

# 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  
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]

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