Rise and Shine

J. Cole

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There's a nigga right now somewhere
He at the table with a bowl of Apple Jacks
And he's reading the back of the cereal
And in between the Apple Jacks he's writing some shit
And he wants my spot
I'ma find him though, I'ma sign him.
I don't want no problemsLike we always do at this time, Cole blowin' your mind
Hey dummy, this no accident, all of this was designed
Took my time, crept from behind
And I opened up your blinds, rise and shine!
Cole World, same nigga used to drive around with yo girl
In my mama's Civic, now I'm out here tryna get it
I ain't like you lame ass niggas, boy I spit it how I live it
So when you see me in the streets, man I ain't got a mimic
Cause I ain't got an image to uphold, this real shit
I ain't got a gimmick, I just flow and niggas went nuts for
The boy that set fire to the booth
In a game full of liars it turns out that I'm the truth
Some say that rap's alive, it turns out that I'm the proof
'Cause the ones y'all thought would save the day can't even tie my boots
The ones y'all thought could hang with me can't even tie my noose
Let these words be my bullets nigga, I don't rhyme I shoot
Bang![Chorus]
Before I wake
I pray to the Lord, my soul to take
My soul to take, my soul to take, my soul to takeLord I been dreamin' bout the paper, get rich 'fore I see my life caper
Hope my mama get to see Jamaica before she meet her maker
Our hoop was never good enough to ever be a Laker
But these words I record got me ballin', Jordan
More than a rapper this a natural disaster
Boy, I'm meaner than Katrina mixed with Gina

"Shut up, Cole!", this is for my niggas back home
Homes, waddup Bo?
This is for them bitches that played me, waddup ho?
No I ain't mad, it's sad, you went from bad to real bad
Two kids that don't even know their real dad
Real sad, baby girl I wish you still had it
Then maybe you could get a taste of livin' Villematic
It's Cole still at it, y'all be talkin' about the same shit
Than how I feel about it, mama was a real addict
That's why I don't respect that lyin' ass white shit you talkin'
Cole plannin' funerals, you might fit the coffin[Chorus]Get on your job lil man, this ain't Saturday!
We in two different lanes, you can't navigate
We in two different games, you playin' patty cake
Brother you're lame, you're Shane Battier
You out of shape, my mind run a mile a minute
The sky's the limit, I'm so high, I'm divin' in it
My rides is tinted, my knob's gettin' slobbed up in it
She hollerin' God, man you would've thought that God was in it
But it's just a nigga God invented
The best out, foolish pride'll make you not admit it
Word, this shit ain't vibe nigga, why you noddin' with it?
The hate in your blood can't stop your soul from vibin' with it
Now you all conflicted cause my flows is wicked
And my hoes is thicker and all of yours is pickin' me
'Cause they know a star when they see a star, nigga
Ain't even got to fuck him to know he a raw nigga
I got her in my bedroom, but cheer up, nigga
You saved so many hoes, you a hero nigga!
Medal of honor, I'm feelin' on top like Pac
When he slept with Madonna
Hey, this is death before dishonor
Get arrested and forget to tell my mama
She got enough to stress about
My nigga gonna get me out
Then we hit the club with the thugs and the liquors
No criminal record but I'm makin' criminal records
Isn't it ironic? Isn't it iconic?
Jacket so expensive you wouldn't even try on it
But it fit me perfect, I purchase it if I want it
The city on my shoulder, so no girl, you can't cry on it
When you make a list of the greatest aye, am I on it?
Maybe not yet but bitch I got the clock set
It goes tick-tock, game on lock
Sun gon' shine but the rain won't stop
Oh no!If I should die before I wake

I pray to the Lord, my soul to take
My soul to take, my soul to take

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