Cost Me A Lot

J. Cole

[Chorus]
What can I?
Its cost me a lot
its cost me a lot
its cost me a lot
its cost me a lot
its cost me a lot
its cost me a lot[J Cole - Verse 1]
Just one of them days
a n-gga feel like flossin
a Stone Cold Stunna, victim Steve Austin
cool as Drew Breeze, Im blowing a few Gs
just to hear them hoes say hes awesome
hes awful, yeah remember when ya fronted on me
pulled up beisde me in that big body and stunted on me
or when the bouncer just announced that it was bottle service only
then he kicked me out the line, yeah he punted on me
well look Im back b-tch, back with an attitude
buying out the bar, cause I feel like this the sh-t I gotta prove
last year the cashier told me my card was not approved
now Im tipping the server a hundred to show my gratitude
easy, told you Id be back baby, I guess you aint believe me
now Im living just like the n-ggas you see on TV
VIP feeling like this club oughta thank me
I hit the bar just so yall can see Im ballin, HD[Chorus]
(Its cost me a lot)
big chains, big whips with wood grain
(Its cost me a lot)
My God, my watch make momma think someone might rob
(Its cost me a lot)
fast life and till the gas light
copped the type of sh-t you couldnt get at half price
(Its cost me a lot)
Look but dont touch muthaf-cker, think twice
(Its cost me a lot)Now I dont love no material things
but Im in love with the feelings they bring
I got em like damn (how, how, how he do that)
damn (how, how, how, how he do that)
Now I dont love no material things

but Im in love with the feelings they bring
I got em like damn (how, how, how he do that)
damn (how, how, how, how he do that)[J Cole - Verse 2]
Uh, knee deep in the game, my chain heavy
somebody get the pilot and ask is the plane ready?
to handle all the weight on my shoulders we taking off
dont wanna meet Aaliyah but yet I cant take it off
cause how Im supposed to shine without the proper bling
remember when I did a show with Waka Flocka Flame
felt naked cause the boy rocked bout a dozen chains
guess we rock a lot of ice cause we got a lot of pain
thats 5 hundred years of selling, Im tryna tell em
Jacob the Jeweller is cooler now he a felon
Jay put a stamp on the n-gga but wouldnt nail him
if he couldnt sell him, so what that tell him huh?my chain heavy and my b-tches look very thorough
must be the money like dealing with the Jerry curl
white Range, call that Muthaf-cker Larry Bird
I got em hanging on every word[Chorus]
[End]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/