# Grown Simba

## J. Cole

Yea, yea, (clears throat) yea
Uh- Now I was dreaming about a deal at the age of 13
I was fein'n for the meals, I aint talking Burger King
Some of my niggas in the Ville' all they did was serve feins
Fuck scales, I had skills all day rehearsing
Them pretty boys had them gals, spend their time flirting
All the wanted was some waves, like they fucking surfing
Hold up now don't get it twisted, I aint hating do your thing
I was like a young Simba couldn't wait to be the king
Now Nigga it's the prince, hopped over the fence where the grass way greener
Look at shortys ass way meaner
Something like Serena mixed with Trina, have you seen her?
She fine enough to be Miss Howard, word to Adina
My money like a senior watch it graduate
Now its time to eat I'm letting all my niggas grab a plate
Gravitate to real shit, stay away from phonies
These niggas heard about me now they acting like they know me
Keep on saying
Chorus
Where you going nIgga?- Shit, there aint no telling
Ay, where you going nigga?- Ay, there aint no telling
Yea, they keep on saying where you going nigga, going nigga?-There aint no telling
Can't tell you where I'm going, just know I wont stop
Goodbye to the bottom, hello to the top
Verse 2
Pardon the interruption; a proper introduction is necessary when your shit is legendary
Man, greedy niggas wouldn't let me in the cafeteria
Cuz they aint believe, suddenly they Presbyterian
The hoes is librarians, they looking me up
She got a jones like Marion, she licking me up
Then we cut, look how she say my name
I got her moaning J. cole, they used to say Jermaine
I never change, Im like a corpse in a coffin, 6 feet, shits deep
I was low, just a dolla and some hope fixed me
Cuz I was broke plus the weed that I would smoke would make it worser

Lord, please let my problems disappear like Ron Mercier
I'm a star, Conversers , conversing with them girls, with them curves like cursive
They open like curtains because my shit is unheard of like curses on the radio

Same bitches used to play me though
Now they yelling-
Chorus
Where you going nIgga?- Shit, there aint no telling
Ay, where you going nigga?- Shit, there aint no telling
Yea, they keep on saying where you going nigga, going nigga?-There aint no telling
Cant tell you where I'm going, just know I wont stop
Goodbye to the bottom, hello to the top
Verse 3
I left the city for a minute but its still on my back
Told my niggas, "Ay Im finna' put the Ville on the map"-Ill be back
And Im coming with a deal and a plaque
Cuz Im ill bitch, they couldn't make a pill for the rap
Pouring liquor for my niggas that was killed, send em back
Came home shit is real niggas still in the trap
Hold up now don't get it twisted if you slang do your thang
Me Im like a young Simba I cant wait to be the king
Witness the dream
Straight out that Carolina water I was brought up
In the city where the skinny niggas trynna be the ballas
Aint no fathers but the skinny niggas trynna hit their daughters
Sneaking in her crib but her momma never caught us
What they taught us men them bad bitches only want the ballas
The starters, we hoopin now the hoes wanna guard us
Uh-Okay, so play D.. know what I mean?
And I-I-I put you on the team
Men this life is but a dream
And I need a fast car, bad broad, fast forward, pass, pause Im a fucking rap star
Chorus
Where you going nigga?- Shit, there aint no telling
They say this life is but a dream, And I need a fast car, bad broad, fast forward, pass, pause
Im a fucking rap star
Ay, where you going nigga?- Ay, there aint no telling

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