

G.O.M.D.

J. Cole

Hollywood Cole
Go
Ay Hollywood
Hollywood Cole
Go

You wanna know just where I'm at
Well let me tell you 'bout it
I put my city on the map
But let me tell you 'bout it
They tryna say I can't come back
Ay let me tell you 'bout it
Man fuck them nigga I come back
Ay let me tell you 'bout it
I wanna tell you 'bout it
Hands up, everybody run
Cole outside and he say he got a gun
Niggas like "man that's what everybody say"
Go and pop the trunk and everybody dead
Everybody scared of the nigga
Aware that the nigga is better
All my bitches the pick of the litter
Never bitter
Niggas is faker than anime
Me I never hate, get cake like Anna Mae, woah
Eat the cake bitch, eat the damn cake
Fuck good nigga we demand great
Order Dominoes and she take off all her clothes
Nigga you know how it goes, make the pizza man wait
The best kept secret
Even hoes try and keep it and I leak the damn tape
Rest in peace any nigga want beef
Even secret service couldn't keep the man safe

I said to the window, to the wall
My nigga ride when I call
Got bitches all in my mind
Fuck nigga blocking my shine
I know the reason you feel the way
I know just who you wan' be
So everyday I thank the man upstairs
That I ain't you and you ain't me

Get off my dick, woah
(Get the fuck off my dick)
Get off my dick, woah
(Get the fuck off my dick nigga)
Get off my dick, bitch, woah
(Get the fuck off my dick)
Get off my dick, bitch, woah

Man fuck them niggas I come home and I don't tell nobody
They gettin' temporary dough and I don't tell nobody
Lord will you tell me if I changed, I won't tell nobody
I wanna go back to Jermaine, and I won't tell nobody
This is the part that the thugs skip
Young nigga never had love

You know, foot massage, back rub shit
Blowing bubbles in the bathtub shit
That is until I met you
Together we done watch years go by
Seen a river of your tears go by
Got me thinkin' bout some kids, still I
Tell them hoes come through
(The break up)
Get to know somebody and you learn a lot about 'em
When we long for you, start to doubt 'em
Tell yourself you better off without 'em
Then in time you will find can't walk without 'em
Can't talk without 'em, can't breath without 'em
Came here together, you can't leave without 'em
So you walk back in, make a scene about 'em
On your Amerie it's just 1 thing about 'em
It's called love
Niggas don't sing about it no more
Don't nobody sing about it no more
No more, no more
It's called love
Niggas don't sing about it no more
Don't nobody sing about it no more
(Nigga I don't sing about this shit no more)
But there a nigga in the club singing

I said to the window, to the wall
My nigga ride when I call
Got bitches all in my mind
Fuck nigga blocking my shine
I know the reason you feel the way
I know just who you wan' be
So everyday I thank the man upstairs
That I ain't you and you ain't me

Get off my dick
But ain't a nigga in the club singing
Singing this song yeah
Got all the bitches in the club singing
Singing this song yeah
And all they mamas let their kids sing it
Sing this song yeah
The baby mamas and the mistresses
Singing this song yeah
Song yeah, song song yeah

The make up
This shit is retarded
Why every rich black nigga gotta be famous
Why every broke black nigga gotta be brainless
That's a steretype
Driven by some people up in Ariel Heights
Here's a scenario
Young Cole pockets is fat like little Terrio
Dreamville, give us a year we'll be on every show
Yeah fuck nigga I'm very sure
Fuck the rest I'm the best nigga out
When I'm back home I'm the best in the South
When I'm in LA I'm the best in the West
You can test, you can test, I'mma stretch niggas out
Oooh I'mma stretch niggas out
That go for all y'all if I left niggas out
This shit for everbody on my testicle

Please make sure you put the rest in your mouth, ho