

# Quote Me

## J. Cole

J. Cole  
haha uh  
Yeah, uh  
Yeah, Yo  
Bear with a nigga man,  
Gotta a little head cold, ya know?  
I'll still kill it nigga  
Show y'all niggas how it do,  
Real Quick,  
Uh. You know what they say,  
The window to the soul is in the eyes,  
So disrespect a nigga, I will close a nigga blind,  
Yeah who can hold us? Super focused  
Shoot them hoes with the super soakers,  
I got 'em so wet, fuck that, more wet,  
I'm Hennessy drinking  
Wonder what my enemies' thinking,  
Nervous? nigga, please.  
I'm finna be caking with dough-  
So much bread, its like a nigga be baking.  
Walk thats so cold, this shit will need blankets,  
Money coming soon, tell my niggas be patient.  
We gonna replace those whips with some sicker ones,  
We gonna erase them chicks for some thicker ones.  
Hit and run, bigger funds,  
But still can't forget to pour liquor,  
As I reminisce on them niggas that couldn't come.  
Rest in peace, can't control another man's destiny,  
So I do what's best for me.  
I know you think niggas well, ain't no test to me.  
On my plate is a meal, ain't no recipe- for that,  
Some nigga chill on the tech, no speak, blaaat,  
Some niggas will put your chest to feet  
I'm talking reckless.  
What you expect nigga, I'm flexing,  
Y'all dyslexic, got a nigga twisted.  
Never shot a nigga, I don't gotta get convicted,  
Cause if I say the word, your whole squad is getting lifted.  
What up then? Niggas ain't saying nothing? Shut up then!

Wouldn't last a minute in the city I grew up in.  
Where I got my swag, cool as the breeze is,  
Chip on my shoulder, I walk like I'm Jesus.  
About that paper, we could give a fuck if you believe us,  
Looking for model divas that barely speak English,  
Fuck 'em while we rich, cuz when we broke, they gonna leave us,  
We earn stripes, looking like zebras,  
Y'all looking like Adidas.  
We do it for the streets, cuz they need us,  
Got beef? Come meet us.  
Ok I thought so,  
Y'all niggas are so mad cuz I floss so bad on bitches,  
And with this stroke, I'm Picasso,  
Niggas told me good afaso,  
Now she yelling out God so much, thought I had her singing gospel.  
Shit, shout out to my apostle,  
Shit, you know me, nicest nigga in the south,  
Yea you can quote me!  
Wooo Shit!  
haha  
Ooooh Shit, mother fucker!  
hahaha  
Oohh Shit,  
And I'm sick bitch, holla at me!  
You know!  
Fuck boy!!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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