

## J. Cole

# "Can I Holla At Ya"

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[Intro]

Lauryn Hill:

One day you're gonna understand

[J.Cole]

Can I holla at you?

Let me holla at you!

[Verse 1: J. Cole]

Special

Never forget the day I met you

We was destined for each other like a,

Son to his mother or a sister and brother, man this

bond is deep

We go a couple years and don't even speak, but know  
it's love though

Never let em' dirty your name I got the utmost respect  
for you,

Came back home and had to check for you,

Word round town is you locked down

Some older niggas snatched you up gave you a rock  
now

Damn, hey could it be, she like "if you was me you  
wouldn't wait for me

Living fast you wouldn't mash the brakes for me"

Big city slicker nigga on a higher track

Bigger now but when she send a letter always write her  
back

And time revealed, she feels that she settled too soon

While she see me go for mines and she admire that

We speak about time as if we could just buy it back

If only it was that simple, damn I miss you

[Hook]

Can I holla at you,

Can I holla at you,

Let me holla at you,

Yeah I know it's been a while, but ain't no better time  
then now

Can I holla at you,

Can I holla at you,

Ay, let me holla at you  
Yeah I know it's been a while, but

[Verse 2: J. Cole]

You betrayed me,  
The day you played my momma you played me  
Can't believe I let you in my heart nigga  
I should've, followed my instincts a stranger in my  
house  
Only five years old but sense danger in my house  
I was too young too scrap you but damn if I ain't want to  
I'm blowing up fast and I hope these words haunt you  
Uh, thirteen years knew you more then my real pops  
Put me on to 'Pac, and all the rappers that killed cops  
Who would've thought you'd leave my momma high  
and dry  
Last words to a bitch nigga "why you lie?"  
Feeling bitter so these words might seem jumbled  
When you left I watched that lady crumble  
I know probably by now you a old man,  
But I still I feel I won't be satisfied until we throw hands  
For all the ass whoppings  
Heard you tryna' talk to that punk don't call me  
You ain't shit and I'm scared it rubbed off on me

[Hook]

[Verse 3: J. Cole]

I heard you on that shit I hope it ain't true  
Was hard to holla at you last time I came through  
Could barely recognize you, naw nigga this ain't you  
Cause you ain't lookin' like that nigga that I once knew  
And plus you act like you don't know me  
We was homies, now you call me by my rap name  
See me do my thing, you expecting me to act strange  
Hey holla but you on my mind nigga  
I don't forget the good times nigga  
White tee's in the club, jeans baggy as fuck  
Sometimes I look back on my life, that was the happiest  
stuff  
You had potential to be monumental, ville mentality  
You know that old kill or be killed mentality  
I look at where you at now it's a, real fatality  
Cause where you supposed to be is on top, close to me  
Chasin' hoes like the old days,  
But now we overseas, dawg  
Congratulations on your seat  
Yo my nigga can I holla at you

[Hook]

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