You Got It

J. Cole

[J. Cole - Chorus]Hey, one time
hey, one time
one time
throw your hands to the sky tonight
cause I think I see the baddest lil thing in the World right now
but I gotta make sure I'm right
and girl you damn right, if your head right
I'll be there every night
I just might change your life
cause baby...
You got it (you got it)
you got it (you got it)
you got it (you got it)
you got it (you got it)
[J. Cole - Verse 1]Hey Cole World, real cold World
I watch it hit the floor and watch it drop it real low girl
last time I seen ya, you was a lil old girl
I had a crush now we grown and we still so thorough
clap for her, work it till you exhausted
I swear nothing worse than a bad bitch that lost it
brains off the chain, smart mouth with a dumb ass
God damn your ex man is a dumb ass
when you was leaving, did he put up a fight?
was he stressin' you, wasn't fucking you right
well one man's trash is another man's treasure
one man's pain is another man's pleasure
one damn thing you can't change is the weather
but even if it rain, we get rained on together
it's whatever, you shine, I shine,
I know you got a 9-5 I'll be your 5-9!
[J. Cole - Chorus][J. Cole - Verse 2]Yeah, go ahead and pop it like you do in the mirror
I'm picking through the cloud tryna see a little clearer
high heel wearer, hell of a body
first one to spot ya and I aint telling nobody

nope, I'm peaking at your ass, winking at your ass
if I dont beg I'll be thinking bout your ass
for the whole week no time for cold feet
she too bad to pass, so fine I dont speak

I tell her my name Jermaine, I'm tryna be lowkey
she tell me I go that flame, your rhymes are so deep
man, girl thank you, shit you so bad know your daddy wish he could still spank you
hold up for these other niggas roll up and try and get ya
the ones that say they riders but never do ride with ya
I'm tryna vibe with ya so wont you throw me your phone number
and let them lames get ya old number
[J. Cole - Chorus][Wale]Roc Nation, Wale
look, Cole World, still a cold world
and a couple ya is cool but we a little more thorough
whole town, a little more girls
you know I spit that sick shit and there's still no cure
hold up, low packs like I got cancer
choking on them white boys make a black panther
love my women with high heels and high standards
and only cheat on my broad if I run out of answers
I got that vicious flow, Moncler winter coat
I aint superstitious I make all these broads flip my pole
you dig it, this shit aint for beginners
I'm something like a fetus, I'm not quite kidd'n
and theres something you aint seeing like I block your vision
like my Remy with no juice, you a lot like Bishop
hundred k in 22 hours
see money talks, you muthafuckers is Boomhower
no check back, in debt yep
loud in my J, I smoking (?)
higher than I need to be
flyer cause I need to be
love our conversation but it's late right now, I need a beat
one time for the Ville that Cole rep
another time for the city of slow death
I dont understand why these niggas so vexed
I dont need no chains with no cross to know that I'm blessed
[Chorus]

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