

# Jodeci (Feat. J. Cole)

## Drake

Yeah, 26 on my third GQ cover  
Your new shit sound like you do covers  
On all of my old shit, oh shit  
I devoted to making sure that shit goes unnoticed  
Swear you niggas is hopeless  
I should run a clinic for niggas that think that they're winning  
On some coach shit, 50Ms for a three month road trip  
I see straight through them like fish tanks with no fish in them  
Drizzy still got some '06 in him  
IRS all in my books getting they Matlock on  
All this capitol it's like I left the caps lock on  
It's like every time I plot a return I seem to shift the game  
See I can still talk keys without pitchin' cane  
Pay yourself and owe yourself  
Before you come to my city just know yourself  
Know where you at  
I'm good in every town, I'mma be there doing shows where you at  
The lights hit women screaming like Jodeci's back, nigga But that's, that's where all this, that's where the  
feeling is.  
That's where all that shit comes from, man I mean like  
The music that you and I used to listen to ah, was just,  
Absolutely phenomenal, because we went through it all.  
We went through errything  
I remember you loved Jodeci  
I mean like studied, you even made me a CD Your money is just a little Barney's Co Op for you to be tryna  
show out  
I'm in your girl's ear planting seeds like a grow-op  
We move the operation to Cali soon as the snow drop  
Oh stop, please stop arguin' 'bout who's the best emcee  
I think everyone would agree, they know that you're not  
I know I'm a sure shot, middle finger poking you in your sore spot  
Bars sound like I'm under oath nigga  
I comedy central roast niggas and turn 'em to ghost niggas  
Either I'm gettin' bigger or you're just gettin' smaller or both nigga  
I'm just as unforgivin' as most niggas  
You bit the hand, now starve, it's not a joke nigga  
I'll hang you with it soon as I teach you the ropes nigga  
Oh well, bitches paint OVO on their toenails  
And show up at the show, the afterparty, and the hotel

That five star in your city, they know where we at  
I hit the lobby, women's screaming like Jodeci's back, niggaJodeci's back  
You bitches screamin' like Jodeci's back  
I call the front desk for condoms, sayin' they ain't got none  
The way that I'm respondin', she know that we black, nigga  
Jodeci's back  
Fuckin' hoes like Jodeci's back  
I paint pictures and flip words  
Nigga woulda thought Def Poetry back

Songwriters

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