

# Relaxation

## Relaxing Instrumental Jazz Academy

[J. Cole]It's ya n-gga, deep thinker, big drinker  
late night, with ya wife in ya crib sneaker  
when you out of town, and you not around  
turn your ass over like a n-gga stepped out of bounds  
crowd around young?  
I got ammo and a lot of rounds coming  
up in the streets where you not allowed, runnin?  
got the songs bitches ride around hummin?  
and the n-ggas stay thumpin?  
and the hater's hate pumpin?  
got the 808's bumpin?  
so the trunks stay thumpin?  
and the n-gga get high only on occasion in  
my mind too wild  
damn thought weed supposed to calm you down  
but I'm so high I can palm two clouds  
boy look, these n-ggas quote my lines like the Lord's book  
you n-ggas less rhymes more hooks  
more bucks but less love  
you hear them drums, 'estlove  
no Roots, I'm so truth  
I used to rock sidelines like a coat suit  
had to look at all them loafers, yeah them boat shoes  
now I'm in the game but I won't boast to you dummy  
remember n-ggas had short jokes for my money  
toast to the honey's, money and the liquor  
and bitch I don't sound like any other n-gga  
with my finger on the trigger  
I burn rappers like Henny on the liver  
grant death wishes like a genie I'm a killer  
Lord giveth and he taketh like an Indian giver  
hard to keep jimmy in zipper  
when you got them bad Anne Vivians with ya  
Remy and weed, I got em on Pluto  
I like Henny but the hoes prefer Nuvo.  
[Fashawn]  
Check, every time a n-gga roll,  
old school (?) and it's sittin on (?)  
hoes on me when I enter the door

if a n-gga wanna trip, good grip on the chrome  
empty out a clip from the fifth then I?m gone  
twist up a spliff, get a fifth of Patron  
hate a chick who just talk sh-t on the phone  
baby I?m tryna stick, give ya dicks to ya dome, sh-t  
if I was you n-gga I would hate him  
hot August nights I?m out there in Vegas  
stuntin til time, had that patience  
now it?s big faces, fly vacations  
alias Shawn stacks  
miss shows, never call back  
blowin? Dro sippin tall cats  
on the low had to crawl back  
n-ggas wonder if it?s all raps  
or it?s all facts?  
[Omen]As I step in the toe like Fe fi foe  
with the heat like flow and the beat typo  
better rewrite yo, get your rhyming straight  
get murked plus 8 like Jon and Kate  
I mean it?s time for the face off  
hit the corner like an 8 ball  
me not concentrate like adorf  
no time for I had a get a day job  
me on the mind you aint even on the radar  
never bring it but I never been a fiend for her silly ways  
so I?m tryna get the cream til I?m silly paid  
couldn?t put her on the team, every week another reason  
thats fiend like Billy Mays  
gotta grind gotta focus  
gotta shine through the minds of the blind light the hopeless  
never confined to the rhymes that I?ve chosen  
moment of silence the Times gotta quote this!

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