

# ATM

J. Cole

Life can bring much pain  
There are many ways to deal with this pain  
Choose wisely Will 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 pie 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 (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, tres 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 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 counting Uno, dos, tres, quatro Proceed 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 dos Will 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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