

# You Got It

## Flapjackers

[J. Cole - Chorus]Hey, one time  
hey, one time  
one time

throw your hands to the sky tonight  
cause I think I see the baddest lil thing in the World right now  
but I gotta make sure I'm right  
and girl you damn right, if your head right  
I'll be there every night  
I just might change your life  
cause baby...

You got it (you got it)  
you got it (you got it)  
you got it (you got it)  
you got it (you got it)

[J. Cole - Verse 1]Hey Cole World, real cold World  
I watch it hit the floor and watch it drop it real low girl  
last time I seen ya, you was a lil old girl  
I had a crush now we grown and we still so thorough  
clap for her, work it till you exhausted  
I swear nothing worse than a bad bitch that lost it  
brains off the chain, smart mouth with a dumb ass  
God damn your ex man is a dumb ass  
when you was leaving, did he put up a fight?  
was he stressin' you, wasn't fucking you right  
well one man's trash is another man's treasure  
one man's pain is another man's pleasure  
one damn thing you can't change is the weather  
but even if it rain, we get rained on together  
it's whatever, you shine, I shine,  
I know you got a 9-5 I'll be your 5-9!

[J. Cole - Chorus][J. Cole - Verse 2]Yeah, go ahead and pop it like you do in the mirror  
I'm picking through the cloud tryna see a little clearer  
high heel wearer, hell of a body  
first one to spot ya and I aint telling nobody

nope, I'm peaking at your ass, winking at your ass  
if I dont beg I'll be thinking bout your ass  
for the whole week no time for cold feet  
she too bad to pass, so fine I dont speak

I tell her my name Jermaine, I'm tryna be lowkey  
she tell me I go that flame, your rhymes are so deep  
man, girl thank you, shit you so bad know your daddy wish he could still spank you  
hold up for these other niggas roll up and try and get ya  
the ones that say they riders but never do ride with ya  
I'm tryna vibe with ya so wont you throw me your phone number  
and let them lames get ya old number  
[J. Cole - Chorus][Wale]Roc Nation, Wale  
look, Cole World, still a cold world  
and a couple ya is cool but we a little more thorough  
whole town, a little more girls  
you know I spit that sick shit and there's still no cure  
hold up, low packs like I got cancer  
choking on them white boys make a black panther  
love my women with high heels and high standards  
and only cheat on my broad if I run out of answers  
I got that vicious flow, Moncler winter coat  
I aint superstitious I make all these broads flip my pole  
you dig it, this shit aint for beginners  
I'm something like a fetus, I'm not quite kidd'n  
and theres something you aint seeing like I block your vision  
like my Remy with no juice, you a lot like Bishop  
hundred k in 22 hours  
see money talks, you muthafuckers is Boomhower  
no check back, in debt yep  
loud in my J, I smoking (?)  
higher than I need to be  
flyer cause I need to be  
love our conversation but it's late right now, I need a beat  
one time for the Ville that Cole rep  
another time for the city of slow death  
I dont understand why these niggas so vexed  
I dont need no chains with no cross to know that I'm blessed  
[Chorus]

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