Who Dat?

The Gruesomes

Who dat, who dat?
Who dat, who dat?
Who dat, who dat?
Who dat, who dat? The nigga you been waitin' for?
I mean the shit was all bad just a week ago
Rappers is bullshittin', fuck it, I ain't hatin' though
'Cause now a nigga hot enough to fuck with one of satin's hoes
And she can't tell the difference, I been through hell conditions
Wishin' for air conditionin', feelin' God was never listenin'
Now I'm on television, and did I fail to mention?
Your bitch is tired of missionary, boy, you failed the mission
Speakin' of positions, just witness how I elevated
Real niggas celebrate it, finger-fuck whoever hate it
My life accelerated, but had to wait my turn
But then I redecorated, that means my tables turn
Live life, might as well, only way to learn
Is try and fail clientele, the only way to earn
So if you're sellin' crack or if you're sellin' rap
Make sure it's mean so them fiends keep on trailin' back
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
So don't worry 'bout my muthafuckin' name
I gotta say who dat, who dat? Cole world
Who dat, who dat? I gotta say
Who dat, who dat? Hey
The mind state of a winner
When you thinkin' 'bout summertime, I'm thinkin' 'bout the winter
When you thinkin' 'bout breakfast, I'm heatin' up my dinner
I was plottin' this moment back when y'all was ridin' spinners
Now I'm a menace, God as my witness, with this pen I'm insane, yup
Hungry like the nigga who ain't got the taste of fame yet
Cloud told me, "Ain't you Roc? Well, where the fuck yo' chain at?"
Guess it's somethin' like your girl, nigga, it ain't came yet
The man make the chain, chain don't make the man
How many niggas do we know with hella ice, but yet they lame?
The cloth from which we came, me and them is not the same
Like we all headed to Spain, they took the boat I took the plane
Dang, that boy sick, now ho's on his joystick

Heatin' up like May weather, dog, I'm on that Floyd shit
Boy stick to yo' day job, said you was hot, well they lied
Is that ya gal? Well, I just cheated, no A-Rod
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
So don't worry 'bout my muthafuckin' name
I gotta say who dat, who dat?
Who dat, who dat? I gotta say
Who dat, who dat? Cole world
Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Cole?
The lil' engine that could, this lil' nigga is good
Rappers claiming they sick, I heal niggas for good
A couple of y'all ain't took a field trip to the hood
Ay, me I'm fresh prince, I'm Will Smith to the hood, baby
Ain't sayin' names but we not the same
All that money and the fame don't change the fact that you lame
Might wanna grab you a chain, wanna tip up your hat
Might wanna purchase some game, homie your shit is so wack
I got my finger on the trigger tell that nigga hold dat
Boy, I'm picture perfect, baby, you can check the Kodak
Hey, so anything you can do I can do better
And any chick you can screw I can get wetter
I'm young, black get to live my life on the run
Bet you bottom dollar before I'm done
They say that I'm the one, yeah nigga, I'm the one, ha
I gotta say who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
So don't worry 'bout my muthafuckin' name
I gotta say who dat, who dat? Cole world
Who dat, who dat? I gotta say
Who dat, who dat? J. Cole
Cole world, nigga, Cole world nigga
J. Cole

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