

# Who Dat

J. Cole

Who dat, who dat?  
Who dat, who dat?  
Who dat, who dat? Who dat, who dat? The nigga you been waitin' for?  
I mean the shit was all bad just a week ago  
Rappers is bullshittin', fuck it, I ain't hatin' though  
'Cause now a nigga hot enough to fuck with one of satin's hoes And she can't tell the difference, I been through  
hell conditions  
Wishin' for air conditionin', feelin' God was never listenin'  
Now I'm on television, and did I fail to mention?  
Your bitch is tired of missionary, boy, you failed the mission Speakin' of positions, just witness how I elevated  
Real niggas celebrate it, finger-fuck whoever hate it  
My life accelerated, but had to wait my turn  
But then I redecorated, that means my tables turn  
Live life, might as well, only way to learn  
Is try and fail clientele, the only way to earn  
So if you're sellin' crack or if you're sellin' rap  
Make sure it's mean so them fiends keep on trailin' back Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
So don't worry 'bout my muthafuckin' name I gotta say who dat, who dat? Cole world  
Who dat, who dat? I gotta say  
Who dat, who dat? Hey The mind state of a winner  
When you thinkin' 'bout summertime, I'm thinkin' 'bout the winter  
When you thinkin' 'bout breakfast, I'm heatin' up my dinner  
I was plottin' this moment back when y'all was ridin' spinners  
Now I'm a menace, God as my witness, with this pen I'm insane, yup  
Hungry like the nigga who ain't got the taste of fame yet  
Cloud told me, "Ain't you Roc? Well, where the fuck yo' chain at?"  
Guess it's somethin' like your girl, nigga, it ain't came yet The man make the chain, chain don't make the man  
How many niggas do we know with hella ice, but yet they lame?  
The cloth from which we came, me and them is not the same  
Like we all headed to Spain, they took the boat I took the plane Dang, that boy sick, now ho's on his joystick  
Heatin' up like May weather, dog, I'm on that Floyd shit  
Boy stick to yo' day job, said you was hot, well they lied  
Is that ya gal? Well, I just cheated, no A-Rod Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
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Who dat, who dat? Cole world  
Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Cole? The lil' engine that could, this lil' nigga is good  
Rappers claiming they sick, I heal niggas for good  
A couple of y'all ain't took a field trip to the hood  
Ay, me I'm fresh prince, I'm Will Smith to the hood, baby Ain't sayin' names but we not the same  
All that money and the fame don't change the fact that you lame  
Might wanna grab you a chain, wanna tip up your hat  
Might wanna purchase some game, homie your shit is so wack I got my finger on the trigger tell that nigga hold  
dat  
Boy, I'm picture perfect, baby, you can check the Kodak  
Hey, so anything you can do I can do better  
And any chick you can screw I can get wetter I'm young, black get to live my life on the run  
Bet you bottom dollar before I'm done  
They say that I'm the one, yeah nigga, I'm the one, ha I gotta say who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
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Who dat, who dat? I gotta say  
Who dat, who dat? J. Cole  
Cole world, nigga, Cole world nigga  
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