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
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