Miss America

J. Cole

Intro
This is a public service announcement
Brought to you by the good people at Dreamville Records
"And so my fellow Americans
Ask not what your country can do for you
Ask what you can do for your country"Excuse meVerse 1
Load the clip in the chopper, flip the script and get Oscars
All my niggas is mobsters, all my bitches is doctors
Cole World, this just the tip of the iceberg
So talk shit and taste the tip of the Mossberg
Don't trip nigga, they just words
Though my words tend to sound like Proverbs
Niggas don't see the preachers 'til we dead in the hearse
Granny broke cause she always givin' bread to the Church
Now pastor Mason Betha in a Lambo
And little niggas holdin' desert eagles like they Rambo
Bumpin' my shit, always wondered why they fuck with my shit
I hope it's 'bout the knowledge, not about who's suckin' my dick
But oh well, I'm gon' sell like I had no bail
For my chain and my piece I should've won Nobel
Ill, boy you cold nigga, yeah I know nigga
Only young nigga do it better than the old niggasHook
Took chances, slow dance with the devil bitch
Overcomin' the circumstances we hella rich
Since you all in my business, this what I tell a bitch
If you ain't fuckin' me, don't fuck with me, this life on the edge
Green dollars splurged all on embellishments
My fellowship paid, don't need to cop my fellas shit
Scoopin' hoes in the party, some Cinderella shit
Smash for the hell of it, livin' life on the edgeMiss America, petty thoughts
Miss America, petty thoughts
Miss America, petty thoughts
Just to floss pay any and every cost
Heavy heart as I sit in this Range countin' thousands out
Am I about dollars or about change?
Am I about knowledge or about brains?
Freedom or big chains, they don't feel my painVerse 2
Blood on my sneakers, no remorse for the grievers
He played the corner like Revis he should've had better defense

That's how I'm feelin', blood spillin' I love killin'
Niggas'll swear that they it, this is as rare as it gets
Rap game changed, this is embarrassing shit
Bunch of bitches posin' on some old Miss America shit
I was a wilder nigga back on my therapist shit, moving careless as shit
In a city where niggas really don't care who they hit
Who the fuck was I?
Just a young little nigga tryin' to see the other side
Of the railroad tracks, where them scarecrows at
No brains on a nigga but they'll air your back
Fuck the man, Uncle Sam I won't sell your crack
I won't fight your wars, I won't wear your hat
I'mma pass your classes, I'mma learn your craft
I'mma fuck your daughters, I'mma burn your flagHookOutro
They don't feel my pain
They'll never feel my pain
And they'll never play this shit on the radio

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