

# Sideline Story (Produced By J. Cole)

J. Cole

I put my heart and soul in this game, I'm feelin' drained  
Unappreciated, unalleviated  
Tired of comin' up short, fuck abbreviated  
Want my whole name spelled out, my own pain spilled out  
No pain, no gain, I blow brains, Cobain  
Throw flames, Liu Kang, the coach ain't help out, so I call my own shots  
I'm David Blaine, I'm breakin' out of my own box, you stay the same  
But homie if you change, may you change for the better  
Back when Martin King had a thing for Coretta  
Wonder if she seen all the dreams he was dreamin'  
Did she have a clue of all the schemes he was schemin'  
Still loved him just enough to put up with the cheatin'  
Months go by and only see him for a weekend  
I say a prayer, hope my girl ain't leavin'  
We all got angels, we all got demons  
As you fall through the club  
Bad bitches down to do all the above  
Money comes fast so bein' hungry don't last  
'Til you look in the mirror and you saw who you was  
Cole World, it couldn't be more clearer  
The time is now, couldn't be more herer  
My reign gonna last like 3-4 eras  
Say hello to the real, I can be your heroHey, I'mma put us all on the map  
Gone and I ain't lookin' back  
I know they gone feel it like they tank on E  
I promise baby, you can bet the bank on me  
'Cause can't nobody tell me what I ain't gonna be no more  
You thinking I'mma fall, don't be so sure  
I wish somebody made guidelines  
On how to get up off the sidelinesUp in first class, laugh even though it's not funny  
See a white man wonder how the fuck I got money  
While he sit in coach, hate to see me walk past 'em  
Young, black, pants sag, headphones blastin'  
Know what he askin', "how did he manage?"  
"With all the cards against him, he used them to his advantage!"  
Slang we be speakin' probably soundin' like Spanish  
Then I fuck they heads up when a nigga show manners  
Some New York niggas thought it was funny callin' us 'Bama  
Laughin' at the grammar 'cause they didn't understand us

Must've thought we slow, but little do they know  
I came up in here to take advantage of that shit y'all take for granted  
Opportunity that I would kill for  
Lookin' at rappers like "what the fuck you got a deal for"  
When I was ass out with my funds low  
It's nice to know I had the whole world at my front doorHey, I'mma put us all on the map  
Gone and I ain't lookin' back  
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You thinking I'mma fall, don't be so sure  
I wish somebody made guidelines  
On how to get up off the sidelinesI made it to the rack, even though they tried to box me out  
I got the key to the game, they tried to lock me out  
But what they don't understand is this is all plan  
It's a bigger picture and you can't photoshop me out  
Some nigga ask me why Jay never shout me out  
Like I'm supposed to give a fuck  
Don't you know that I be out in France  
Where the fans throw they hands like Pacquiao  
Not 'cause my looks, 'cause my hooks could knock Rocky out  
And my lines is designed from the heart  
Young Simba been a lion from the start  
Dumb nigga's, y'all been lyin from the start  
My life's like a movie, truly  
And these niggas is dyin' for the part  
But, you'll never play me like LeBron vs. Jordan  
Twenty years, wonder who they gon' say was more important  
Both changed the game, came through and made a lane  
Who's to say that who's greater, all we know, they ain't the sameHey, I'mma put us all on the map  
Gone and I ain't lookin' back  
I know they gone feel it like they tank on E  
I promise baby, you can bet the bank on me  
'Cause can't nobody tell me what I ain't gonna be no more  
You thinking I'mma fall, don't be so sure  
I wish somebody made guidelines  
On how to get up off the sidelines

Songwriters

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