

Kenny Lofton (ft Young Jeezy)

J. Cole

Hurt, to think that you lied to me
Hurt, way down deep inside of me
And it breaks my heart
And it breaks my heart
Get paid a pretty penny for my thoughts
I'm hard away with grammar, I'm hot
They only care about a nigga when he handle the rock
Or when he dishing the pill, or when he gripping the steel
Bailing out my brother, tell the lawyer get the appeal
With the flick of the pen write the check and he out
Two years later he be at my shows checking me out
Know he proud of little bro and how my records be out
Flashbacks to childhood when he was decking me out
Now it's clear little Maine is the best mc out
Hands down, flow water, can't drown
My flow father, go harder, Cole smarter
Shout out to fiends in Queens, I'm team no daughters
I seen it all at this young age
The only thing left to do is die and hit front page
Shit, I knock on wood and pray like God forbid
These hoes be popping pills, these niggas be popping shit, bitch
Pac on the mic in his prime
They only care about a nigga when he writing a rhyme, boy
Kenny Lofton, you feeling my pace?
They only care about a nigga when he stealing the base
It's like I'm Wilt the Stilt, I'm fucking them all
They only care about a nigga when he dunking the ball
And it breaks my heart
The world s a stage, I'll just play my part
Just caught fire like a young Richard Pryor with unforgettable quotes
They only care about a nigga when he telling a joke, or when he's selling his dope
They tell the reverend "Man, I rather get to heaven with coke
Then live in hell and be broke"
Shout out to black man who beat the odds by yelling for hope
Today he asked if I could Twitter y'all and tell you to vote
My nigga, how could I, knowing what I know
It's a game of charades, masquerade for the dough
Read the teleprompter, these niggas is actors on the low
Yeah, I voted for the nigga cause he got the best show

Like I got the best flow, on your mark, set, go
I seen it all at this young age
The only thing left to do is die and hit front page
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And it breaks my heart
The world s a stage, I'll just play my part
I said, you wouldn't know the truth if it was right there in your face
See, I can't explain the feeling when the feds surround your place
In that PJ rose, I drink that shit by the case
Like somebody pray for me, Reverend Run, Pastor Mase
See, I do this for my homie, he got caught with a soft eight
When I say a soft eight, yeah, that's two less than ten
If they let him out today he gonna do it all again
Say he lost the first time it won't stop until he win
Street life will have you drunk, I m talking serious Gin
Yeah, we screaming Scarface, but we all know how that ends
Every word is like dope, you can snort it like lines
If I said it, then I meant it, they reciting every line
If I had to write a book, it would be the Life and Times
Every verse is that work, you can weigh it like a nine
You see I lost a lot of niggas and it broke my heart
Life is staged, I just played my part
Pac on the mic in his prime
They only care about a nigga when he writing a rhyme, boy
Kenny Lofton, you feeling my pace?
They only care about a nigga when he stealing the base
It's like I'm Wilt the Stilt, I'm fucking them all
They only care about a nigga when he dunking the ball
And it breaks my heart
The world s a stage, I'll just play my part
And it breaks my heart
And it breaks my heart
I m hurt
Hurt much more than you ll ever know
Hurt, because I still love you so

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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