Return of Simba

J. Cole

In my freshest Js, I ain't slept in days
Girl, you gon' make me late undressin' me
Know you ain't seen me since yesterday
But, see, I got a date with destiny
'Cause this the summer that our life change
Hov asked me, "Is you ready for it?"
I looked around at all his nice things
Told him, "Nigga, you already know it"Bitch, I'm the man of the year
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Straight through this bitch (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm the man of the yearWhat you 'sposed to do when the OG niggas don't get it?
Lost what was once theirs but they won't quit it
Homie, it's a new era, middle finger to the suit-wearers
Lemme show you how to move in a room
For the dudes that don't got a fuckin' clue how to do this
Prolly worked with Cube, so to them, this a Rubik
My President is black, but my jeweler's still Jewish
So you know it cost, he makin' a killin' off me
Red diamonds he designin' got me shinin'
Spotlight cover my body, my chain blindin'
A cop light runner, they wanna but can't find him
Me and Hovi Hov, out on the same island
Took the whip to the other side of Jamaica
Seen how he was livin', said "I gotta get my weight up"
Formulated my plan, motivated by dreams
Parlayed wit' my mans, motivated my team
Ced said, "Look, my niggas, we got a foot in"
Bein' good is good, that'll get you Drew Gooden
But me, I want Jordan numbers, LeBron footin'
Can't guard me, Vince Lombardi, John Wooden
Garbage? Hardly, you niggas silly like Chris Farley
So like him, you'll be gone too early
Mama hands together like 6:30
And Cole keep a thick bitch I like to call Big Shirley
All my '90s niggas is gon' get it
18 and under, that's prolly gon' take a minuteI'ma be here for a while, none of these clowns can hurt me
I'ma be here for a while, none of these clowns can hurt me
At the time of this rhyme, five years 'til I know thirty
Cole World in the summer brings snow flurries

This next shit is in no way to boast
But my city love breakfast, 'cause niggas had toast early
Coach had us doin' jumpin' jacks
Then sent us to the water fountain after runnin' laps
My nigga went and grabbed his bookbag, threw it on his back
And brought it to me just to show me he was fuckin' strapped
We was twelve years old, how was we to know better?
I analyzed his life and see that he was so set up
Live by the trigger, 'cause no father figure
Means you don't got a nigga comin' 'round to guide a nigga
All you got is mama bringin' home these rotten niggas
Blowin' reefers, all the teachers do is ride a nigga
So this is who I speak fo'
To give the young niggas somethin' they could reach fo'
You better dream, boy
Yeah, I stunt, but I'm a li'l more realer
When it come from the heart, don't it feel mo' iller?
Watch my flow go bananas, I'm a li'l gorilla
So pardon me, man, y'all gon' have to pardon me
They say I rep that 'Ville too much, but that shit just a part of me
It's flowin' out through my arteries, who hard as me? You JV, I'm varsity
No field trip, ain't hard to see, this real shit, you R&B
Seen a movie wit' yo' bitch in it, and listen it, was starrin' me
(Woo!) That boy Simba crazy
Hotter that Ike Turner temper, you December, maybe
And though you wish me well, I know deep down you wish I'd fail
It's Judgment Day, I'm here to give you pussy niggas hell
And some food for thought, I can serve a plate
Wit' dessert to take, wit' dessert to take
Yeah, I heard the hate, but the wait is fuckin' over
It's like I'm fuckin' Oprah, well worth the wait
Maybe over your head, I'm ahead of my time
Niggas scared of my future, I know they dreadin' my prime
'Cause I only made classics, now what that take? Timing
Cole under pressure, what that make? Diamonds
(Diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, diamonds)

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