

God's Gift (Produced By J. Cole)

J. Cole

Up up and away, hey, do you trust me?
Would you love me? Then it must be Worldwide stunner, oh man, I'mma
Reign on the game, make it storm and thunder
Grab an umbrella bitch, and go stand under
And bundle up, it's gonna be a cold ass summer
You niggas so last summer
Onto the new, on onto the new shit
Jigga wouldn't even take my CD when he seen me
Two years later bitch we made it on, onto the Blueprint
Now how's that for persistence
Cole World comin', call back up assistance
Same broads, used to hang up on my walls
Now they come up out their drawers, how's that for a mistress
Hell bent, heaven sent, Lord I repent if I ever sinned
Now I know I ain't the richest, but I still wanna ball
Put money over bitches but we still underdogs Did you miss me? No, I don't know where I'm goin'
But I'm goin', now is you comin' with me? Up, up and away
Hey, do you trust me?
If I was on my last dollar, dead broke, assed out, would you love me?
Then it must be a match made in heaven
God's Gift, God's Gift, God's Gift
Mothafucker this is God's gift Pussy my passion
Man I just can't help it I see a cookie, I grab one
Lookin' for some nookie, I'm tryna scoop me a bad one
Every verse I spit it just like it could be my last one
Ever since I got on
I've been on a mission to fuck the bitches I missed out on
Ex-cheerleader, hollerin' what's up
Now her nigga beat her, now that's fucked up
What type of little fuck boy hit a
Woman, bet he wouldn't put his hands on a nigga
I ain't bitter boy that's all you
Plus I just fucked her 'fore she called you
Dry your eyes baby, I'll drive you home
Older hoes sayin' "my how you've grown"
I came up, fucked the game up
Show my momma I'll survive on my own

Songwriters

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