

# Kenny Lofton (Prod. By Canei Finch)

## J. Cole

Hurt, to think that you lied to me  
Hurt, way down deep inside of me  
And it breaks my heart  
And it breaks my heart  
Get paid a pretty penny for my thoughts  
I'm hard away with grammar, I'm hot  
They only care about a nigga when he handle the rock  
Or when he dishing the pill, or when he gripping the steel  
Bailing out my brother, tell the lawyer get the appeal  
With the flick of the pen write the check and he out  
Two years later he be at my shows checking me out  
Know he proud of little bro and how my records be out  
Flashbacks to childhood when he was decking me out  
Now it's clear little Maine is the best mc out  
Hands down, flow water, can't drown  
My flow father, go harder, Cole smarter  
Shout out to fiends in Queens, I'm team no daughters  
I seen it all at this young age  
The only thing left to do is die and hit front page  
Shit, I knock on wood and pray like God forbid  
These hoes be popping pills, these niggas be popping shit, bitch  
Pac on the mic in his prime  
They only care about a nigga when he writing a rhyme, boy  
Kenny Lofton, you feeling my pace?  
They only care about a nigga when he stealing the base  
It's like I'm Wilt the Stilt, I'm fucking them all  
They only care about a nigga when he dunking the ball  
And it breaks my heart  
The world s a stage, I'll just play my part  
Just caught fire like a young Richard Pryor with unforgettable quotes  
They only care about a nigga when he telling a joke, or when he's selling his dope  
They tell the reverend "Man, I rather get to heaven with coke  
Then live in hell and be broke"  
Shout out to black man who beat the odds by yelling for hope  
Today he asked if I could Twitter y'all and tell you to vote  
My nigga, how could I, knowing what I know  
It's a game of charades, masquerade for the dough  
Read the teleprompter, these niggas is actors on the low  
Yeah, I voted for the nigga cause he got the best show

Like I got the best flow, on your mark, set, go  
I seen it all at this young age  
The only thing left to do is die and hit front page  
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And it breaks my heart  
The world s a stage, I'll just play my part  
I said, you wouldn't know the truth if it was right there in your face  
See, I can't explain the feeling when the feds surround your place  
In that PJ rose, I drink that shit by the case  
Like somebody pray for me, Reverend Run, Pastor Mase  
See, I do this for my homie, he got caught with a soft eight  
When I say a soft eight, yeah, that's two less than ten  
If they let him out today he gonna do it all again  
Say he lost the first time it won't stop until he win  
Street life will have you drunk, I m talking serious Gin  
Yeah, we screaming Scarface, but we all know how that ends  
Every word is like dope, you can snort it like lines  
If I said it, then I meant it, they reciting every line  
If I had to write a book, it would be the Life and Times  
Every verse is that work, you can weigh it like a nine  
You see I lost a lot of niggas and it broke my heart  
Life is staged, I just played my part  
Pac on the mic in his prime  
They only care about a nigga when he writing a rhyme, boy  
Kenny Lofton, you feeling my pace?  
They only care about a nigga when he stealing the base  
It's like I'm Wilt the Stilt, I'm fucking them all  
They only care about a nigga when he dunking the ball  
And it breaks my heart  
The world s a stage, I'll just play my part  
And it breaks my heart  
And it breaks my heart  
I m hurt  
Hurt much more than you ll ever know  
Hurt, because I still love you so

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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