

## J Church

### "Cosmic Kev"

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It took me all day to find some inspiration  
It just hit me like a ton of bricks no renovation  
Problem with the game now, there aint no innovation  
I see my shit all in your shit, we call that imitation  
And they say that's flattering but I aint flattered at all  
Matter fact y'all need to practice that more  
See my man Nate, ask me if I gain weight, I said nah  
My pockets got fatter, that's all  
Money was an issue but now that that's solved, I ball, I  
ball  
Like Kobe in the fall  
Put trophies on my wall, rather trophies on my man  
And dog, my shows be off the handle  
Take the proceeds, go to gamble, ha  
Bet it all black, and pray I quadruple my salary  
If I win maybe then I can pay Sallie Mae  
Told her I be dealing with some real life shit  
She be asking when, bitch, when I feel like it  
Cole World, Cole life, Cole blooded  
I be on my shit and look at all the hoes love it  
Got a hundred fifty bitches in the club staring at me  
How that feel? Very happy

Cole World, Boy, check the degree's  
These lil n-ggas is trash go and get the Febreeze  
That's why I blew up on you sucka's all that's left is  
debris  
One soldier's all that's left is fatigues  
Act like you know me boy, I'm Kobe  
How the f-ck you gon step in my league  
Rapping bout bullshit, your message fatigue  
Played out, phoney n-gga probably only got arrested  
for weed  
And out here talking that dime shit  
Dom Perignon shit  
Not gon cut it like some scissors on my lawn shit  
Grown cause I own shit  
This is what you won't get  
Game so cold, bring the blizzard to the Palms  
I'm a wizard, I'm a don and I put this on my mom  
I'm offended, I'm appalled

If y'all ain't bowing  
Claim you a monster but y'all aint growling  
Claim you a beast, why y'all aint howling?  
'Bout as sweet as a jumper on the gay Ray Allen  
I'm 'bout f-cking hoes like Ray J wylin'  
Killin' n-ggas like K K K violence  
I guess it's why they pay homage  
Momma I'mma be BIG and I put that on the late great  
Wallace  
Christopher, check my temperature, nigga my  
integers...  
Whatever man...

Alone in my zone, tell me don't it sound stunning  
Been f-cked the world but she just now cummin'  
If I ever fell off I would hit the ground runnin'  
I aint never been the one for fourth down puntin'  
Aiming at a couple heads, bitch I'm crown huntin'  
Red dots cause a nigga dread locks  
So I lock pick just to lock shit back  
I want Money, Power, Respect since the Lox said that  
Better stay up on your toes, this is not tic tac  
Yet, I'm a breath of fresh air, you can place your bets  
here  
Ballin' like a Laker you should pray for next year  
Cause I'm repeating and I'm 3-peatin'  
And I'm knee deep in the game it's quick sand and I  
keep leakin'  
The label heat seekin', nigga aint sign me, what the f-  
ck was he thinkin'  
They say I killed the game, that was only pre-season

I'm heavy  
I'm Heavy

Man, I'm already hot, you can say I'm pre-heated  
If money talks, mine telling your's "be seated"  
Cut my leg off I wouldn't be defeated  
Illest nigga in the game bitch and you can retweet it  
Email the shit make sure you CC it  
For these f-ck niggas who don't wanna believe it  
I be in the airport damn near bare foot  
Security hollin' out, Cole we need it  
Getting high as f-ck and I don't even be weeded  
No point drinkin' I can't even be faded  
Real recognise real like they related  
You aint no f-cking G boy, your style G-Rated  
Hatred is flattery I'm glad to be hated  
F-ckin' bad bitches that would rather be dated  
Carolina niggas just happy he made it  
My money was running late now, now it's happy belated

I'm heavy, nigga I'm heavy

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