Rise and Shine

J. Cole

There's a nigga right now somewhere
He at the table with a bowl of Apple Jacks
And he's reading the back of the cereal
And in between, and between eating the Apple Jacks he's writing some shit
And he wants my spot
I'mma find him though, I'mma sign him.
I don't want no problemsLike we always do at this time, co co Cole blowin' your mind
Hey dummy, this no accident, all of this was designed
To to to took my time, cr cr crept from behind
And I opened up your blinds, rise and shine, Cole World
Same nigga used to drive around with yo girl
In my mama's Civic, now I'm our here tryna get it
I ain't like you lame ass niggas, boy I spit it how I live it
So when you see me in the streets, man I ain't got a mimic
Cause I ain't got an image to uphold, this real shit
I ain't got a gimmick I just flow and niggas went nuts for
The boy that set fire to the booth
In a game full of liars it turns out that I'm the truth
Some say that rap's alive, it turns out that I'm the proof
Cause the ones y'all thought would save the day can't even tie my boots
The ones y'all thought could hang with me can't even tie my noose
Let these words be my bullets nigga, I don't rhyme I shoot, bang!
Before I wake
I pray to the Lord
My soul to take 3XLord I been dreamin' bout the paper, get rich fore I see my life caper
Hope my mama get to see Jamaica before she meet her maker
I hoop was never good enough to ever be a Laker
But these words I record got me ballin', Jordan
More than a rapper this a natural disaster
Boy, I'm meaner than Katrina mixed with Gina, "Shut up, Cole!"
This is for my niggas back home, homes, what up bo?
This is for the bitches that played me, what up ho?
Nah I ain't mad, it's sad, you went from bad to real bad
Two kids that don't even know their real dad
Real sad, baby girl I wish you still had it
Then maybe you could get a taste of livin' Villematic
Is Cole still at it? Y'all be talkin' about the same shit
That's how I feel about it, mama was a real addict
That's why I don't respect that lyin' ass white shit you talkin'
Cole's planning funerals, you might fit the coffin
Before I wake
I pray to the Lord, my soul to takeGet on your job lil mane, this ain't Saturday

We in two different lanes, you can't navigate
We in two different games, you playin' patty cake
Brother you're lame, you're Shane Battier
You out of shape, my mind run a mile a minute
The sky's the limit, I'm so high, I'm divin' in it
My rides is tinted', my knob's gettin' slobbed up in it
She hollerin' God, man you would've thought that God was in it
But it's just a nigga God invented
The best out, foolish pride'll make you not admit it
But if this shit ain't fire nigga, why you noddin' with it?
The hate in your blood can't stop your soul from vibin' with it
Now you all conflicted cause my flows is wicked
And my hoes is thicker and all of yours is pickin' me
Cause they know a star when they see a star, nigga
Ain't even got to fuck him to know he a raw nigga
I got her in my bedroom, but cheer up, nigga
You saved so many hoes, you a hero nigga!
Medal of honor, I'm feelin' on top like Pac
When he slept with Madonna, hey, this is death before dishonor
Get arrested and forget to tell my mama
She got enough to stress about, my niggas gonna get me out
Then we hit the club with the thugs and the liquors
No criminal record but I'm makin' criminal records
Isn't it ironic? Isn't it iconic?
Jacket so expensive you wouldn't even try on it
But it fit me perfect, I purchase it if I want it
The city on my shoulder, so no girl, you can't cry on it
When you make a list of the greatest aye, am I on it?
Maybe not yet but bitch I got the clock set
It goes tick-tock, game on lock
Sun gon' shine but the reign won't stop, oh no!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/