

The Come Up

J. Cole

Money coming soon, nigga.
I'm on the come up, chill nigga, don't run up,
A yellow nigga finna rise and shine like the sun up, (yea)
My mind on that paper, I ain't tryna wife a slut up,
I'm dying for this cake and I ain't tryna wipe a crumb up,
They ride with the gun up, kill you and light the blunt up, (uh)
Don't shed a tear, for a nigga might get done up,
But just say a prayer for a nigga might confront us,
Cuz his life is summed up, the medics wipe his lungs up,
You coming to the ville, you gotta get a license from us,
City on my back, I feel like I'm holding Big Pun up,
No pain, no gain, my nigga, I just numb up.
I blow brains, go bang a nigga if he jump up,
With no shame, don't blame a nigga if you shot up,
This is cocaine on flames, baking soda and water,
And if you feel that, then I guess I sell crack, get it?
Fall back, man, a nigga feeling crazy.
Shitting on niggas, like a nigga was still a baby, (uh)
Carolina nigga, shout out to the ville, it raised me,
So many hoes whipped, you woulda thought we still in slavery.
And niggas still sleeping, they feeling lazy, (uh)
A killa? maybe, you make me, I will (uh)
Cheat me on my scrilla, I'll send you to meet Dilla, (uh)
From them NC streets where beef they deliver,
And the clip is on 'E' cuz your chest got a filla.
A nigga like me just getting head like a pillow,
Bred like guerillas getting bread,
So long as my momma and my niggas getting fed,
Fuck what a niggas said, (man) I'm Fayetteenam bombing,
Cause hatred is flattery, you bitch niggas is charming.
Who the fuck you harming? Boy y'all niggas is Charmin, (uh)
And I'm on it, waiting for a target.
You fucking with the best, like Common.
Ah shit, pardon a nigga for departin',
I'm just getting green like a yard or a garden.
A nigga finna blow, while you niggas is false alarmin.' (uh)
And just think though, I was raised on Ramen, (uh)
Chicken noodle soup, now I'm filet mignon.'
I promise my momma I was coming to make this money,

And I swear imma kill the nigga that try to take it from me.

Yeah

Thats real talk, nigga!

It's J.Cole, nigga, Therapist,

Whatever fuck you wanna call me, don't matter,

Make y'all niggas understand, man,

Yea!

Know y'all can't believe yourself right now,

Yo this nigga from the south, naw,

He can't spit, how the fuck is he so good?

Hahaha

Open your eyes, motherfucker,

Can't see?

Niggas on top! yup!

On top, yup, yup,

On top!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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