

Can't Get Enough

J. Cole

[Intro]

(Ahhh) Cole World

(Ahhh) Southside

Can't get enough, can't get enough

(Ahhh) Eastside, Westside, worldwide

Ride out[Verse 1: J. Cole]

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 yo' ass is

Make an old man get his glasses, make Wesley pay his taxes

Then follow yo' moves all week on Twitter, prolly make a gay nigga reconsider

You now rockin' with the best, mayne, dress game down to the sex game

Won't brag, but the boy been blessed, mayne, let you play with the stick, Ovechkin

She calling, she texting, she's falling, but lemme explain

Gotta tell your old boyfriend skate, girl, 'cause a nigga don't play them ex games

No! Straight sexing, no handcuff or arresting

And I ain't comin' offa my last name, 'cause I really can't take no stressing

'Bout where I done been, who I done hit, your homegirl sayin', "He a bad boy"

But I'm signed to the Roc, no time for the gossip, bitch, put down them tabloids[Hook: Trey Songz & J. Cole]

She said "I heard you got a main chick

A mistress and some hoes

You be up to no good

And everybody knows

My homegirls 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"[Verse 2: J. Cole]

Hey, Globetrotter, Cole hotter, even way out in London town

Hoes holla 'cause they love my sound, and I got love for the underground

Kweli, 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[Hook][Verse 3: J. Cole]
Hey, Cole World, baby, ain't nothin' sunny
I see 'em hatin', but it ain't nuttin' 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 there
There's the hook, right there
Never mind that, girl, let's make a track
I'll beat the pussy up, that's the hook right thurr[Hook]

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