

J. Cole

"Born Sinner"

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feat. James Fauntleroy

Spinning in circles, live my life without rehearsal
If I die today, my nigga, was it business? Was it
personal?
Should this be my last breath? I'm blessed 'cause it was
purposeful

Never got to church to worship Lord but please be
merciful
You made me versatile, well-rounded like cursive
Know you chose me for purpose I put my soul in these
verses
Born sinner, was never born to be perfect
Sucker for women licking their lips and holding these
purses
Back when we ran the streets who would think we grow
to be murderers
Teachers treated niggers as if they totally worthless
And violent, and hopeless
I saw but never noticed that the college point is right to
be
Or that you can be bosses
Rest in peace to Tiffany, I don't know if this is the
realest shit I wrote
But know the realest nigga wrote this
And signed it, and sealed it in an envelope and knew
one day you would find it
And knew one day you'd come back and rewind this,
singing

I'm a born sinner
But I got better tonight, swear
You were always where I needed you to be
Whether you were there or not
I was born a sinner
But I lived better than that
If you ain't fucking with that, I don't care

Yeah, this music shit is a gift
But God help us make it 'cause this music business is a

cliff

I got a life in my grip, she holding tight to my wrist
She screaming 'don't let me slip'
She see the tears in my eyes, I see the fear on her lips
True when I told you 'you the only reason why I don't
flip and go insane'
My roof in the pouring rain
You knew me before the fame, don't lose me the more I
change, no
Just grow with me, go broke you go broke with me
I smoke you gonna smoke with me
Woman's curse since birth, man lead her to the hearse
I go Bobby you go with me, damn
Listen here, I'll tell you my biggest fears
You the only one who knows them
Don't you ever go expose them
This life is harder than you'll probably ever know
Emotions I hardly ever show
More for you than for me
Don't you worry yourself
I gotta do this for me
They tell me life is a test but where's a tutor for me?
Pops came late I'm already stuck in my ways
Ducking calls from my mother for days
Sometimes she hate the way she raised me but she
love what she raised
Can't wait to hand her these house keys with nothing to
say
Except

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But I got better tonight, swear
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