

Knock On Wood

J. Cole

(Cole, cole, cole, cole
And on the count of 3
Baby girl
Cole, cole, cole, cole
And on the count of 3
Baby girl
Cole, cole, cole, cole
Hey
And on the count of 3
Blow up - ah
Blow up - ah)Yea - and that I will
Nigga and that I will
I keep a checklist of rappers that I'mma kill
I used to play the bleachers before I had a deal
Now a nigga gettin burnt, just imagine how that feel
Mmm, ill, fantastic
Flip rhymes, flip beats, nigga jamnastics
Your style hot now but they just can't last wit
Somethin like the rap sandcastle
Gone with the tide
I'm here for the season
Bend your ass over bitch
I'm here for a reason
Cole breezin, flow freezin
This ain't spittin ho - I'm sneezin
Used to hit South Beach, stay at the Parisian
No fun nigga, low funds was the reason
Old school bed that the hoes got pleased in
Now them loes dos is what I throw peas in
Man talk about a come up
Niggas see me in the street, they talkin bout The Come Up
Or talk about The Warm Up
Aye nigga when yo album drop?
And why these little rappers like to run they mouth alot?
And J. Cole are you really from the south or not?
I see yo jeans, man them thangs musta cost alot
Aye do you get a chance to hang out with the boss alot?
Even them hatin niggas like you at the barbershop
Cole! yeaaa, thats my motherfuckin name

Nigga couldn't even watch the allstar game
Had to do the ole valentines day thang
Gotta play the game so my lady won't complain
3 or 4 days I'll be back on a plane
Do a couple shows where the people know my name
Look man the crowd full of pretty young thangs
If you gone do dirt then you can't leave a stain
Mane, tiger woods ya'll
He like the white girls
I like them hoods yall
She got her hair straight, she got a good job
She give the best brain, she got them good jaws
I got that good game, thats cause I'm good ya'll
J. Cole the little engine that could ya'll
And yea I'm comin for the top like I should ya'll
And bitch I'll never fall off
Knock on wood ya'll
Cole

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>