

# Can't Get Enough (feat Trey Songz)

J. Cole

Cole World, South side  
Can't get enough, can't get enough  
East side, West side, worldwide, ride out Now I ain't got no kids yet,  
But this right here's for practice  
I hate to get the seats in the Benz wet,  
But that's how good your ass is  
Make an old man get his glasses,  
Make Wesley pay his taxes  
Then follow your moves all week on Twitter,  
Probably make a gay nigga reconsider  
You now rocking with the best man,  
Dress game down to the sex game  
Won't brag, but the boy been blessed mane,  
Let you play with the stick, Ovechkin  
She calling, she texting,  
She's falling, but let me explain  
Gotta tell your old boyfriend skate girl  
Cause a nigga don't play them ex games  
Nope! Straight sexing no handcuff or arresting  
And I ain't coming offa my last name  
Cause I really can't take no stressing  
'Bout where I done been, who I done hit,  
Your home girl saying, "He a bad boy"  
But I'm signed to the Roc,  
No time for the gossip, bitch, put down them tabloids She said, "I heard you got a main chick, a mistress and  
some hoes  
You be up to no good and everybody knows  
My home girls tried to warn me, they tried to let me know  
But what you got, I need a lot so I can't let you go"  
She said, "I, can't get enough, can't get enough" (I need that)  
"I, can't get enough, can't get enough" (I need that)  
"I can't get enough of what you got, good God, you hit the spot  
Tried to let go but I just could not, so don't you stop, I need that" Hey, Globetrotter,  
Cole hotter even way out in London town  
Hoes holla 'cause they love my sound  
And I got love for the underground  
Kwali, Pimp C, H-town where Bun get down  
Met a bad bitch that'll cut all night,  
That'll suck all night, you just cut off lights

Almost missed my flight,  
Tryna get my last little nut, all right?  
She be down for whatever,  
Whenever I wanna get up in the guts, all right?  
Never fuss or fight,  
On the grind tryna find this lettuce  
I love it when you give me head,  
I hate it when you give me headaches  
She said, "I heard you got a main chick, a mistress and some hoes  
You be up to no good and everybody knows  
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Tried to let go but I just could not, so don't you stop, I need that"  
Hey, Cole World, baby, ain't nothing sunny  
I see 'em hating, but it ain't nothing to me  
I'm from the Ville, where they bang for the money  
And carry fo' fives like change for a twenty  
So what I look like scurred?  
Them niggas over there look like nerds  
Never mind that girl, let's make a track  
I'll beat the pussy up, that's the hook right thurr  
That's the hook, right thurr  
There's the hook, right thurr  
Never mind that, girl, let's make a track  
I'll beat the pussy up, that's the hook right thurr  
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Songwriters

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