

# Born Sinner

J. Cole

Spinning in circles, live my life without rehearsal  
If I die today my nigga was it business? Was it personal?  
Should this be my last breath I'm blessed cause it was purposeful  
Never got to church to worship lord but please be merciful  
You made me versatile, well-rounded like cursive  
Know you chose me for a purpose, I put my soul in these verses  
Born sinner, was never born to be perfect  
Sucka for women licking their lips and holding these purses  
Back when we ran the streets who would think we grow to be murderers  
Teachers treated niggas as if they totally worthless  
And violent, and hopeless  
I saw but never noticed that a college point is right to be  
'All you can be' posters  
Rest in peace to Tiffany  
I don't know if this is the realest shit I wrote  
But know that the realest nigga wrote this  
And signed it, and sealed it in a envelope  
And knew one day you would find it  
And knew one day that you would come back and rewind this, singing

I'm a born sinner  
But I die better than that, swear  
You were always where I needed you to be  
Whether you were there or not there (I was there)  
I was born sinning  
But I live better than that (better tonight)  
If you ain't fucking with that  
I don't care (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, this music shit is a gift  
But God help us make it cause this music business is a cliff  
I got a life in my grip, she holding tight to my wrist  
She screaming: "Don't let me slip"  
She see the tears in my eyes, I see the fear on her lips  
True when I told you  
"You the only reason why I don't flip and go insane"  
My roof in the pouring rain  
You knew me before the fame, don't lose me the more I change  
Just grow with me, go broke you go broke with me  
I smoke you gon' smoke with me  
Woman's curse since birth, man lead her to the hearse  
I go Bobby you go with me damn  
Listen here, I'll tell you my biggest fears  
You the only one who knows them  
Don't you ever go expose them  
This life is harder than you'll probably ever know  
Emotions I hardly ever show  
More for you than for me  
Don't you worry yourself  
I gotta do this for me  
They tell me life is a test but where's a tutor for me  
Pops came late I'm already stuck in my ways  
Ducking calls from my mother for days  
Sometimes she hate the way she raised me but she love what she raised  
Can't wait to hand her these house keys with nothing to say  
Except

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