

Black Friday

J. Cole

Yeah

Ten toes to the ground

Yeah Let's get the proceedings proceeding this evening

No Promethazine I'm a king, no leaning

I got a better way to fight these demons

Fuck do you know 'bout my pain? blow

Let's get the proceedings proceeding this evening

No Promethazine I'm a king, no leaning

I got a better way to fight them demons

Fuck do you know 'bout my pain? If I quote it nigga, I wrote it nigga

Six head shots, I'll erode a nigga

Pop another clip and I'm reloaded nigga

Ain't no way around it, I'm the coldest nigga

Do a nigga dirty life's a coal, my nigga

Get you cleaned up then I fold you nigga

Shout out to the haters who promote a nigga

Flow hot, whip cold, I'm bipolar nigga

But I don't like to talk about a Rover nigga

Keep this shit a hundred, I just sold it nigga

Tired of police looking at me like I stole it nigga

Probably just gonna cop a lil Corolla nigga

Don't need a rollie on to know I'm getting older nigga

Dreamville going way up like a floater nigga

Couple hands out like I owe them niggas

Where was you when the Civic was getting towed my nigga?

No snakes in the grass cause I mowed it nigga Fuck do you know 'bout my pain?

(Right there let me get that there)

Fuck do you know 'bout my dreams?

Nada

(If you really believe it, gotta talk about it

You heard about what happens when you talk about it

Niggas lookin' at you funny when they start to doubt it

Fucking up your energy when you start to doubt it too)

Rollercoaster ride

(Start to doubt it too)

How much do it cost?

(Start to doubt it)

If I take a ride, fuck around get lost

(Shoutout my nigga Ib)

Rollercoaster ride, how much do it cost?
(El Presidente and shit)
(He want me to talk my shit for y'all)
If I take a ride, fuck around get lostCole world you should stay off this dick
I sold out the Garden, I should play for the Knicks
Took a couple minutes and I sold out staples
A nigga getting cream like an old ass Laker
But I ain't coming to talk about all that paper
That's what they talk about when they ain't got shit to say
Can't understand why niggas never got shit to do
You know the saying, same shit nigga, different day
I never felt that, no way
Cause on the same day a nigga doing different shit
Spit different flows hit different chicks
Let my Brixton hoes feed me fish and chips
Why I do a lot of shows? I'm the shit, that's it
Got suicidal doors, I just slit my wrists
Never stingy with the hoes word to Cliff and Chris
So if I fuck six bitches I got six assists nigga
The flow sick as shit, catch ebola if you bit this shit
I never take, I invent the shit then flip the shit
Then lick the shit, and bit the shit back twice, I'm that nice, woo
What's the plan?
Cole keeps snapping like a Mustard jam
Got a middle finger for Uncle Sam
I done paid so much taxes I can fund Japan
But instead they make a young nigga fund the man
Same man that keep a young nigga under, damn
I just cocked back nigga and my gun don't jam
On a scale from one to ten I'm a hundred grandIt's Cole fuckin' world nigga
Dreamville in this motherfucker, Top Dawg in this motherfucker
"When you and K. Dot shit dropping?"
Bitch never, they can't handle two Black niggas this clever
But this February, bet shit get scary when I fuck around and drop

Songwriters

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