

# Sofa King Cole

Rockie Fresh

[Chorus:]

Uh, I stay reaching my goals  
Then he got cut but I'm the one that got chose  
Now I'm sitting on dough  
Excuse me, I'm just so fucking cold!  
I said I'm so fucking cold!  
I said I'm so fucking cold!  
A niggas sitting on dough  
Excuse me, I'm just Sofa King Cole!

[Verse 1:]

It's Mister Fresh up in this bitch  
Label one of the dopest  
I ain't come in a ford  
But I'm definitely in my focus  
A lot of women battle to see who can get the closest  
And maybe I crossed the line, so I guess the flags on  
encroachment  
However I stay chilling, right where I'm supposed to be  
Shout out to the most highest, clear that he has chosen  
me  
Ain't nobody coasting me, ain't no niggas over me  
And they say money changes, so I hope these people  
notice me!  
Hopefully they will learn to chill with all that whack  
shit  
I see 'em hangin' with them squares like Patrick  
Got that fire, blow up in the booth I light a match  
stick  
Put me on that ice and I be going for that hat trick  
That shit, wild nigga riding like a cave man  
So they quick to give me props, like a stage hand  
I'm not a butler but I'm certainly a made man  
Since I started winning, they all wanna know my game  
plan!  
Damn!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

If you like my raps, go head and clap  
Said if you like my rap, go ahead and clap  
I know you like these raps go ahead and clap!  
Said if you like these raps, go ahead and clap!  
Uh, now is like so many wanna see you Rock lose  
They station'll dis a nigga, like fox news  
But I choose to focus on the love that I receive  
Get the money, I'm a get you some things that I'm a  
need  
They supercede they boundaries [?]  
And I feel like I'm the coldest, I got that set in my  
mind  
Since I done been on my grid, niggas got left behind  
Now they see that I'm ahead, and expect me to rewind  
Fuck that, they [?] that ain't among us  
Them niggas are really out, but they hate just like  
Uncle Ruckus

And Clyton Bigsby, they minds, empty souls empty  
pockets  
And when you got no bread is like you're breed to end  
it  
Only nigga like me that's just living life  
I guess they're mad, cause I'm busy out here taking  
flight  
High as a kite, becoming one with the clouds  
Givin' all that I got, and goin' pass what's allowed  
And now!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I done a lot, but I ain't done enough  
Where they wanna be, I am one above  
High as fuck but I'm still moving up  
I dug deep, but I found my diamond in the rough  
And when they tryin' to cuff, that is what I been had  
People show me love, but a lot of rappers been mad  
Since I've been [?] they always question if they've  
been there  
Own that other crib, they just a house guest, Sinbad  
I tried to tell 'em but they ain't wanna believe us  
I ain't eatin' bitch, I got three tongues on my Adidas  
And I hang with the [?] so they label us [?] leaders  
Every time we're taking [?] we're rocking leaders  
Every time that they see us, they claim that it was  
meant to be  
Real money, real dollars, not what I pretend to be!  
I don't claim bitches, I only claim victory  
Uh, and I'm about to make history!