

# Just to Get By

J. Cole

That was the warm (that was the warm up baby)  
Aight, Elite for real. One tape and Im up out of here  
One, yup, yea  
Lord please forgive me for my sinning, I aint saying that im finished but Im praying in advance  
Cuz they way her eyes glance like they playing in my pants  
Yea ball game-I swear the hoes wasn't in my plans  
When a nigga took a chance and came to the big city  
My beat machine the only fucking thing I had with me  
Like, Bobby had Whitney we were cooking up crack!  
But them 15 credits had a nigga off track  
Picture that!-The best rapper since lil Wayne in classes  
The best bachelor since Bruce Wayne with his Bachelors  
Remasterd this rap shit you hear the words coming from my lips, bastards  
I never crack, I got that chapstick  
I practiced til' that shit made perfect and served it to the people on a silver platter  
Now where's the ladder?  
Cuz either you gonna whine or climb, I choosed the ladder  
Know you haters is pissed, hold your bladder though  
Before you get tossed like a forward lateral  
We never tattle, let God handle that  
Or let the mob handle that, No soprano  
Half Black, half white Im a piano  
Im an animal my video on discovery channel  
Im a beast when my shit hits the streets these niggas seize to exist  
Like a beach in a tsunami you'll find me in The Ville in the state of NC  
Bitch if I aint back home Im up in N-Y-C bout' that money probably  
Like a fucking robbery but I aint Jacking  
Im chasing dreams sort of like jeans  
Boy I aint slacking, Im chasing dreams sort of like Jeans boy I aint slacking  
Ay take a hard look at my drive nigga no hacking on my shit  
Im straight smacking niggas straight tagging niggas  
Yo Im freestylin' fuck ya'll niggas ya'll be wilding and IM OUT!!

Lyrics provided by

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