Sky Boy

J. Cole

[Verse 1]
I got dreams of gleaming wings and beamers
Cream so obscene, ain't gotta clean my sneakers no mo'
A closet full of Polo, a pocket full of mo' dough
I'm knocking in the fo' door, never stopping for the popo
I can't forget to send my momma to the Acapulco
You laugh what, can't a nigga dream big
A swimming pool, big screen, mint-green Benz
Me and Christina Milian with sixteen kids, yeah I joke but a nigga mean biz'
Lemme tell you how it is, nigga
I got this feeling man, a nigga finna hit the ceiling fan
Fayettevillain killin', fishin' for that scrilla, reelin' in
I'm leaning, that mean I'm chilling, I'm feeling like Gilligan
Nigga what is this a barbecue? So why the fuck you grillin' then![Verse 2]
If I'm back in the Ville, haters smack in they grills
Ladies like 'em; got that eighties Michael Jackson appeal
Homie curiosity, all these cats getting killed
Niggas caps gettin' peeled, for that cash niggas
Will run up on yo' ass in that mask flash and the steel
Niggas laugh when they steal, I just brag cause I'm real
Motherfucker I'm the shit, I pass gas when I feel
Shit is trash bag, it's all about the last laugh
Mad I got yo' girl turned over like a bad pass
She know I rap, so I ain't even have to bag that
Cash that? Probably not how I design rhymes
The dick got 'em singing, I could get yo' dime signed
A Don Juan type armed with a strong pipe
I even put it on dykes, I'm smashing like it's Prom Night, bitch[Verse 3]
You niggas must've got your marijuana laced
I know some magicians make you disappear without a trace
Out-of-state speeding through New York with Carolina plates
I'm the God, mother fucker, and how dare y'all try to hate
You'll never shine like me, you could wear your hottest Bapes
I'mma show y'all how to cake, I can tell your Prada's fake
I understand you think fly, but nigga you ain't got a cape
I understand you think you gangsta, nigga you ain't shot a thing
Them niggas bring it to you point-blank range, ain't gotta aim
Yeah you see some players shooting, but this shit is not a game
Badda boom badda bang, lot of goons, lot of lames

Old groupie ass niggas like the clan, trying to hang, yeah
By the way, since ninety-seven I been nice, I'm finna get it cracking like fat niggas on thin ice, wooh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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