

Pass Me By (Ft. Lil Wayne)

J. Cole

[Verse 1]

Yea, yea, yea,

Dear Mrs. Bill Collector

I know ya just doing your job, don't mean to disrespect ya

But we've been going through this thang since way back

I told ya when I get the dough I would pay back

But I got problems babayy...yea, if you only knew

I got bigger problems babbayyy

So why ya talkin about the money that I owe, like as if I didn't know man, it don't mean nothing to me
Cause right now I got my lil boy crying, and my grandmother dying, could you please stop fuckin with me?

Listen here, I aint lookin for no tears, but my brother got a year, and my momma keep smoking that shit
On top of that, I'm broke, please put that in your notes for the next one to call me up talking that shit[B.o.B]

So life don't pass me by

Cause sometimes it'll leave you stuck don't ask me why

Gotta keep this trailer moving, no time to cry cry

So lonely days I say goodbye bye

Gotta live for today so life won't pass me by by

So life don't pass me by

Cause sometimes it'll leave you stuck don't ask me why

Gotta keep this trailer moving, no time to cry cry

So lonely days I say goodbye bye

Gotta live for today so life won't pass me by by[Verse 2]

Hey, Dear Mr. Policeman

Hey am I wrong, aint you suppose to keep the peace man?

I coulda swore I was driving pretty peaceful

So why the hell is you pullin over me fo'?

Is it this black Mercedes? (Oh now I get it, I get it, I get it)

Or cause I'm black? Hmmm, maybe

Hey, tell me why my hands start sweatin' and I hold my breath everytime that you get behind me
I turn my music down, so you won't hear a sound, man I'm nervous like I got a couple pounds on me

You pulled me over, you frown on me

With your flashlight, tell me what do you see

Thug niggas, drug dealers, its a trip, every nigga in this whip got a mothafuckin college degree[B.o.B]

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Gotta live for today so life won't pass me by by[Verse 3]
Yea, my middle finger to the law, bustin off, tryna touch the sky
My teacher said, "Impossible", but I'mma fuckin try
Plus how he gon' tell me, he dont make the rules
There's niggas dying everyday, but we don't make the news
Instead they talkin bout some thunderstorm, cyclones
Timmy got his bike stole, top story, Tiger Woods "be fuckin all these white hoes"
Anchorman stop snitchin
Cut the commercial, he be texting all the side bitches, hey my goodness
How ironic, on trial for possession of some chronic
My lawyer came to court, man he was higher than the comet
Hey your honor, is you kidding? How you sit above me?
Are you perfect mothafucker, how you finna judge me?
When you home you dont cuss, drink and puff like us
These cops is bad boys, baby just like Puff
They hate they jobs and they days be fucked up like us
At the end of the day, you niggas just like us[B.o.B]
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[End]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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