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 trynna raise her sun up
Til a stray bullet got his lungs struck
And the Governor could'ntgive 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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