

# Fitted Cap (feat. J Cole)

## Wale, Meek Mill & Rick Ross

You know I stick to the script  
Twenty-million dollar nigga, but I do it like this  
(M-M-M-Maybach Music, Maybach Music)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Wuh!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Wuh!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap  
The Rolls-Royce, it's all white  
Foamposites, the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the Spikes  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
The Rolls-Royce, it's all white (How can I not talk  
big? I got to)  
Foamposites (Wale!), the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit'  
the Spikes  
Wale  
Yeah, uh  
Ferrari mics, bitch, I'm on my car show  
My chick black and white, she ain't no dime, that  
bitch a Concorde  
I know I'm reppin' this, shoot and I don't ever miss  
The coupe I'm in is rented, I ain't wit' all that  
commitment shit  
P-R-Ps is proper, couple Gs when I'm shoppin'  
My girls and my SBs, got a thing for pink boxes  
Shout out Frankie the Butcher, shout out Mishka in  
Brooklyn  
That's some nigga from 10.deep ATL, I'm wit' the  
cooker  
I ain't e'en tryin', fool, ho, I ball like private school  
You bammies like Hyperstrikes, your wifey sleep  
outside of you  
And Tito's my niggas, you know just we just need  
more shit and  
It's ironic how I drop some dough when I got them  
Homer Simpsons, look  
Pine-green Foams, they may never see the store  
Got LeBron Entourages like Maverick and Richie Paul  
Bitch, I ball, ho, you lame, look at my Laneys,  
switchin' lanes  
Look at my 9s, look at my Blazers, look at my 4s, cut  
wit' laser

Look at my whore, that is your lady, look at my flo',  
    makin' y'all crazy  
Makin' y'all sick, y'all cannot tame me, Lexus drive  
    me, Maybach pay me  
    Salute  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
    The Rolls-Royce (Huh!), it's all white (Huh!)  
Foamposites, the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the Spikes  
    Meek Mill  
    Yo  
I said I'm swaggin' out in my Cool Greys, no LL, but  
    these cool Js  
And my wrist froze, but I'm cool sha', like a bald  
    head, I'm too paid  
I'm too blazed, and I'm too high, George Kush, the  
    whole crew high  
Wrong move and that tool fly, better Kon that ass  
    like Wu-sai  
    It's MMG, MOB, young nigga, I been OG  
Walk around wit' like 10 on me, that 5-7, that fen' on  
    me  
Don't grin on me wit' them long stares, you ain't God  
    unless no fear  
    Big money, all the hoes, HD, I came so clear  
We jeweled out and we racked up, Phantom big  
    when it back up  
Big Boy, look like a Mack truck, shooters ride wit'  
    that Mac tucked  
I'm a Bad Boy, bitch, ask Puff, Simpson-Rodgers, my  
    last cup  
On this shit, I can't stand up, country Ks as I man up  
    This Rozay, Wale, Gunplay, and that nigga Pill  
In Brazil, and this shit is real, got bad hoes and that  
    whippet pill  
One week and we get the deal, one day and I fucked  
    the bitch  
    My Levis, they 501, my snapback is hella bent  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
    The Rolls-Royce (Huh!), it's all white (Huh!)  
Foamposites, the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the Spikes  
Fresh-ass nigga, no wonder why them hoes be open  
That's that nigga, so what'd I say? They okey-dokin'  
How you figga? You fuckin' wit' me? I hope he jokin'  
I'm witcha girl, you home alone, bitch you Macauley  
    Culkin  
    I'm oviedosin', ay, homie, Kobe smokin'  
Then put my ashes on you niggas, bet you gon' need

lotion  
I'm slowly roasin', heatin' up, so you know we  
toastin'  
Fuck hoes wit' no emotion, fade away like Kobe  
postin'  
Out in Sweden, like ain't shit that you can't tell us  
Lord, forgive me, as a kid, I used to look at niggas  
jealous  
'Cause uh, they had them Js, and my mama wouldn't  
cop 'em  
Can you blame her? Hundred dollars for them bitches  
wann't a option  
Now we livin' much better, nigga, pay whatever  
Rock them bitches once then forgot about 'em  
forever  
My kicks like my chick, I don't need to know the  
numbers  
You just need to know I'm comin', I'll kill you niggas  
this summer  
Cole  
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M-M-M-Maybach Music  
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