

# Mr. Nice Watch (featuring Jay-Z)

J. Cole

Cole WorldEverybody got a bad side drop, let me see that shit  
What you say "Cole ain't hot," what? Where you read that shit?  
You believe that shit? All 'cause some lame nigga tweet that shit?  
Have you seen my shows? Have you seen my hoes?  
If I wasn't hot would they be so thick?  
Guess not, got the game in a headlock  
I'm blasting that, I'm laughin' at you old niggas, Redd Foxx  
Don't mind me boy, I'm red hot, uh, nigga they not  
I'm over here, I'm over there, I'm everywhere they not  
You never play me, nice try, balling in a nice spot  
No more Mr. Nice Guy, hello Mr. Nice Watch  
You don't want no problems, put yourself in a tight spot  
So, you can look, but don't touch, I stay on my toes like the White SoxIt cost me a lot, my chain and my watch  
They say time is money but really it's not  
If we ever go broke girl, then time is all we got  
And you can't make that back, no you can't make that back  
So let's ball while we here, let's ball while we here  
Like ain't no tomorrow, like ain't no next year  
Drink away all our problems, make it rain with no care  
Like I make that back, fuck it I make that back  
(Ugh nice watch, ugh nice watch  
Ugh nice watch. No more Mr. Nice Guy. Hello, Mr. Nice Watch)Stack on black, I ain't never been a high-roller  
Now it's racks on racks, never thought that I would ride Rover  
But I'm back on track, add to the fact that I never really drive sober  
Cole World but I'm hot as shit, do that mean that I'm bipolar?  
Young, black and gifted, I rap like it's Christmas Eve  
Coach wouldn't let a nigga off the bench  
No wonder why I didn't quit the team, but  
I'm cut from a different sleeve, Cole World so the wrists we'll freeze  
Hurry up with your pictures please, I gotta make historyIt cost me a lot, my chain and my watch  
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(Ugh nice watch, ugh nice watch  
Ugh nice watch. No more Mr. Nice Guy. Hello, Mr. Nice Watch)I got a Hublot, I call it Tebow, I strap that

bitch with a gator band  
Y'all niggas ball half-time, y'all niggas like the Gator band  
Y'all niggas need a time out, who got these niggas all wound up?  
Cocksucker, I'm 730, y'all know where y'all niggas gonna wind up?  
No more Mr. Nice Guy, hello Mr. Nice Watch  
Only but a matter of time 'fore I hit y'all niggas with a nice shot  
Y'all niggas better not call the law, get no blood on my Audemar  
Meaning y'all better not waste my time when y'all ready I take you all to war  
Meanwhile I'm just chopping off doors  
Put the front on the back, 'cause I'm back and forth  
Put the front on the back of the 'Bach like a boss  
So I'm fronting on niggas when I'm backing off  
What up, Cole? It's your time, let's these niggas know  
Adjust your Rollie on these motherfucking hoes, whenever you ready, go  
It cost me a lot, my chain and my watch  
If we ever go broke girl, then time is all we got

Songwriters

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