

# Heartache

J. Cole

[Intro:] Yeah yeah yeah

Elite Elite Elite... Elite

Ya know

[Verse 1] Yeah, yeah

Slim nigga, lyrically on my limbs

Bigga then a nigga hittin' the gym

Regular benchpressin' the bar,

Ten steps up from ya'll, you could follow my lead,

If you shoot for the stars, I guess you aimin' at me

But please hold your applause

Ya'll holdin' up the wall goddammit I'm on the flo'

Good Lord, can't you see me gettin' down on a ho

And she drop it so low she sittin down on the flo'

I never pound with the flo, at times I wonder

Aye when they listen to my shit man can they hear my hunger?

Or will these hatin' ass rappers try to steal my thunder

Aye this is big shit poppin', you gon' need a plunger

To take me under, niggas in trouble

You lookin' at LeBron James of the game

I could do anything that you name

I could blaze any rapper in the game that you bring

Pour gasoline on the brain, got the flame for that

So you hatin' niggas refrain from that

A little bitter cause yo game is whack

I'll let Elite breathe, yeah

I'll let Elite breathe, yeah

[Chorus] Aye you ain't gotta cry, don't worry 'bout me

I know it won't be long 'fore you know about me

My head's to the sky and I'm on my grind

I'm reachin' for the clouds, tryna take what's mine

Take what's mine

Hey, hey

[Verse 2] A dolla and a dream, that's all a nigga got

So, if it's 'bout that C.R.E.A.M, then I'm all up in the spot

I'm just warmin' up, I'm hot but naw I ain't flashin'

I never gave a fuck about no high-end fashion

And maybe I was too broke, maybe I'm just too dope

To rap about that regular shit, or bag a regular bitch

These niggas talkin' like they on the next level and shit  
But Cole's flow so cold, Bet the devil get sick  
How do you want it? So sick I make you mentally vomit  
These rappers askin' for beats and they ain't even fit to be on it  
I see 'em writin' about rappers, I should be sick to my stomach  
Because they talk 'bout the future but didn't mention me on it  
So now I'm back in the kitchen, cookin' I'm meant to be one of the greatest  
No niggas seein' me, this century us and you hate it  
Look how I played it, other niggas was jaded  
Under-appreciated, now Carolina is rated  
I let Elite breathe, yeah  
Hey, uh uh uh  
I let Elite breathe, yeah  
[Chorus]Aye you ain't gotta cry, don't worry 'bout me  
I know it won't be long 'fore you know about me  
My head's to the sky and I'm on my grind  
I'm reachin' for the clouds, tryna take what's mine  
Take what's mine  
Hey, hey

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