Niggaz Know

J. Cole

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

These niggaz know[Verse 1]
Armed and dangerous, call the law
Stick to the script, no audible
Country ass nigga with a Audemars
Can't spell the shit but I order more
French hoes treat me like Charles De Gualle
Get good head on the autobahn
Hit hood hoes out in Baltimore
Pack the shows like wall to wall, my God
Five steps like Dru Hill
Came home from the first tour, with
Bad credit and a school bill
Middle finger to the bursar
Finally famous but
Ain't too much really changed with us
Straight up weed no angel dust
Label us notorious, that was 9-7
Saw my old teacher and she asked how I'm living
You ain't know my shit dropped bitch? 9-11
Getting more hoes than that nigga John Legend
Getting more hoes than that nigga John Legend
Nigga you should too, if you knew
What this game would do to you
Look at all the bullshit I been through
Better me than you[Bridge]
I must confess, I copped the chains
I hit the club, I made it rain
I hit the road, I made a name
I came on home, I ain't the same
I ain't the same
I ain't the same[Hook]
Made a mil' off the flow make sure these niggaz know

Made a mil' off the flow make sure these niggaz know[Verse 2]
Yeah,
These niggaz know, boo-ya nigga
Came through the door like who ya'll niggaz?
Stole a nigga flow I could sue ya'll niggaz
Better yet put a hot one through ya'll niggaz
Nah, let me stop fronting for ya'll niggaz
But, don't let the college head fool ya'll niggaz
Ain't the hardest nigga in the land
But a grown ass man and I will step to ya'll niggaz
Like what's the problem?
Ain't getting paper nigga here's a loan
My shit long, need a hair salon
Get a cut, shut the fuck up
And wipe ya face with my money til' ya tears is gone
No cryin' ass, lyin' ass
Can't afford the wipe but you buying ass
This Fresh Prince nigga I ain't Jazz
Fucked yo bitch nigga I ain't ask
She pitched it to me like Sosa (Oh God)
What the fuck was I spose' do?
Deny that rather try that, but I never fly that
Keep ho's bi-coastal
And they buy postals, ain't shit for free
Dick the only thing that they get from me
Sit VIP, get a sip for free
Later on she be sipping me, literally
Picture me at the tip-top
With ya bitch lip-locked on my dick while my shit drop
Nigga this Big, this Pac
Minus six shots but its still this hot
Thirty grand and that's just for the wristwatch
Hate to brag but backpacking, that's hip-hop
Write my life and make sure that the script hot
And pray the kids watch, if not
These niggaz know
If not these niggaz know[Bridge Repeat 2x]
I must confess, I copped the chains
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I hit the road, I made a name
I came on home, I ain't the same
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I ain't the same[Hook]
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