

## J. Cole

### "Be"

Visit "[Be](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Cole world, cold blooded  
Trapping niggas at my shows and them hoes love it  
Backpacking niggas with the afroes love it  
So don't holla at a nigga if you got no budget  
Trying to get my braid up, nope not talking cornrolls  
Trying to get my grade up, oh, look how my score rolls  
Playing Jigga hits he say "good, make more of those"  
Cole got delivery bitch, you got digornoes  
They fucking with me because I'm real as shit  
Well if you feel this shit, here goes some realer shit  
I signed a big deal and went to the dealership  
Man they took one look at my credit and said forget it  
Now I'm in this train with a mil to my name  
Ain't shit changed because I still feel the pain  
Like a gym or a rim dog, I'm built for the game  
Something like a pimp because I'm still with the caine'  
Unh, a little drug dealer reference what, I can't try  
These niggas out here lying, why can't I  
Flashbacks where my teacher told me I can't fly  
Then he looked at nigga crazy because I say why  
Now look, no wings but I'm flier than the birds  
Co-signer on a beamer, but it's whiter than the burbs  
Something like a genius, but man I've done been a  
nerd  
Just choosing bad bitches while admiring the curves  
That might have been a noun, that might have been a  
verb  
But I'm just trying to find what you hiding in that skirt  
Hey Cole got it coming now he might've been the first  
So she only fuck with him like a choir in a church  
Good God, momma told him get a good job  
Be a doctor or a lawyer, if you're black they won't  
employ ya'  
Well nigga I'mma show ya', this that Jesse Jackson uh  
Firmative; action so master I'm taxing uh  
Don't let the cover fool ya', bitch I ain't no freshman  
In my own class man, I write my own passes  
I hear the shots fired, yeah I see the stones casted  
My shit is already fire, don't gas it  
Niggas hear my album say sound like a classic

Niggas say your album might not even see the plastic  
Bastard, how you gonna match with a nigga  
Who done mastered the shit you practice  
Catch this, a real nigga til' the day of my casket  
Put on for my city like my favorite jacket  
Man you gonna wear that every god damn night  
Know that I'm paid for this shit, nigga you God damn  
right

Visit [J. Cole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.