G.O.M.D

J. Cole

Hollywood Cole Go Ay Hollywood Hollywood Cole GoYou wanna know just where I'm at Well let me tell you 'bout it I put my city on the map But let me tell you 'bout it They tryna say I can't come back Ay let me tell you 'bout it Man fuck them nigga I come back Ay let me tell you 'bout it I wanna tell you 'bout it Hands up, everybody run Cole outside and he say he got a gun Niggas like "man that's what everybody say" Go and pop the trunk and everybody dead Everybody scared of the nigga Aware that the nigga is better All my bitches the pick of the litter Never bitter

Niggas is faker than anime

Me I never hate, get cake like Anna Mae, woah

Eat the cake bitch, eat the damn cake

Fuck good nigga we demand great

Order Dominoes and she take off all her clothes

Nigga you know how it goes, make the pizza man wait

The best kept secret

Even hoes try and keep it and I leak the damn tape

Rest in peace any nigga want beef

Even secret service couldn't keep the man safeI said to the window, to the wall

My nigga ride when I call
Got bitches all in my mind
Fuck nigga blocking my shine
I know the reason you feel the way
I know just who you wan' be

So everyday I thank the man upstairs
That I ain't you and you ain't meGet off my dick, woah
(Get the fuck off my dick)

Get off my dick, woah
(Get the fuck off my dick nigga)
Get off my dick, bitch, woah
(Get the fuck off my dick)

Get off my dick, woahMan fuck them niggas I come home and I don't tell nobody

They gettin' temporary dough and I don't tell nobody

Lord will you tell me if I changed, I won't tell nobody

I wanna go back to Jermaine, and I won't tell nobody

This is the part that the thugs skip
Young nigga never had love
You know, foot massage, back rub shit
Blowing bubbles in the bathtub shit
That is until I met you
Together we done watch years go by
Seen a river of your tears go by
Got me thinkin' bout some kids, still I

Tell them hoes come through

(The break up)

Get to know somebedy and you learn a lot about 'em
When we long for you, start to doubt 'em
Tell yourself you better off without 'em
Then in time you will find can't walk without 'em
Can't talk without 'em, can't breath without 'em
Came here together, you can't leave without 'em
So you walk back in, make a scene about 'em

So you walk back in, make a scene about en

On your Amerie it's just 1 thing about 'em

It's called love

Niggas don't sing about it no more Don't nobody sing about it no more

No more, no more

It's called love

Niggas don't sing about it no more

Don't nobody sing about it no more

(Nigga I don't sing about this shit no more)

But there a nigga in the club singingTo the window, to the wall

My nigga ride when I call

Got bitches all in my mind

Fuck nigga blocking my shine

I know the reason you feel the way

I know just who you wan' be

So everyday I thank the man upstairs

That I ain't you and you ain't meGet off my dick

But ain't a nigga in the club singing

Singing this song yeah

Got all the bitches in the club singing

Singing this song yeah And all they mamas let their kids sing it Sing this song yeah The baby mamas and the mistresses Singing this song yeah Song yeah, song song yeahThe make up This shit is retarded Why every rich black nigga gotta be famous Why every broke black nigga gotta be brainless That's a stereotype Driven by some people up in Ariel Heights Here's a scenario Young Cole pockets is fat like little Terrio Dreamville, give us a year we'll be on every show Yeah fuck nigga I'm very sure Fuck the rest I'm the best nigga out When I'm back home I'm the best in the South When I'm in LA I'm the best in the West You can test, you can test, I'mma stretch niggas out Ooh I'mma stretch niggas out That go for all y'all if I left niggas out This shit for everybody on my testicle Please make sure you put the rest in your mouth, ho

Songwriters

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