Relaxation

FrÃ©dÃ©ric Chopin

[J. Cole]It?s ya n-gga, deep thinker, big drinker
late night, with ya wife in ya crib sneaker
when you out of town, and you not around
turn your ass over like a n-gga stepped out of bounds
crowd around young?n
I got ammo and a lot of rounds coming
up in the streets where you not allowed, runnin?
got the songs bitches ride around hummin?
and the n-ggas stay thumpin?
and the hater?s hate pumpin?
got the 808?s bumpin?
so the trunks stay thumpin?
and the n-gga get high only on occasion in
my mind too wild
damn thought weed supposed to calm you down
but I?m so high I can palm two clouds
boy look, these n-ggas quote my lines like the Lord?s book
you n-ggas less rhymes more hooks
more bucks but less love
you hear them drums, ?uestlove
no Roots, I?m so truth
I used to rock sidelines like a coat suit
had to look at all them loafers, yeah them boat shoes
now I?m in the game but I wont boast to you dummy
remember n-ggas had short jokes for my money
toast to the honey?s, money and the liquor
and bitch I don?t sound like any other n-gga
with my finger on the trigger
I burn rappers like Henny on the liver
grant death wishes like a genie I?ma killer
Lord giveth and he taketh like an Indian giver
hard to keep jimmy in zipper
when you got them bad Anne Vivians with ya
Remy and weed, I got em on Pluto
I like Henny but the hoes prefer Nuvo.
[Fashawn]
Check, every time a n-gga roll,
old school (?) and it?s sittin on (?)
hoes on me when I enter the door

if a n-gga wanna trip, good grip on the chrome
empty out a clip from the fifth then I?m gone
twist up a spliff, get a fifth of Patron
hate a chick who just talk sh-t on the phone
baby I?m tryna stick, give ya dicks to ya dome, sh-t
if I was you n-gga I would hate him
hot August nights I?m out there in Vegas
stuntin til time, had that patience
now it?s big faces, fly vacations
alias Shawn stacks
miss shows, never call back
blowin? Dro sippin tall cats
on the low had to crawl back
n-ggas wonder if it?s all raps
or it?s all facts?
[Omen]As I step in the toe like Fe fi foe
with the heat like flow and the beat typo
better rewrite yo, get your rhyming straight
get murked plus 8 like Jon and Kate
I mean it?s time for the face off
hit the corner like an 8 ball
me not concentrate like adorf
no time for I had a get a day job
me on the mind you aint even on the radar
never bring it but I never been a fiend for her silly ways
so I?m tryna get the cream til I?m silly paid
couldn?t put her on the team, every week another reason
thats fiend like Billy Mays
gotta grind gotta focus
gotta shine through the minds of the blind light the hopeless
never confined to the rhymes that I?ve chosen
moment of silence the Times gotta quote this!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/