

# Who Dat

J. Cole

Who dat, who dat?  
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Hey, who dat, who dat? That nigga you been waitin' for  
I mean the shit was all bad just a week ago  
Rappers was bullshitting, fuck it I ain't hating though  
Because now a nigga hot enough to fuck with one of Satan' hoes  
And she can't tell the difference, I been through hell conditions  
Wishing for air conditioning, feeling God was never listening  
Now I'm on television, and did I fail to mention?  
Your bitch is tired of missionary, boy you failed the mission  
Speaking of positions just witness how I elevate it  
Real niggas celebrate it, finger fuck whoever hate it  
My life accelerated, but had to wait my turn  
Then I redecorated, that mean my tables turned  
Life live, might as well, only way to learn  
Is try and fail, clientele the only way to earn  
So if you're selling crack, or if you're selling rap  
Make sure it's mean so them fiends keep on coming back

Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
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Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame  
So don't worry about my motherfucking name  
I got them saying who dat, who dat? Cole World  
Who dat, who dat? I got them sayin'  
Who dat, who dat? Cole World  
Who dat, who dat?

Hey, the mind state of a winner  
When you thinking about summertime I'm thinking about the winter  
When you thinking about breakfast I'm heating up my dinner  
I was plotting this moment back when y'all was riding spinners  
Yeah I'm a menace, God as my witness, with this pen I'm insane, yup  
Hungry like the nigga who ain't got the taste of fame yet  
Clown told me, "Ain't you Roc? But where the fuck your chain at?"  
Guess it's something like your girl, nigga it ain't came yet  
The man make the chain, chain don't make the man  
How many niggas do we know with hella ice but yet they lame?  
The cloth from which we came me and them is not the same  
It's like we all headed to Spain they took the boat I took the plane, damn  
That boy's sick now hoes on his joystick  
Heating up like May weather, dog I'm on that Floyd shit  
Boy stick to your day job, said you was hot? Well, they lied  
Is that your girl? Well, I just G'd her, no A-Rod

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(Now who else want to fuck with Hollywood Cole?)

The little engine that could, this little nigga is good

Rappers claiming they sick, I heal niggas for good  
A couple of y'all ain't took a field trip to the hood  
And me? I'm fresh prince, I'm Will Smith to the hood  
Baby, ain't saying names but we not the same  
All the money and the fame don't change the fact that you lame  
Might want to grab you a chain, want to tip up your hat  
Might want to purchase some game, homey your shit is so wack  
I got my finger on the trigger, tell that nigga, "hold that"  
Want picture perfect baby you can check the Kodak  
Hey, so anything you can do I can do better  
And any chick you can screw I can get wetter  
I'm young, black, gifted, live my life on the run  
Bet your bottom dollar before I'm done  
They say that I'm the one, ya nigga I'm the one  
I got them saying

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Who dat, who dat? J. Cole  
Who dat, who dat? Cole World nigga  
Cole World nigga  
Dreamville, Cole World nigga  
J. Cole