Born Sinner

J. Cole

Spinning in circles, live my life without rehearsal
If I die today my nigga was it business? Was it personal?
Should this be my last breath I'm blessed cause it was purposeful
Never got to church to worship lord but please be merciful
You made me versatile, well-rounded like cursive
Know you chose me for a purpose, I put my soul in these verses
Born sinner, was never born to be perfect
Sucka for women licking their lips and holding these purses
Back when we ran the streets who would think we grow to be murderers
Teachers treated niggas as if they totally worthless
And violent, and hopeless
I saw but never noticed that a college point is right to be
'All you can be' posters
Rest in peace to Tiffany
I don't know if this is the realest shit I wrote
But know that the realest nigga wrote this
And signed it, and sealed it in a envelope
And knew one day you would find it
And knew one day that you would come back and rewind this, singingI'm a born sinner
But I die better than that, swear
You were always where I needed you to be
Whether you were there or not there (I was there)
I was born sinning
But I live better than that (better tonight)
If you ain't fucking with that
I don't care (yeah, yeah, yeah)Yeah, this music shit is a gift
But God help us make it cause this music business is a cliff
I got a life in my grip, she holding tight to my wrist
She screaming: "Don't let me slip"
She see the tears in my eyes, I see the fear on her lips
True when I told you
"You the only reason why I don't flip and go insane"
My roof in the pouring rain
You knew me before the fame, don't lose me the more I change
Just grow with me, go broke you go broke with me
I smoke you gon' smoke with me
Woman's curse since birth, man lead her to the hearse
I go Bobby you go with me damn
Listen here, I'll tell you my biggest fears

You the only one who knows them
Don't you ever go expose them
This life is harder than you'll probably ever know
Emotions I hardly ever show
More for you than for me
Don't you worry yourself
I gotta do this for me
They tell me life is a test but where's a tutor for me
Pops came late I'm already stuck in my ways
Ducking calls from my mother for days
Sometimes she hate the way she raised me but she love what she raised
Can't wait to hand her these house keys with nothing to say
ExceptI'm a born sinner
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I don't care (yeah, yeah, yeah)

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