesus piece missing
Got a feeling housekeeping finally caught a nigga slipping
Eyes wide open, they just found a pot of gold
Now lil' Julio is somewhere shining on you hoes
But that's how it goes, fuck it I'm still breathing
Like my lil' nigga Jaheim, we here for a reason

That's my lil' man Jaheim. He said, "Cole, can you shout me out on a song?"
I was like, "I don't know man," but in my mind I knew I would shout him out
though, you know