

J. Cole "Can I Live"

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Yea

Pussy my passion, never been a fan of flashing
Probably cuz' I never could so if I had it, never would
Then I got my first little taste of paper, and I splurged
I guess its just the nigga urge, this is the Boondocks
I swear yo I'm like Huey mixed with Riley
Thursday I be trynna save the world, then on Friday I hit
the club

Hoping that my dick get rubbed by some fat asses
Niggas get to scraping then you hear the gats blasting
Damn, older niggas aint got no problems with me
My momma told me to speak like you got a college
degree

You see I can, but I won't
Plus I'm saying what I won't
Plus this slang that I speak dont change that Im deep
As the throat, on a certified freak, will she choke?
As we headed to the crib, yes I let her give me head so
she wont remember where I live
My game is tight, baby no need to bring pajamas, you
aint staying the night
No disrespect, I just say it polite
I drop her off before I sleep, I be praying for life
Like Hov said it "Can I Live?"
Aye dear Lord, "Can I live?" -Hey

Breakdown

Now am I Living to get paid just slaves for a wage (all
week)
I cant do no 9 to 5 told my momma ("sorry")
I cant do no suit and tie, no I want the (glory)
If you knew me know my life is like a movie starring me
Pardon me, if it seems that Im following my dreams
I aint reading off the script that they picked (for me)
I aint pissed, naw couldn't give a shit (hardly)
I be shitting on them niggas that was shitting on me
Will I live or will I die before they get to know me
If I go I know the ones that's pouring liquor for me
And I know the fake niggas really hating on me
Knew that I was bout' to blow so they was waiting on me
But Oh-No, Lord
See Im smarter then they know-oh-oh
So hold on, Lord, Cuz I aint quite ready to go-oh -oh

Can I live
-Somebody told me that its only one shot, so Ill be God
damn, If Im ever gonna stop
Promise to my momma Imma make it to the top
So Imma keep climbing to my heartbeat drop
(Verse 2)
Like the phone when she heard the news
Her sister on the other line talking to her shoes
The only son, what a thing to lose
More blacks singing more blues
More niggas pouring more brews
Poor dude he was young like 21, straight up out that
city that Im from
A real smart Nigga, but his niggas they was dumb
He aint even get a chance to run
Before it landed in his lung
God, breathe nigga.
His partner screaming "Don't you fucking leave
nigga!!"
Took off his shirt trynna stop the bleeding nigga, "Don't
you go!"
But his life fading slow
Did I tell my mom I love her, do she know?
Did I tell my baby sorry from befo'
Wont get to see my son grow
Lord I aint ready to go
Can I live? Can I live? Dear Lord, Can I live?
Can I live? -Yea

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