# 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, goIt 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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