

# Back To The Topic

## Coleworld

Carolina blue kicks, pedal to the metal  
Feeling like a puppet and the devil is Geppetto  
Letter to the ghetto, hold your head high  
You can pick apart my raps, I ain't told ya na' lie  
I want a little dark, I like to fuck a tan line  
Go on, look for a better nigga, girl, you can't find  
Fine young man with an old man mind  
No time for the tickle, fuck the whole mankind  
"Aw, no ma'am", I'm an old land mine  
I been waiting to blow up for a long damn time  
Now I'm armed and I'm Fayetteville's finest  
Carolina's savior, marijuana blazer  
Only on occasion 'cause my mind be racing  
Lost in my thoughts so my eyes be Asian  
Thinking how these rap niggas gotta be faking  
Whole style obviously copied, pasted  
Plagiarized swag, may arrive last  
But when it's all said and done I'mma be ahead of them  
Way that I describe it, prescribe a nigga medicine  
What that I be fly I be higher than the Jet-a-sons  
Moving on up, nigga, higher than the Jeffersons  
All about the Benjamins, bad chicks? Send 'em in  
Basic hoes? Toss 'em out, can't even get Waffle House  
Hating niggas? Chalk 'em out, go on, get the coffin out  
What you talking about? Lil' man  
My shit hair-burning, you not even a lil' tan  
I'm ill enough to kill cancer, baby, I'm chemo  
Down in Miami and I throw like Marino  
Get a whole lot of you-know and she bald like an eagle  
No, not on top but down there  
She say she want to hop on top, "Girl, I don't care"  
You better get yours fore I reach mine  
'Cause then I'm throwing peace signs  
If you a freak, I can take you to your peak  
Girl, I do it to the maximum, Nissan  
And I hope you a believer  
I'm quarterbacking  
Trying to get you open like receivers  
Far from an overnight achiever

Cole is like the leader of the new niggas  
To tell the truth, I'm only fucking with a few niggas  
If that the rest of you niggas get lapped, I sit back  
And reflect on the rap game, I came from out of nowhere  
Nigga, I swear them lames ain't know how to prepare  
Got niggas shouting out, "The 'Ville, I gotta go there"  
Boy, don't you know you get shot over there?  
I say my prayers 'cause this life ain't fair  
A bunch of backstabbing niggas, hope the knife ain't there  
A bunch of temptation facing when your wife ain't there  
Yeah, late at night  
When I got the phone call and made her right  
But my crib was straight ahead, shorty gave me head  
Hit it then I quit it 'fore she even made the bed  
Damn, I'm no good but damn, it's so good  
I'm picturing that body like a camera phone would  
Something like Rihanna while I'm up in that vagina  
Type of chick that only dress in something that's designer  
I could give a fuck as long as there's something that's behind of her  
Got the type of bump that make a dog wanna hump  
Back to the topic, actually forgot it  
Hoes, money, I'm the shit, oh yeah, I'm reminded  
The way I put the words together, cleverly align 'em  
These other rap niggas should never be a problem  
And I'm ghost

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