

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>