ATM

J. Cole

Life can bring much pain
There are many ways to deal with this pain
Choose wiselyWill I fall? Will I fly?
Heal my soul
Fulfill my high
Cross my heart (Count, count, count, count, count it)
And hope to die (Count, count, count, count, count it)
With my slice (Count, count, count, count, count it)
Of Devil's pieCount it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it (yeah)Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
I know that it's difficult
I'm stackin' this paper, it's sorta habitual
I blow the residual
And fuckin' on a bitch like it's part of my ritual
Pardon the visual
But money, it give me a hard-on it's typical
I want it in physical
A million dollars, I count up in intervals
Without it I'm miserable
Don't wanna fall off so I'm all in my bag
Thankin' God like it's biblical
I know it's gonna solve every problem I have
I balled on them principles
Remember the teachers were all on my ass
Now look at them, pitiful
And all of a sudden I'm so good at math
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Can't take it when you die, but you can't live without it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Can't take it when you die
Uno, dos, tresBig bills, big pills
I fell in love with big wheels and quick thrills

My niggas running tip drills, can't sit still
Don't give a fuck if it kills, it mix well
I'm only counting
Big bills, big pills
I fell in love with big wheels and quick thrills
My niggas running tip drills, can't sit still
Don't give a fuck if it kills, it mix well
I'm only countingUno, dos, tres, quatroProceed with caution
I heard if you chase it only results in
A hole in your heart
Fuck it, I take the whole cake and I won't leave a portion
It's only an organ
Thank God mama couldn't afford the abortion
The loneliest orphan
I flipped mamas fortune and grown me a fortune
My Rollie is scorchin'
Them niggas that hated is slowly endorsin'
Now Cole, he important
My niggas beside me like Tommy and Martin
We ball in your court and
Escape with your bitch like we turning your heart in
She don't need no garments
She horny from all the money we countin'Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Can't take it when you die, but you can't live without it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Count it up, count it up, count it up, count it
Can't take it when you die, but you can't live without it
Uno dosWill I fall? Will I fly?
Heal my soul
Fulfill my high
Cross my heart
And hope to die
With my slice of Devil's pie
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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