Trouble

J. Cole

I said set it off on my left
Set it off on my right
I said liquor all in my breath
Bitches all in my sight
I said real niggas trying to fuck
Fuck niggas wanna fight
I said gun shots into the air
But I ain't scared for my life
I saidYeah, God flow
Paint a picture like a young Pablo, Picasso
Niggas sayin' live fast, die young, so I drive slow
And pray I die old
In the drop with the top low
Met a bad bitch from Chicago, my hat wasn't cocked, yo
Kept it straight, shit, cause y'all know
And if not, you'll learn how them niggas in the chi go
I ain't fuck her, but I'm thinking 'bout it
My niggas say why you gotta think about it?
The bitch want too much, hit my phone too much
If I gotta be frank about it, ain't worth the stress
First the text, then the draws, see first the sex
Then it's calls cause the bird's obsessed
Want flowers, cards, and the purses next
Nah, bitch can't get a dollar
Cole on twitter, bitch can't get a follow
Can get a nut, heard "can't get enough"
Now she fuck a nigga thinkin' that she may hit the lotto
No way, Jose
Could write a book called, "the things hoes say"
Show a lot of love to my sisters though
But these bitches so predictable
I'm in trouble
Getting to the promised land
You don't want problems, I promise, man
I take you to the promise land
You don't want problems, I promise, manI said set it off on my left
Set it off on my right
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Bitches all in my sight

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Fuck niggas wanna fight
I said gun shots into the air
But I ain't scared for my life
I saidAnd I'm going back to school
Only for the hoes and a class or two
Young bad bitch made the pastor drool
Everybody sweat her like catholic school
Sat next to her in the back of the class
Cheated off of her test and I'm grabbing her ass
She like "don't you know this shit already?
Nigga, ain't you rich already?"
Yeah, but I got dumb as shit
Hanging 'round these rappers cause they dumb as shit
But I'm back on track, jump shot wasn't that good
Couldn't sell crack but I rap good
That's one stereotype
Know a lot of niggas that'll marry your type
Bad bitch with a degree, I let 'em scoop ya
I'm koopa, I never been the Mario type
No saving hoes
I ain't fooled cause a lot of cool bitches
That a nigga went to school with is major hoes
And theirs mans don't know, mans don't know, fa show
Had a nigga's baby, little mans don't know
Mama, was a freak, got it in on the low
12 years later when my song come on, he ask
"mama, did you fuck J. Cole?"
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