Rich Niggaz

J. Cole

I hate rich niggas goddammit
Cause I ain't never had a lot dammit
Who you had to kill, who you had to rob
Who you had to fuck just to make it to the top dammit.
Or maybe that's daddy money, escalator no ladder money
Escalading new caddy money
Worst fear going broke cause I'm bad with money.
Crooked smile nigga momma never had the money damn
I ain't trippin'
A nigga Jordan I ain't Pippen yeah
Up the steps I ain't slippin'
Tears blood sweat I ain't crippin, Pierce
A song you can sing along with when you down
On some let you know you ain't alone shit
When your momma ain't at home cause she got a second job
Delivering pizzas you think she out there getting robbed
Please God watch her I know how niggas do
Half cracker but a nigga too
Talking all that shit 'bout your step-pops
How he was a dog now look at you
I ain't bad as that nigga plus dawg I'm a grown man now
I ain't mad at that nigga
But if a plane crash and only it killed his lame ass
I'd be glad its that nigga, nigga
Did Kay dirty now it's back to broke
Refund check she used that to float.
Momma gets depressed falls in love with the next maniac
On crack use that to cope
Make a nigga smoke a whole sack of dope
Writing rhymes tryna bring back the hope
Try to ride the storm out and crashed the boat
Could've drowned, but I grabbed the ropeAnd there go you
And there go you
And there go you
Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew
And there go you
And there go you
And there go you
Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew

Sing
You got what I want
I got what you need
How much for your soul and uh
How much for your soul and uh
You got what I want
I got what you need
How much for your soul and uh
How much for your soul and uhI hate rich niggas goddammit
Cause I ain't never had a lot dammit
Niggas can't front on the flows you got
But every fucking verse how much dough you got
Homie, don't quit now hear my shit and tried to switch now.
Know you felt the shit just now
Know you felt the shit just now
Ain't there more to you?
Don't it ever get boring to you?
I realize deep down you a coward
Getting high off of power
Fuck it more to you, saw through you
And it made me ashamed that I played the game
Not for more money like Damon Wayans
Wanted the respect but it came with fame
I just wanted love but it just ain't the same
I took a train down memory lane
And watching little Jermaine
Do his thang before he made a name
It's like Sony signed Basquiat
He gave it all he got
Now the nigga don't paint the same thang
I guess he can't complain
All the money that be raining in
Spend a hundred thou for the chain again
Thinking old school niggas like Dame and Dane
Probably kill for another claim to fame
My brain the same
Yeah, nigga, at least he ain't insane
At least he ain't insane
You ain't crazy, motherfucker
You're just afraid of change
That's new, maybe that's true
But listen here I got a bigger fear
Of one day that I become you
And I become lost and I become heartless
And numb from all the MÃ©nages

Just one bitch don't feel the same no more
And Henny don't really kill the pain no more
Now I'm Cobain with a shotgun aimed at my brain
Cause I can't maintain no more
Tad bit extreme I know
Money can't save your soul
But there go youAnd there go you
And there go you
Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew
And there go you
And there go you
And there go you
Selling me dreams and telling me things you knew
Sing
You got what I want
I got what you need
How much for your soul and uh
How much for your soul and uh
You got what I want
I got what you need
How much for your soul and uh
How much for your soul and uh

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