Heartache

J. Cole

[Intro:]
Yeah yeah yeah
Elite Elite Elite... Elite
Ya know[Verse 1]
Yeah, yeah
Slim nigga, lyrically on my limbs
Bigga then a nigga hittin' the gym
Regular benchpressin' the bar,
Ten steps up from ya'll, you could follow my lead,
If you shoot for the stars, I guess you aimin' at me
But please hold your applause
Ya'll holdin' up the wall goddammit I'm on the flo'
Good Lord, can't you see me gettin' down on a ho
And she drop it so low she sittin down on the flo'
I never pound with the flo, at times I wonder
Aye when they listen to my shit man can they hear my hunger?
Or will these hatin' ass rappers try to steal my thunder
Aye this is big shit poppin', you gon' need a plunger
To take me under, niggas in trouble
You lookin' at Lebron James of the game
I could do anything that you name
I could blaze any rapper in the game that you bring
Pour gasoline on the brain, got the flame for that
So you hatin' niggas refrain from that
A little bitter cause yo game is whack
I'll let Elite breathe, yeah
I'll let Elite breathe, yeah[Chorus]
Aye you ain't gotta cry, don't worry 'bout me
I know it won't be long 'fore you know about me
My head's to the sky and I'm on my grind
I'm reachin' for the clouds, tryna take what's mine
Take what's mine
Hey, hey[Verse 2]
A dolla and a dream, that's all a nigga got
So, if it's 'bout that C.R.E.A.M, then I'm all up in the spot
I'm just warmin' up, I'm hot but naw I ain't flashin'
I never gave a fuck about no high-end fashion
And maybe I was too broke, maybe I'm just too dope
To rap about that regular shit, or bag a regular bitch

These niggas talkin' like they on the next level and shit
But Cole's flow so cold, Bet the devil get sick
How do you want it? So sick I make you mentally vomit
These rappers askin' for beats and they ain't even fit to be on it
I see 'em writin' about rappers, I should be sick to my stomach
Because they talk 'bout the future but didn't mention me on it
So now I'm back in the kitchen, cookin' I'm meant to be one of the greatest
No niggas seein' me, this century us and you hate it
Look how I played it, other niggas was jaded
Under-appreciated, now Carolina is rated
I let Elite breathe, yeah
Hey, uh uh uh
I let Elite breathe, yeah[Chorus]
Aye you ain't gotta cry, don't worry 'bout me
I know it won't be long 'fore you know about me
My head's to the sky and I'm on my grind
I'm reachin' for the clouds, tryna take what's mine
Take what's mine
Hey, hey

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