

Mr. Nice Watch (feat Jay Z)

J. Cole

Cole World Everybody got a bad side drop, let me see that shit
What you say "Cole ain't hot," what? Where you read that shit?
You believe that shit? All 'cause some lame nigga tweet that shit?

Have you seen my shows? Have you seen my hoes?

If I wasn't hot would they be so thick?

Guess not, got the game in a headlock

I'm blasting that, I'm laughin' at you old niggas, Redd Foxx

Don't mind me boy, I'm red hot, uh, nigga they not

I'm over here, I'm over there, I'm everywhere they not

You never play me, nice try, balling in a nice spot

No more Mr. Nice Guy, hello Mr. Nice Watch

You don't want no problems, put yourself in a tight spot

So, you can look, but don't touch, I stay on my toes like the White Sox It cost me a lot, my chain and my watch

They say time is money but really it's not

If we ever go broke girl, then time is all we got

And you can't make that back, no you can't make that back

So let's ball while we here, let's ball while we here

Like ain't no tomorrow, like ain't no next year

Drink away all our problems, make it rain with no care

Like I make that back, fuck it I make that back

(Ugh nice watch, ugh nice watch

Ugh nice watch. No more Mr. Nice Guy. Hello, Mr. Nice Watch) Stack on black, I ain't never been a high-roller

Now it's racks on racks, never thought that I would ride Rover

But I'm back on track, add to the fact that I never really drive sober

Cole World but I'm hot as shit, do that mean that I'm bipolar?

Young, black and gifted, I rap like it's Christmas Eve

Coach wouldn't let a nigga off the bench

No wonder why I didn't quit the team, but

I'm cut from a different sleeve, Cole World so the wrists we'll freeze

Hurry up with your pictures please, I gotta make history It cost me a lot, my chain and my watch

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(Ugh nice watch, ugh nice watch

Ugh nice watch. No more Mr. Nice Guy. Hello, Mr. Nice Watch) I got a Hublot, I call it Tebow, I strap that

bitch with a gator band

Y'all niggas ball half-time, y'all niggas like the Gator band

Y'all niggas need a time out, who got these niggas all wound up?

Cocksucker, I'm 730, y'all know where y'all niggas gonna wind up?

No more Mr. Nice Guy, hello Mr. Nice Watch

Only but a matter of time 'fore I hit y'all niggas with a nice shot

Y'all niggas better not call the law, get no blood on my Audemar

Meaning y'all better not waste my time when y'all ready I take you all to war

Meanwhile I'm just chopping off doors

Put the front on the back, 'cause I'm back and forth

Put the front on the back of the 'Bach like a boss

So I'm fronting on niggas when I'm backing off

What up, Cole? It's your time, let's these niggas know

Adjust your Rollie on these motherfucking hoes, whenever you ready, goIt cost me a lot, my chain and my watch

If we ever go broke girl, then time is all we got

Songwriters

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