Purple Rain

J. Cole

Hey hey hey Hey hey hey Yeah hey Bright lights, big dreams Nice night or so it seems Stroll in the club with her tight fit jeans Praying that she might get seen by a nigga with a contract With a sports team or just a nigga that you figure could afford things Like more rings for her fingers She used to fuck singers but said they too soft, just copped a new loft For you walk into her crib got to take her shoes off Thats only step one your dress is next hun You say your kid sleep, I don't want no step son But lead the way to your bed room, king size bed so we got leg room She give Queen like head so we got head room, my God Than I work her like its my job Her moans are like music to my ears ipod And than I hit the door, cause baby I got to go Oh yeah don't act like you don't know I know you've been through this before Check it, I make the rich bitch beg Make the good girl steal Make the old ladies blush Make the young hoes squeal For real, for real

Good girl huh, father was a preacher

Sent her off to college thought I got her on a leash though

From the outside though, them girls be the squeakiest

You get 'em inside them girls be the freakiest

Mischievous, downright devious

Say she want cake I got all the right ingredients

Running round fronting like a pure white virgin

Gave a nigga dome while her father gave a Sermon

Amen, let the choir sing

She be walking round campus like the quiet thing

So niggas scared to approach when they admiring

Man if they know like I know she got that fire thing

Pour a little OJ with some P-trone

I'm feeling ok, but homie she's gone
When remmy Rev called she just ignore him
I had her calling on God till the weed
And than I hit the door nigga
Cause baby I got to go
Oh yeah don't act like you don't know
I know you've been through this before
Check it, I make the rich bitch beg
Make the good girl steal
Make the old ladies blush
Make the young hoes squeal
For real, for real

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