

J. Cole

"Can't Get Enough"

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(Ahhh) Cole World
(Ahhh) Southside
Can't get enough, can't get enough
(Ahhh) Eastside, Westside, worldwide
Ride out

Now I ain't got no kids yet, but this right here's for
practice
I hate to get the seats in the Benz wet, but that's how
good yo' ass is
Make an old man get his glasses, make Wesley pay his
taxes
Then follow yo' moves all week on Twitter, prolly make
a gay nigga reconsider
You now rockin' with the best, mayne, dress game
down to the sex game
Won't brag, but the boy been blessed, mayne, let you
play with the stick, Ovechkin
She calling, she texting, she's falling, but lemme
explain
Gotta tell your old boyfriend skate, girl, 'cause a nigga
don't play them ex games
No! Straight sexing, no handcuff or arresting
And I ain't comin' offa my last name, 'cause I really
can't take no stressing
'Bout where I done been, who I done hit, your homegirl
sayin', "He a bad boy"
But I'm signed to the Roc, no time for the gossip, bitch,
put down them tabloids
Trey Songz

She said "I heard you got a main chick
A mistress and some hoes
You be up to no good
And everybody knows
My homegirls tried to warn me
They tried to let me know
But what you got, I need a lot
So I can't let you go"
J. Cole

She said

"I, can't get enough, can't get enough"
(Ah-dee-da)
"I, can't get enough, can't get enough"
(Ah-dee-da)
"I can't get enough of what you got
Good God, you hit the spot
Tried to let go but I just could not
So don't you stop, I need that"

Hey, Globetrotter, Cole hotter, either way, out in
London town
Hoes holla 'cause they love my sound, and I got love
for the underground
Kweli, Pimp C, H-town where Bun get down
Met a bad bitch that'll cut all night, that'll suck all night,
you just cut off lights
Almost missed my flight, tryna give my last girl a nut,
all right?
She be down for whatever, whenever I wanna get up in
the guts, all right?
Never fuss or fight, on the grind tryna find this lettuce
I love it when you give me head, I hate it when you give
me headaches

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Hey, Cole World, baby, ain't nothin' sunny
I see 'em hatin', but it ain't nuttin' to me
I'm from the Ville, where they bang for the money
And carry fo'-fives like change for a twenty
So what I look like scurred?
Them niggas over there look like nerds
Never mind that, girl, let's make a track
I'll beat the pussy up, that's the hook right thurr

That's the hook, right there
There's the hook, right there
Never mind that, girl, let's make a track
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