

# See It To Believe It

J. Cole

The songs that I made in my bedroom and shit  
Finally give a nigga leg room and a whip  
Yeah Cole World, make way for the chosen one  
Aint nobody else I'd rather be, not even Oprah's son  
Momma's youngest getting paper like the oldest one  
We living better guess God felt he owed us one  
Closets barely had no clothes in them  
So you throw my niggas in hoopty', but we still bag hoes and them  
These niggas give they heart and soul to them  
I wonder if they know we doving them  
Ass fat so when pinch 'em (pincher) like a Doberman  
Run up on em politicing like Keith Olbermann  
What's your name? Where ya from?  
Ya got a dream? I'll sell ya one  
Come and kick it with a nigga on his way to the top  
Won't stop, won't stop  
Hey and don't stop  
Now if it don't jam the hoes wont rock  
And if it aint crack then the fiends wont cop  
And you wonder why a nigga got the shit you don't got  
Gotta see it to believe it  
Gotta see it to believe it  
Gotta see it to believe it  
and don't stop  
Now if it don't jam the hoes wont rock  
And if it aint crack then the fiends wont cop  
And you wonder why a nigga got the shit you don't got  
  
Gotta see it to believe it  
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There's so much pain on my brain I gotta jot it out  
But as of late nigga, it aint been shit to pout about  
I turn up the news, my blues seem petty  
Cause my view of the city is incredible with no album out  
I'm blessed nigga, I'm blessed  
When I'm all alone these words just flow out of my chest  
Turn 'em into poems, they worship, I'm the best  
And though I'm taking long, they f-ck with me none the less

Yeah, enough sleeping, I put you niggas to rest  
The only one saying shit is like a nigga got tourettes, (chyeah)  
Unimpressed with you niggas  
You the shit only cause I digested you niggas  
But I digress, boy you bout as G as a f-cking tie dye vest  
And your wifey is a bird even in her Prada dress  
Want a nigga like me to come and get her out her nest (out her nest)  
Like come and kick it with a nigga on his way to the top  
Won't stop, won't stop  
Hey, dont stop  
Now if it don't jam the hoes wont rock  
And if it aint crack then the fiends wont cop  
And you wonder why a nigga got the shit you don't got  
Gotta see it to believe it  
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