

Can't Get Enough

J. Cole

Cole World, South side
Can't get enough, can't get enough
East side, West side, worldwide, ride out Now I ain't got no kids yet,
But this right here's for practice
I hate to get the seats in the Benz wet,
But that's how good your ass is
Make an old man get his glasses,
Make Wesley pay his taxes
Then follow your moves all week on Twitter,
Probably make a gay nigga reconsider
You now rocking with the best man,
Dress game down to the sex game
Won't brag, but the boy been blessed mane,
Let you play with the stick, Ovechkin
She calling, she texting,
She's falling, but let me explain
Gotta tell your old boyfriend skate girl
Cause a nigga don't play them ex games
Nope! Straight sexing no handcuff or arresting
And I ain't coming offa my last name
Cause I really can't take no stressing
'Bout where I done been, who I done hit,
Your home girl saying, "He a bad boy"
But I'm signed to the Roc,
No time for the gossip, bitch, put down them tabloids She said, "I heard you got a main chick, a mistress and
some hoes
You be up to no good and everybody knows
My home girls tried to warn me, they tried to let me know
But what you got, I need a lot so I can't let you go"
She said, "I, can't get enough, can't get enough" (I need that)
"I, can't get enough, can't get enough" (I need that)
"I can't get enough of what you got, good God, you hit the spot
Tried to let go but I just could not, so don't you stop, I need that" Hey, Globetrotter,
Cole hotter even way out in London town
Hoes holla 'cause they love my sound
And I got love for the underground
Kwali, Pimp C, H-town where Bun get down
Met a bad bitch that'll cut all night,
That'll suck all night, you just cut off lights

Almost missed my flight,
Tryna get my last little nut, all right?
She be down for whatever,
Whenever I wanna get up in the guts, all right?
Never fuss or fight,
On the grind tryna find this lettuce
I love it when you give me head,
I hate it when you give me headaches
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Hey, Cole World, baby, ain't nothing sunny
I see 'em hating, but it ain't nothing to me
I'm from the Ville, where they bang for the money
And carry fo' fives like change for a twenty
So what I look like scurred?
Them niggas over there look like nerds
Never mind that girl, let's make a track
I'll beat the pussy up, that's the hook right thurr
That's the hook, right thurr
There's the hook, right thurr
Never mind that, girl, let's make a track
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Songwriters

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