

# Grew Up Fast

## Brant Ivory

Intro: (David Ruffin)

Sometimes I think about it  
And my poor heart wants to die about it  
Woooooo about the sweet sweet love I lost  
And the way I got double crossed  
By a guy who was my friend, I see him now and then  
But I pretend I'm doing fine, when I'm about to lose my mind  
[Verse 1: J. Cole]N\*ggga I grew up fast, then blew up fast  
Money fallin out my pockets I got too much cash  
Can't fit nothin in her pockets she got too much ass, like goddamn!  
Well if you must ask..  
We from the school of hard knocks but your crew cut class!  
Half white but don't think I got a Klu Klux pass,  
When I'm up in the V, police be f\*ckin' with me,  
No sir no license all I got here is this f\*ckin' degree,  
Move along cocksucker ain't nothin to see!  
Unless you talkin blockbusters, you n\*ggas is not Russell,  
You more Diggy - me I'm more Biggie,  
No diss to the young boy im just rappin', get bored quickly.  
Just to make up for that line invite him on tour with me,  
Show him the game let him finagle these wh\*res with me!  
Run through they doors with me, hit the Ritz-Carlton for the night,  
Leave him there with two dykes probably change a n\*ggga life right,  
What up Vanessa, I loved you that one semester..  
Thanks to my profession I balled like Uncle Fester.  
Thinkin about the board I use to have above the dresser.  
Half the sh\*t I wrote down I did it, its old now got-  
New goals, plus my money on Manute Bol,  
Funny how my old highs is suddenly my new lows.  
Tired of every chick sayin she models before she swallow.  
So I only f\*ck with hat tricks, b\*tches with a few goals.

[Bridge]N\*ggas keep askin' me how I feel- how ya feel?

It's Coleee!

[Verse 2: J. Cole]Not even slightly interested in what ya opinion is  
I gotta greater purpose then a hater purpose  
I'mma stack paper, hustle just to relax later  
Serve n\*ggas and bring change that's a waiter's purpose  
Look how I made em nervous, n\*ggas is shakin, I know they fakin'

Okay you a killer right, and Miss Cleo is Jamaican  
And Bob Marley is Haitian and me and Beyonce datin'  
And Jesus Christ be hatin, got mad love from Satan  
For fuckin Sanaa Lathan while Meagan Good is waitin'  
I'm the deadbeat father of your little brother  
In other words goddamnit I'm a bad motherf\*cker!  
It's Cole, it's only right I brought back the soul,  
Y'all got way too electro, damn near techno,  
Halfway homo, way too metro,  
Hennessy XO, Cole flow special,  
Style like Tribe Called Quest meets Death Row,  
Learn somethin boy, grow yo a\*s up!  
Cheap n\*gga, if you was liquor I'd probably throw yo a\*s up  
Matter a fact, if you was grass, I'd probably mow yo a\*s up  
Last call for you old n\*ggas go and pour yo last cup  
[Outro: J. Cole]Yea, yea, yea yea, Cole World  
This n\*gga Ib...he's a b\*tch  
He told me to talk shit to you n\*ggas, so I'mma talk my shit  
Dreamville in the building  
I know what y'all want me to talk about, what y'all want to me to discuss  
But we'll get to that later; them bitch ass n\*ggas...  
My n\*gga Big Sean in the building  
My n\*gga Canei on the beat..

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