

# World Is Empty

J. Cole

[Verse 1:]Yea, like I said man, you niggas need to be out there and smoking something man

You know what I'm saying?

Yea, it's Cole, won't lie, won't stop to the race is won

Niggas who be rapping how real they are, usually turn out to be the fakest ones

Carolina where I made it from

Cold world no blanket son

Girls fast how Jamaican run

Puffin on the city where the Lakers from, L-A, L-A, la la

So high everything is a ha ha from me

Dreamin of the days of a Drop 500 and a bad bitch that will go to Popeyes for me

You can never tell me that I'm not hungry, if you ever felt what's inside my tummy

My mom wanting out, is my time running out?

Is the Lord up top with a stop watch for me?

Hope not... hope not... hope nothope not

(My world is empty without you babe, my world is empty without you)

I'm just trynna make it my nigga

[Verse 2:]Yea yea

A wise nigga told me don't chase that cash

Follow your heart you'll make that fast

Does a stripper love to shake that ass or does she wise to erase that past?

Got a nigga in her face just gassed like, baby girl why you take this path?

Stack in his hand trynna make that last, all she thinking bout is how to take his last

Rub tities in his face and laugh, gotta try not to look fake in fact

Alittle more money like a few more 20s and you let that nigga grab your naked ass?

Okay hes gone now

Roll her eyes when he whispers in her ear,

This ain't the life for you baby let me take you out of here cause.

(My world is empty without you babe, my world is empty without you)

She like, Nigga yea right, do you know how much mutha fucking money I'm making?

[Verse 3:]Yea my nigga sit back blow in the air

Only getting high cause we close to the hell

Nigga trynna like like Hova oh-well, we broke and that doe coming slow as a snail

Hustle hard til there no inhale

Hit the block like a postman with mail

My brother got knocked now the hold him in cells

My mom broke but she posted the bail

Someway, some how niggas feelin like the sun down even when the sun up!

Hear the sound out the window of the gun bust

And you wonder why niggas keep the gun tucked  
But, this how niggas was brung up  
A mother just tryna raise her sun up  
Til a stray bullet got his lungs struck  
And the Governor could'nt give one fuck  
While she sangin  
(My world is empty without you babe, my world is empty without you)  
Damn, told you niggas cold world no blanket  
Tough Luck, yea

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