

# Trouble

J. Cole

I said set it off on my left, set it off on my right  
I said liquor all in my breath, bitches all in my sight  
I said real niggas trying to fuck, fuck niggas wanna fight  
I said gun shots into the air, but I ain't scared for my life

Yeah, god flow  
Paint a picture like a young Pablo, Picasso  
Niggas say I live fast, die young, so I drive slow  
And pray I die old  
In the drop with the top low  
Met a bad bitch from Chicago, my hat wasn't cocked, yo  
Kept it straight, shit, cause y'all know  
And if not, you'll learn how them niggas in the Chi go  
I ain't fuck her but I'm thinkin' 'bout it  
My niggas say why you gotta think about it?  
The bitch want too much, hit my phone too much  
If I gotta be frank about it, ain't worth the stress  
First the text, then the draws, see first the sex  
Then it's calls cause the bird's obsessed  
Want flowers, cards, and the purses next  
Nah, bitch can't get a dollar  
Cole on twitter, bitch can't get a follow  
Can get a nut, heard Can't Get Enough  
Now she fuck a nigga thinkin' that she may hit the lotto  
No way Jose, could write a book called "The Things Hoes Say"  
Show a lot of love to my sisters though  
But these bitches so predictable  
I'm in trouble  
Gettin' to the promised land  
You don't want problems, I promise man  
I take you to the promise land, I promise you don't want problems man

I said set it off on my left, set it off on my right  
I said liquor all in my breath, bitches all in my sight  
I said real niggas trying to fuck, fuck niggas wanna fight  
I said gun shots into the air, but I ain't scared for my life

And I'm going back to school  
Only for the hoes and a class or two  
Young bad bitch made the pastor drool  
Everybody sweat her like Catholic school  
Sat next to her in the back of the class  
Cheat off of her and I'm grabbin her ass  
She like "Don't you know this shit already?  
Nigga ain't you rich already?"  
Yeah, but I got dumb as shit  
Hangin' 'round these rappers cause they dumb as shit  
But I'm back on track, jumpshot wasn't that good  
Couldn't sell crack but I rap good  
That's one stereotype  
Know a lot of niggas that'll marry your type  
Bad bitch with a degree, I let 'em scoop ya  
I'm Koopa, I never been the Mario type, no saving hoes  
I ain't fooled cause a lot of cool bitches  
That a nigga went to school with is major hoes  
And they mans don't know, mans don't know, fa show  
Had a baby, little mans don't know

Momma was a freak, got it in on the low  
12 years later when my song come on, he ask  
"Momma did you fuck J. Cole?"  
Whoa

I said set it off on my left, set it off on my right  
I said liquor all in my breath, bitches all in my sight  
I said real niggas trying to fuck, fuck niggas wanna fight  
I said gun shots into the air, but I ain't scared for my life