

# G.O.M.D. (SICKICK VERSION!!!)

## J. Cole

Hollywood Cole  
Go  
Ay Hollywood  
Hollywood Cole  
Go You wanna know just where I'm at  
Well let me tell you 'bout it  
I put my city on the map  
But let me tell you 'bout it  
They tryna say I can't come back  
Ay let me tell you 'bout it  
Man fuck them nigga I come back  
Ay let me tell you 'bout it  
I wanna tell you 'bout it  
Hands up, everybody run  
Cole outside and he say he got a gun  
Niggas like "man that's what everybody say"  
Go and pop the trunk and everybody dead  
Everybody scared of the nigga  
Aware that the nigga is better  
All my bitches the pick of the litter  
Never bitter  
Niggas is faker than anime  
Me I never hate, get cake like Anna Mae, woah  
Eat the cake bitch, eat the damn cake  
Fuck good nigga we demand great  
Order Dominoes and she take off all her clothes  
Nigga you know how it goes, make the pizza man wait  
The best kept secret  
Even hoes try and keep it and I leak the damn tape  
Rest in peace any nigga want beef  
Even secret service couldn't keep the man safe I said to the window, to the wall  
My nigga ride when I call  
Got bitches all in my mind  
Fuck nigga blocking my shine  
I know the reason you feel the way  
I know just who you wan' be  
So everyday I thank the man upstairs  
That I ain't you and you ain't me Get off my dick, woah  
(Get the fuck off my dick)

Get off my dick, woah  
(Get the fuck off my dick nigga)  
Get off my dick, bitch, woah  
(Get the fuck off my dick)  
Get off my dick, woah Man fuck them niggas I come home and I don't tell nobody  
They gettin' temporary dough and I don't tell nobody  
Lord will you tell me if I changed, I won't tell nobody  
I wanna go back to Jermaine, and I won't tell nobody  
This is the part that the thugs skip  
Young nigga never had love  
You know, foot massage, back rub shit  
Blowing bubbles in the bathtub shit  
That is until I met you  
Together we done watch years go by  
Seen a river of your tears go by  
Got me thinkin' bout some kids, still I  
Tell them hoes come through  
(The break up)  
Get to know somebody and you learn a lot about 'em  
When we long for you, start to doubt 'em  
Tell yourself you better off without 'em  
Then in time you will find can't walk without 'em  
Can't talk without 'em, can't breath without 'em  
Came here together, you can't leave without 'em  
So you walk back in, make a scene about 'em  
On your Amerie it's just 1 thing about 'em  
It's called love  
Niggas don't sing about it no more  
Don't nobody sing about it no more  
No more, no more  
It's called love  
Niggas don't sing about it no more  
Don't nobody sing about it no more  
(Nigga I don't sing about this shit no more)  
But there a nigga in the club singing To the window, to the wall  
My nigga ride when I call  
Got bitches all in my mind  
Fuck nigga blocking my shine  
I know the reason you feel the way  
I know just who you wan' be  
So everyday I thank the man upstairs  
That I ain't you and you ain't me Get off my dick  
But ain't a nigga in the club singing  
Singing this song yeah  
Got all the bitches in the club singing

Singing this song yeah  
And all they mamas let their kids sing it  
Sing this song yeah  
The baby mamas and the mistresses  
Singing this song yeah  
Song yeah, song song yeahThe make up  
This shit is retarded  
Why every rich black nigga gotta be famous  
Why every broke black nigga gotta be brainless  
That's a stereotype  
Driven by some people up in Ariel Heights  
Here's a scenario  
Young Cole pockets is fat like little Terrio  
Dreamville, give us a year we'll be on every show  
Yeah fuck nigga I'm very sure  
Fuck the rest I'm the best nigga out  
When I'm back home I'm the best in the South  
When I'm in LA I'm the best in the West  
You can test, you can test, I'mma stretch niggas out  
Ooh I'mma stretch niggas out  
That go for all y'all if I left niggas out  
This shit for everybody on my testicle  
Please make sure you put the rest in your mouth, ho

Songwriters

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